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Washington State Historical Society Publications

Vol. 2

VOLUME II.

1907—1914

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1915

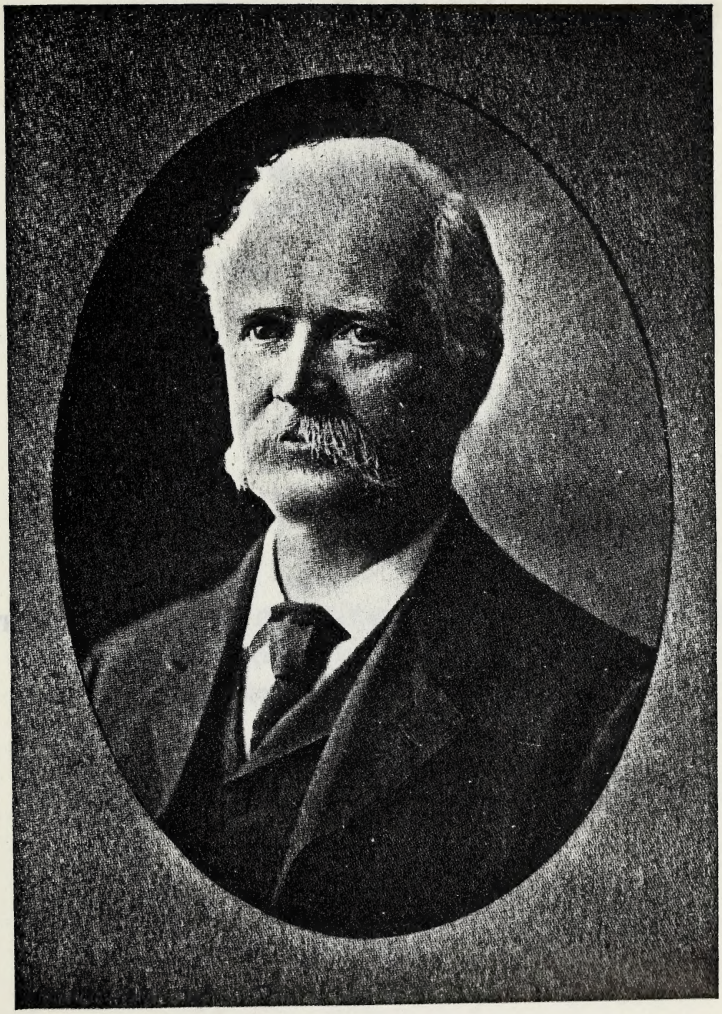
"The nation or people that are not proud of the achievements of their remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy of the pride of their remote descendants."—*Macaulay.*

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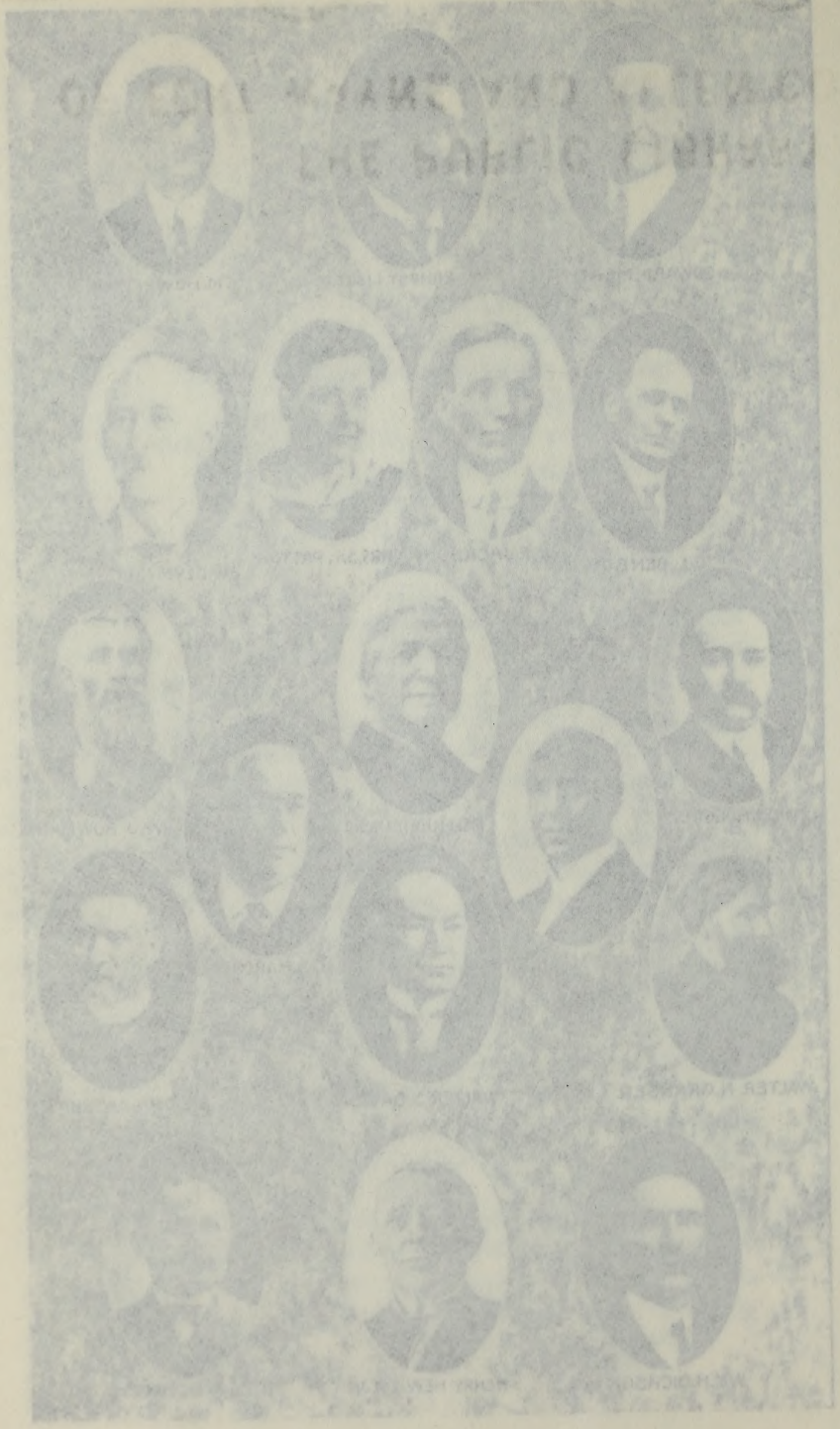
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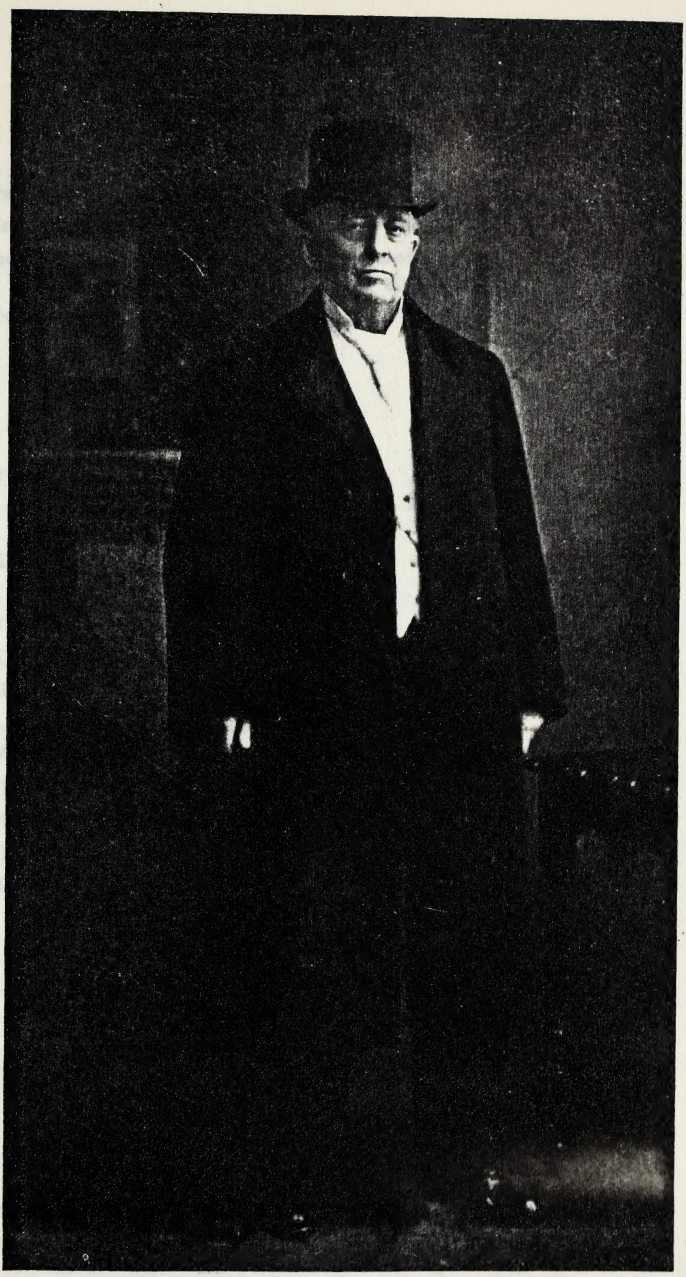
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OFFICERS AND CURATORS, 1914





HENRY HEWITT, JR., President

OFFICERS AND CURATORS.

1914

President, HENRY HEWITT, JR., Tacoma.

Vice President, GEORGE TURNER, Spokane.

Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP (Deceased August 2.)
Succeeded by W. P. BONNEY, August 10.

Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

W. P. BONNEY, Tacoma
(Succeeded by REV. HARRY M. PAINTER, Seattle, September 7.)

PROF. L. L. BENBOW, Tacoma

C. S. BARLOW, Tacoma

W. J. BOWMAN, Puyallup

JUDGE JOHN ARTHUR, Seattle

PROF. WALTER S. DAVIS, Tacoma

P. G. HUBBELL, Tacoma

WALTER N. GRANGER, Zillah

THOMAS HUGGINS, Tacoma

PROF. L. F. JACKSON, Pullman

PROF. W. D. LYMAN, Walla Walla

MRS. SARAH S. McMILLAN, Hoquiam

OFFICE STAFF

MRS. W. R. NEWMAN, Caretaker

MISS MARIE BERGSTROM, Stenographer

CHARLES O. HESCOX, Janitor.

STANDING COMMITTEES FOR 1914.

BOARD OF CURATORS OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Ways and Means	PHILO G. HUBBELL C. S. BARLOW WALTER N. GRANGER
Museum	PROF. W. S. DAVIS THOMAS HUGGINS PROF. L. F. JACKSON
Historical Papers	W. J. BOWMAN PHILO G. HUBBELL PROF. L. F. JACKSON
Publications	JUDGE JOHN ARTHUR PROF. L. L. BENBOW W. P. BONNEY
Picture Gallery	SARAH S. McMILLAN PROF. W. S. DAVIS PROF. W. D. LYMAN
Memorials	THOMAS HUGGINS W. J. BOWMAN JUDGE JOHN ARTHUR
Library	PROF. L. L. BENBOW PROF. W. D. LYMAN SARAH S. McMILLAN
Building and Grounds	C. S. BARLOW WALTER N. GRANGER W. P. BONNEY

STANDING COMMITTEES FOR 1914

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Building and Grounds	C. S. BAILOW WALTER N. GRANGER W. P. MONNEY

INTRODUCTORY

The law of 1903 creating the Washington State Historical Society a trustee for certain purposes named as the 7th purpose: To prepare bi-ennially for publication a report of its collections and such other matters relating to the work of the Society as may be useful to the State and the people thereof.

The by-laws of the Society also provide for the publication of the written history of the State in illustrated volume of uniform size and style as frequently as practicable.

Accordingly the Legislature of 1913 appropriated two thousand dollars as a publication fund for the Society.

In 1906 a volume to be known as No. 1 of the Washington State Historical Society Publications and containing the addresses given at the dedication of the Sequalitchew monument was published through funds contributed chiefly by the President of the Society at that time, Hon. R. L. McCormick.

The work of preparing for publication the historical manuscripts that have been accumulating in the archives of the Society had been undertaken by Secretary Gilstrap, but was stopped by his untimely death in August, 1914. At a meeting of the Curators on August 10, a special committee, consisting of Prof. L. L. Benbow, W. H. Dickson, and Walter S. Davis was appointed to carry on the work of publication commenced by Mr. Gilstrap.

At the request of the other two members of the committee the work of preparation has been carried on by the undersigned.

In addition to the labors of Secretary Gilstrap, special appreciation is expressed for aid given by the Committee and to the new Secretary, Mr. W. P. Bonney, as well as to the office force. The work of Mr. Bonney has been untiring.

For this publication and biennium, the annual reports of Secretary Gilstrap must take the place of a biennial report. The remainder of the volume consists chiefly of addresses given on

INTRODUCTORY

notable historic occasions. The general table of contents will show the classification of the historical materials herein published.

It is the purpose of the Board of Curators to publish hereafter a volume each biennium, containing the biennial report of the Society and the unpublished historical papers and materials in its possession.

There is now a commendable movement, state-wide in extent, to have greater attention given to the history of this State in our public schools. In the promotion of this movement it is believed that the publication of this volume comes at an opportune moment. It is hoped that it may find a place in each public school library and that history teachers and students will find therein a mine of valuable information. Special attention is called to the chapters in Parts II. and V. In Part VI. every school boy and girl will want to read Gen. Hazard Stevens' account of the first ascent of Mount Tacoma-Rainier.

It is believed that those who read these pages will find their interest deepened in the lives and deeds of the heroic men and women who laid the foundations of this Commonwealth of Washington.

WALTER S. DAVIS.

Tacoma, Wash., January 6, 1915.

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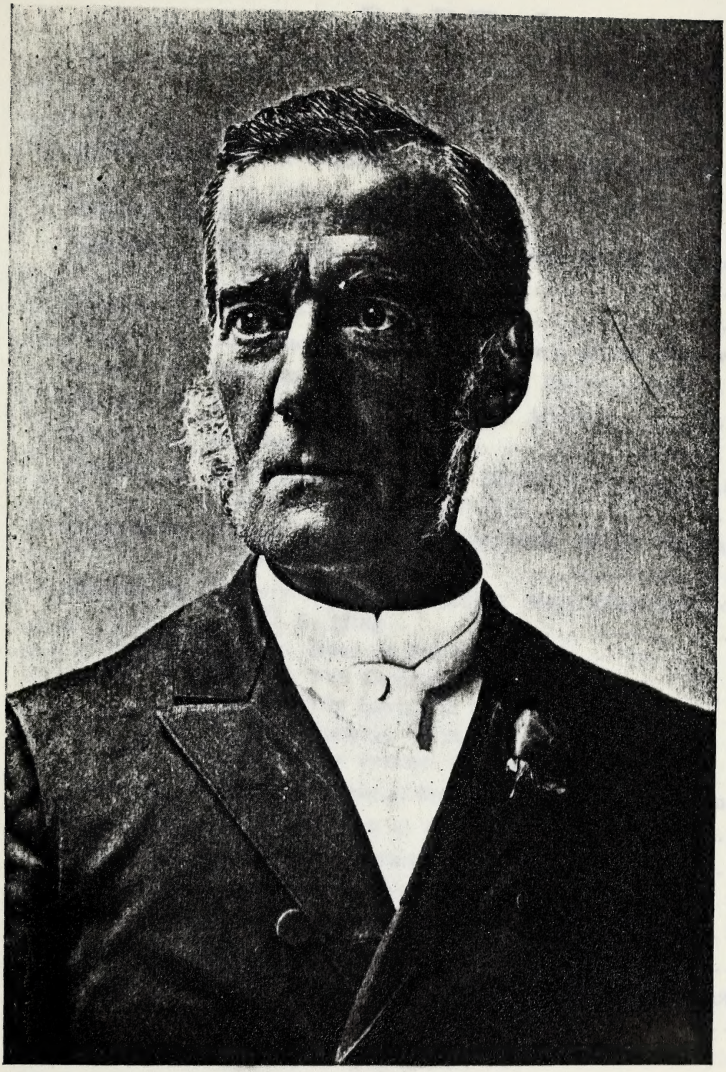
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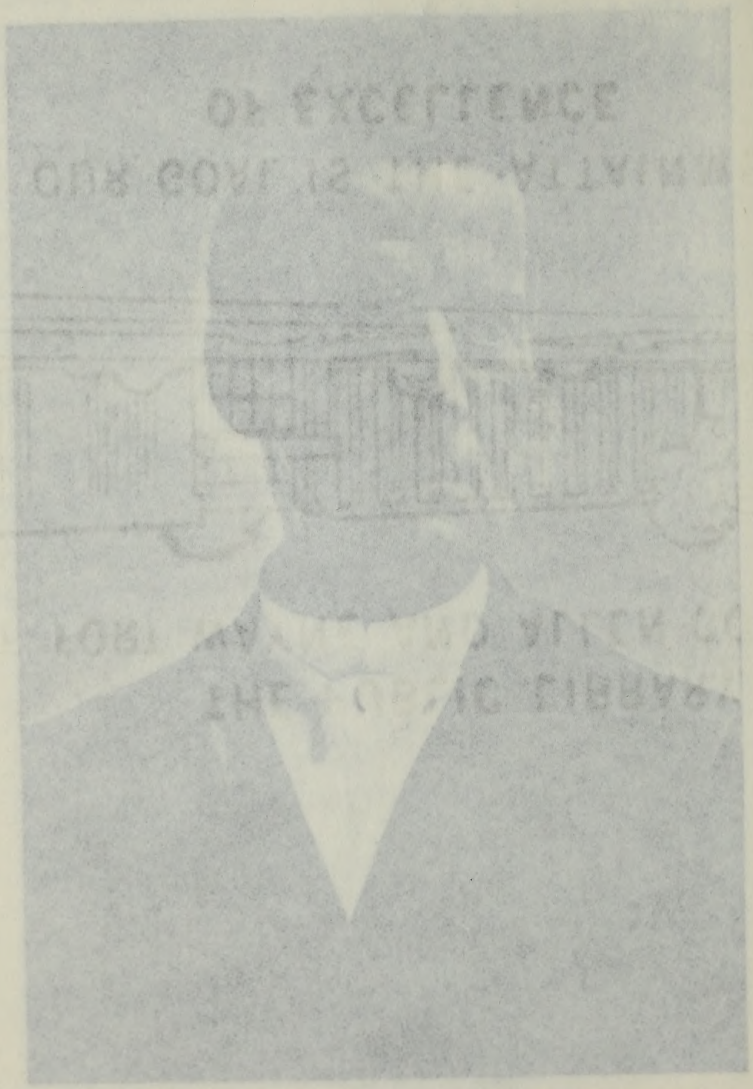
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WALTER S. DAVIS,

Tacoma, Wash., January 6, 1910.



ELISHA P. FERRY, WASHINGTON'S FIRST STATE GOVERNOR



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CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

Tacoma, Oct. 1, 1891.

To .....

.....

Believing that the time had arrived for the organization of a State Historical Society and that some one interested in such a move must take the initiative, the undersigned sent letters to many prominent citizens throughout the State, requesting a meeting July 2, of which the following is a copy:

Tacoma, June 20, 1891.

DEAR SIR: Washington was thirty-six years a Territory and now nearly two years a State, having thus reached a period when its early pioneers and its traditions will soon pass away and remain unrecorded unless they, and other matters illustrative of the State's early history; the hardships and hardy adventures and careers of its early explorers; its Indian tribes and pioneer settlers and their traditions and objects; and its settlement and progress, are reduced to history and preserved before the actors are gone. To this end you, with others, are requested to be present at the Tacoma Hotel, Tacoma, on Thursday, July 2, 1891, to aid in the organization of the "Washington State Historical Society." It is thus time to act in this matter and thereby be in harmony with nearly every other State in the Nation. Representatives from all sections of the State are requested to be present. Very truly yours,

C. W. HOBART.

A meeting was held as above indicated, attended by some from other localities, of which Hon. Elwood Evans was chosen Chairman and C. W. Hobart Secretary. After a general discussion of the importance of such an organization by those present, and a similar expression through letters received from many of those addressed, it was determined to adjourn subject to call of Chairman, to the end that a more representative meeting might be secured; and the Secretary was directed to issue a circular call for the adjourned meeting for some day during the holding of the Industrial Exposition in Tacoma.

You will therefore please take notice that an adjourned meeting to complete the organization of the State Historical Society has been called for Thursday, October 8, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Exposition Building, Tacoma, when and where it is earnestly requested that every citizen of the State who is in sympathy with the move and interested in the fame and grandeur of the State and the perpetuation of its history in all its branches, will be present to aid in the completion of the organization and become a member thereof.

Citizens of the State who are thus present at this meeting will through the courtesy of its managers be given an opportunity to visit the Industrial Exposition on that occasion at a reduced charge, as "Historical Day."

ELWOOD EVANS,
Chairman.

CHARLES W. HOBART,
Secretary.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

Pursuant to the call of the Chairman and Secretary, the adjourned meeting held July 2d, convened in the office of the Western Washington Industrial Exposition, Tacoma, Thursday, October 8, 1891, with Hon. Elwood Evans in the chair, and Charles W. Hobart as Secretary.

Present: Hon. Elwood Evans, Charles W. Hobart, Edward N. Fuller, James Wickersham, Edward Huggins, J. B. Houghton, Henry Bucey, General L. P. Bradley, Miss Nannie Wickersham, and P. G. Hubbell of Tacoma; John Flett, Pierce County; C. M. Barton, Hon. Allen Weir, General T. I. McKenney, R. H. Lansdale, Olympia; C. B. Bagley, J. S. Houghton, Seattle; Edward Eldridge, Henry Roeder, S. Caldwell, Whatcom; Captain W. P. Gray (~~a descendant of Captain Robert Gray, the explorer~~), Pasco; Hon. T. J. Smith and others.

The following officers were elected: President, Hon. Elwood Evans, Pierce County; Vice President, Hon. Edward Eldridge, Whatcom County; Treasurer, Gen. T. I. McKenney, Thurston County; Secretary, Charles W. Hobart, Pierce County. Board of Curators—Clarence M. Barton, Chairman, Thurston County; Edward Huggins, James Wickersham, Pierce County; Clarence B. Bagley, King County; Captain W. P. Gray, Franklin County; Henry Roeder, Whatcom County; Hon. T. J. Smith, Whitman County.

CHAPTER II.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ARTICLE I.—*Name.*

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the "Washington State Historical Society."

ARTICLE II.—*Object.*

SECTON 1. The object of this Society shall be to gather, formulate and preserve in substantial form, the traditional record and object history of the State, including accounts of early explorations; of Indian tribes, their locations, habits, customs, traditions, means of subsistence; the wars they have been engaged in, their methods of warfare, their reservations and progress toward civilization; of the early pioneers, their hardships, privations, adventures, dangers and the work they did in opening the way for settlement, development and civilization that followed; together with biographies, material objects, relics, pictures, views and paintings illustrative of early tradition, history, places and persons; the minerals, flora and fauna of the State, all extending from and including the first discovery of the territory now included in the State, also the history, records and objects illustrative of the perils and heroism of those who served in any of the Indian conflicts in the Territory or State, or of other wars of the country; to the end that these records may be accomplished, as far as possible, during the lives of those then, now and hereafter living, and be preserved in the historical archives of the State for its own grandeur for the student and future historian.

ARTICLE III.—*Duration.*

SECTION 1. The duration of this Society shall be perpetual, or, during the pleasure of two-thirds of all its duly accredited members.

ARTICLE IV.—*Location.*

SECTION 1. The location of this Society shall be at Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington.

CHAPTER III.

BY-LAWS OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. There shall be four classes of membership of this Society; Active, Life, Corresponding and Honorary.

SEC. 2. The active membership shall be composed of reputable citizens of the State of Washington, who take an interest in the object of the Society and seek to promote its usefulness. Their application therefor must be made to the Secretary and accompanied with the annual dues for the year then ensuing.

SEC. 3. The life membership shall be composed of worthy citizens of the State of Washington, interested in the permanent advancement of the Society; the fees and dues being such sum of money as the Board of Curators may determine. Whereupon such members shall be forever exempt from the payment of annual dues and entitled to all the privileges of active members.

SEC. 4 The corresponding membership shall be composed of persons of literary and historical attainments, residing outside of the State of Washington, and shall be exempt from the payment of membership fees and dues. Shall not be entitled to participate in the deliberations of the Society, except by courtesy.

SEC. 5. The honorary membership shall be composed of persons of distinction in literature, science, art, finance and governmental affairs in this and other nations, and shall be exempt from the payment of any fees or dues; shall not be entitled to participate in the deliberations of the Society except by courtesy.

ARTICLE II.—*Fees and Annual Dues.*

SECTION 1. Annual dues of active members shall be $2.00, payable in advance.

No active member in arrears for annual dues shall be entitled to vote or take part in the deliberations of the meetings of the Society.

The life membership fee shall not be less than $25.00.

SEC. 2. Membership fees and annual dues shall be paid to the Secretary, for which he shall give his receipt.

He shall also secure and issue to active members certificates of membership, and to life, corresponding and honorary members diplomas of membership, each noting the class, residence and date of election, which shall be signed by the President and Secretary, with the seal of the Society attached thereto.

ARTICLE III.—*Officers, their Election and Duties*

SECTION 1. The elective officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected for one year and who shall be ex-officio members of the Board of Curators; and a Board of Curators composed of twelve members, all to be chosen by ballot for a term of three years, one-third of whom shall be chosen each year at the annual meeting; *Provided,* however, that at the meeting to be held January 21, 1908, there shall be elected four Curators for one year, four for two years and four for three years, and shall be active or life members of the Society and shall hold office until their successors are elected and qualified. A majority of all ballots cast shall be necessary to elect.

SEC. 2. The duties of the President and Vice President shall be those that parliamentary usage prescribes, except that the President shall deliver a written annual address at the annual meeting.

SEC. 3. The Secretary shall be the recording officer of the Society and also of the Board of Curators, and it shall be his duty to keep a true and faithful record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Board of Curators, and he shall conduct the correspondence thereof. He shall be the custodian of the books, records, papers, effects and property thereof. He shall receive all membership fees, annual dues and other moneys payable to the Society, giving his receipt therefor, and turn the same over to the Treasurer of the Society, taking his voucher therefor. He shall have charge of the publications of the Society, subject to the general directions of the Board of Curators. He shall prepare and submit a detailed report of the Board of Curators to be approved by them, with the reports of the Secre-

tary, Treasurer and Librarian embodied therein, to the annual meeting of the Society for its adoption and preservation as the report to the Society, showing what it has accomplished during the year then closed, and perform such other duties as the By-Laws prescribe and the Society and Board of Curators may, from time to time, direct.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep a true and correct account of all moneys of the Society received by him, and he shall disburse the same only upon orders of the Board of Curators, signed by the Secretary and countersigned by the Chairman of said Board, and he shall prior to the annual meeting of the Society, submit his annual report, with vouchers, through the Secretary to the Board of Curators, for approval and incorporation in the annual report of said Board to the Society.

SEC. 5. The Board of Curators shall be the Executive Board of the Society. It shall elect one of its own members Chairman thereof, and shall control, regulate and conduct the affairs of the Society in all matters and at all times, except during the annual meeting thereof.

It shall hold its regular meetings for the transaction of business the first Monday in March, May, July, September, November and January of each year at 4 P. M. The Chairman may call special meetings of the said Board whenever the business interests of the Society may require.

It shall provide suitable quarters and equipments for the effects and use of the Society.

It shall procure an appropriate seal for the use of the Society and Board of Curators, of which the Secretary shall be the custodian.

It shall appoint a librarian and such other officers and employes as may be needful from time to time, and define their duties.

It shall fill all official vacancies occurring in the Society or Board of Curators, between the annual meetings of the Society.

It shall select suitable persons to gather traditional, record and object material in all branches of history of the State, when required to designate necessary and competent historians, and other persons to formulate and adjust material obtained.

It may provide for the publication in magazine form, of the written history of the State to be subsequently methodically edited and issued in illustrated volumes of uniform size and style as frequently as practicable and shall have general direction of the publications of the Society.

It shall authorize all expenditures of money, and shall audit and allow all claims against the Society, through its Ways and Means Committee, and order their payment.

It may, when necessary and practicable, allow compensation to appointed officers and employes of the Society for services rendered; but no elective officer of the Society shall be allowed compensation for services as such. *Provided,* however, that the Board may allow the Secretary such compensation for his services as may be just and practicable.

It shall provide for the annual meetings of the Society, at which in addition to the annual address of the President, it may appoint persons to read papers on historical topics.

Corresponding and honorary members of the Society shall be elected by the Board of Curators, by ballot. The majority of all votes cast shall elect.

It shall perform such other functions and business as the objects and interest of the Society may require.

Five members of the Board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE IV.—*Annual and Special Meetings.*

SECTION 1. The annual meetings of the Society shall be held at its office on the third Tuesday of January, each year, at an hour to be designated by the Board of Curators.

SEC. 2. Notice of annual meetings shall be given by the Secretary through the press of the State, at least fifteen days prior to the holding thereof.

SEC. 3. Special meetings of the Society may be called in the same manner by order of the Board of Curators, whenever it may deem such action necessary for the interest of the Society; or upon the written application of ten voting members of the Society for a specific object set forth therein. Ten qualified voting members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE V.—*Order of Business.*

SECTION 1. The regular order of business of the Society shall be as follows:

First—In the absence of the presiding officer, the Secretary shall call the meeting to order and nominate a President *pro tem.*

Second—The payment of annual dues of active members.

Third—Reading of the annual report of Board of Curators.

Fourth—Adoption of the annual report.

Fifth—Appointment of special committees.

Sixth—Annual address of retiring President.

Seventh—Reading of papers of historical and kindred subjects.

Eighth—Reports of special committees.

Ninth—Unfinished and miscellaneous business.

ARTICLE VI.—*Standing Committees.*

SECTION 1. The President of the Society shall call a meeting of the Board of Curators as early as practicable after the annual meeting of the Society for the election of a Chairman and organization of the Board.

SEC. 2. The Chairman of the Board of Curators shall appoint at its first meeting, or as soon therafter as practicable, the following standing committees:

First—Committees on Ways and Means.

Second—Committee on Historical Papers.

Third—Committee on Publication.

Fourth—Committee on Library.

Fifth—Committee on Museum.

Sixth—Committee on Picture Gallery.

Seventh—Committee on Memorials.

Eighth—Committee on Buildings and Grounds.

ARTICLE VII.—*Amendments.*

SECTION 1. Amendments to these By-Laws may be made at any regular meeting of the Board of Curators; a majority vote of all the voting members of the Board being necessary for their adoption.

CHAPTER IV.

AGREEMENT FOR THE INCORPORATION OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1. Be it known that, whereas the "Washington State Historical Society" is an unincorporated association, formed at Tacoma, Washington, October 8th, 1891; and whereas the said association through its Executive Board of Curators, by a vote duly taken and recorded, authorized and directed this agreement of incorporation, under the laws of the State of Washington, in pursuance of Chapter 158, Session Laws of 1895; therefore we, Ezra Meeker, Edward Huggins, Charles W. Hobart, and James Wickersham, of Pierce County; John L. Wilson, of Spokane County; Arthur A. Denny, of King County; Frank G. Deckebach, of Chehalis County; John F. Gowey, of Thurston County; John H. Long, of Lewis County; Miles C. Moore, of Walla Walla County; William F. Prosser, of Yakima County; Geo. V. Calhoun, Skagit County; Edwin Eells, Pierce County; W. H. Pritchard, Pierce County, and Henry H. Spaulding, of Whitman County, do hereby associate ourselves together with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of "Washington State Historical Society."

2. The purpose of the Washington State Historical Society is the collection, formulation and preservation in substantial and permanent form, of the traditional, record and object history of the State of Washington.

3. The location of the said Washington State Historical Society shall be at Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington.

4. The pecuniary resources of said Association for its maintenance are, and shall be, such as are derived from membership fees, annual dues, such means and property as may be obtained from gifts and bequests, and such sums of money as may from time to time be appropriated by the State in aid of its purposes. This said Association does hereby reserve and assume all existing obligations, due to and from the unincorporated association, known as the "Washington State Historical Society."

CHAPTER V.

CERTIFICATION OF AGREEMENT OF INCORPORATION

We, the undersigned, hereby certify upon oath that an Agreement of Association for the incorporation of the Wash ington State Historical Society was duly executed and concluded on the 8th day of October, 1896, a true copy of which with the names of the subscribers thereto, is hereto attached as a part of this certification. That the first meeting of the subscribers to the said agreement of association was, pursuant to due notice, held at Tacoma on the first day of October, 1896, at 3 o'clock P. M., at which said meeting a temporary Secretary was elected by ballot; whereupon it then adjourned to October 8, 1896, at the same place and hour; at which said adjourned meeting, a code of by-laws was duly adopted, followed by the election by ballot of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and twelve Curators or Trustees, all of whom are subscribers to the said agreement of association hereto attached.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names this 8th day of October, 1896.

ARTHUR A. DENNY, PRESIDENT,
CHAS. W. HOBART, SECRETARY,
G. V. CALHOUN, CURATOR,
EDWIN EELLS, CURATOR,
JOHN F. GOWEY, CURATOR,
EDWARD HUGGINS, CURATOR,
JOHN H. LONG, CURATOR,
W. H. PRITCHARD, CURATOR,
JAMES WICKERSHAM, CURATOR.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of October, 1896.

W. J. FIFE,
Notary Public in and for the State of Washington, Residing in Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington.

[SEAL]

CHAPTER VI.

CERTIFICATION BY AUDITOR I. M. HOWELL OF PIERCE COUNTY

State of Washington }
County of Pierce } ss.

I, I. M. Howell, County Auditor, in and for Pierce County, State of Washington, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing instrument in writing is a full, true and correct copy of Agreement of Incorporation filed in this office on the 19th day of December, A. D., 1896, at 35 minutes past 2 o'clock, P. M., Fee Number 109787, as appears from the file of said instrument now in this office.

In *Witness Whereof,* I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 10th day of January A. D. 1908.

I. M. HOWELL,
County Auditor,

By W. A. STEWART,
Deputy.

CHAPTER VI.

CERTIFICATION BY AUDITOR I. M. HOWELL OF PIERCE COUNTY

State of Washington } ss.
County of Pierce }

I, I. M. Howell, County Auditor, in and for Pierce County, State of Washington, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing instrument in writing is a full, true and correct copy of Agreement of Incorporation filed in this office on the 19th day of December, A. D., 1890, at 35 minutes past 2 o'clock, P. M., Fee Number 109787, as appears from the file of said instrument now in this office.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 10th day of January A. D. 1908.

I. M. HOWELL,
County Auditor.

By W. A. STEWART,
Deputy.

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF WASHINGTON

Articles of Incorporation of the Washington State Historical Society.

Be It Known That, Whereas A. A. Denny, Ezra Meeker, Chas. W. Hobart, Jno. L. Wilson, James Wickersham, F. G. Deckebach, John F. Gowey, John F. Long, Miles C. Moore, Henry H. Spalding, William F. Prosser, G. V. Calhoun, Edwin Eells, W. H. Pritchard, Edward Huggins, have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY for the purpose of the collection, formulation and preservation in substantial and permanent form of the traditional, record and object history of the State of Washington; with a capital of ..... and have complied with the provisions of the laws of this State in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Secretary and a majority of the Trustees of said corporation, recorded in this office; now, therefore, I, WILL D. JENKINS, Secretary of State of Washington, do hereby certify that said A. A. Denny, Ezra Meeker, Chas. W. Hobart, Jno. L. Wilson, James Wickersham, F. G. Deckebach, John F. Gowey, John H. Long, Miles C. Moore, Henry H. Spaulding, William F. Prosser, G. V. Calhoun, Edwin Eells, W. H. Pritchard, Edward Huggins, Their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as and are hereby made an existing corporation, under the name of WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, with powers, rights and privileges and subject to the limitations, duties and restrictions which by law appertain thereto.

Witness my official signature subscribed and the Seal of the State of Washington hereunto affixed this tenth day of June in the year 1897.

WILL D. JENKINS,
Secretary of State.

(SEAL)

CHAPTER VIII.

STATE LAW CREATING THE SOCIETY A TRUSTEE FOR CERTAIN PURPOSES

Session 1903 Laws of State of Washington; Page 377, Chapter 177 (S. B. No. 125) and Remington and Ballinger, Sections 6996-7-8-9.

AN ACT relating to the Washington State Historical Society; creating it a Trustee of the State for certain purposes.

Be it Enacted by the Legislature of the State of Washington:

SECTION 1. That the Washington State Historical Society, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Washington, be and the same is hereby created Trustee of the State for the intent and purposes hereinafter mentioned, viz.:

1. That it shall be the duty of the said Society to collect books, maps, charts, papers and materials illustrative of the history of this State, and of its progress and development.

2. To procure from pioneers authentic narrative of their experiences and of incidents relating to the early settlement of this State.

3. To gather data and information concerning the origin, history, language and customs of our Indian tribes.

4. To procure and purchase books, papers and pamphlets for the several departments of its collections, climatic, health and mortuary statistics, and such other books, maps, charts, papers and materials as will facilitate the investigation of the historical, scientific and literary subjects.

5. To bind, shelf, store and safely keep the unbound books, documents, manuscripts, pamphlets and newspaper files now or hereafter to come into its possession.

6. To catalogue the collections of said Society for the convenient reference of persons having occasion to consult same.

7. To prepare bi-ennially for publication a report of its collections and such other matters relating to the work of the society as may be useful to the State and the people thereof.

8. To keep its rooms open at all reasonable hours of busi-

ness days for the reception of citizens and visitors without charge.

SEC. 2. That the books, maps, charts, relics, memorials, collections and all other property of the Society now owned or hereafter acquired, shall be held by the said Society perpetually in trust for the use of and benefit of the people of the State of Washington.

SEC. 3. That the Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer shall be *ex-officio* members of the Board of Curators of the said Washington State Historical Society, authorized and empowered to vote upon all questions coming before the said Board for its action.

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CHAPTER IX.

ANNUAL REPORTS OF SECRETARY GILSTRAP 1907-1914

At the annual meeting of the Washington State Historical Society January 15, 1907, Mr. W. H. Gilstrap was elected Secretary to succeed Rev. Edwin Eells, who had served as Secretary from 1905 to 1907.

The work and activities of Secretary Gilstrap from his election in 1907 to his death in August, 1914, constitute a large part of the history of the Society during these years. To show the work of the Society for the years 1907-14, copious extracts from the annual reports of Secretary Gilstrap are here given:

I

At the annual meeting of the Society January 21, 1908, Secretary Gilstrap submitted his first annual report.

To the Members of the Washington State Historical Society:

Your Board of Curators held six regular bi-monthly meetings, two adjourned meetings, and one special meeting during the year.

The first work of the Board was to go before the Legislature to secure appropriation for State aid. They therefore instructed the Secretary to have a bill prepared and presented by our Representative, J. W. Slayden.

Our President, R. L. McCormick, and Treasurer, W. H. Dickson, were asked to go before the appropriation committees and present the needs of the Society with the result that $3000 was appropriated for the support of the Society.

At the May meeting the Secretary recommended:

First—The purchase of nine large book cases to place files and collections which had accumulated and were lying on the floor.

Second—That a thorough classification and indexing of all collections and files be made.

Third—To officially locate all treaty sites in the State, which are five in number; to visit the site of the first landing place on this coast, and to secure the Indian traditions concerning these

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Our President, R. L. McCormick, and Treasurer, W. H. Dickson, were asked to go before the appropriation committees and present the needs of the Society with the result that $8000 was appropriated for the support of the Society.

At the May meeting the Secretary recommended:

First—The purchase of nine large book cases to place files and collections which had accumulated and were lying on the floor.

Second—That a thorough classification and indexing of all collections and files be made.

Third—To officially locate all treaty sites in the State, which are five in number; to visit the site of the first landing place on this coast, and to secure the Indian traditions concerning these

two events; the site of the American Fur Company's and the Hudson Bay Company's trading posts; the military forts, Indian wars, battle grounds and other historical places.

The Board of Curators instructed the Secretary to carry out the recommendations as far as possible. * * * * * * *

(Here follows a list of the number of bound newspapers and books.)

Your Secretary worked up a party of pioneers and members of the Historical Society and on April 24, 1907, visited the Medicine treaty grounds, the first of the great treaties made by Governor Stevens with the Indians in 1854; the site where Captain Wilkes built his observatory on the bluff at the mouth of Sequalitchew Creek, in 1841, and the site where the first Protestant church was built in the State.

Your Secretary went to Seattle to the Puget Sound M. E. Conference and laid the matter of erecting monuments at Vancouver, where Jason Lee preached the first Gospel sermon on this coast, September 26, 1834, and the first mission, where Dr. John P. Richmond established a mission at Fort Nisqually in 1840; and where the first Protestant church was built, which was by Rev. Dr. J. F. DeVore in the autumn of 1853. The Conference took the matter up very enthusiastically and appointed a committee of three to co-operate with a like committee from the Oregon M. E. Conference and the State Historical Society in erecting these monuments to commemorate these important historical events.

In September your Secretary had a design made for a monument suitable to erect on the site of the first Protestant church, which design was presented to the Puget Sound Conference and accepted by it, after which plans were made for the raising of funds for the erection of the monument. The Board has secured a part of the original site on which to erect the monument. This, in all probability, will be accomplished during the present year.

He was also recently in conference with the Secretary of the Idaho Historical Society concerning the erection of a monument at Lapwai jointly by the two states.

The most important work done since our last meeting was our trip up the Pacific Coast from Gray's Harbor around Cape Flattery to Neah Bay.

On July 26, Prof. J. B. Flett and Mr. P. G. Hubbell of the Tacoma Daily News, Curators, and your Secretary, left Tacoma over the Northern Pacific for Gray's Harbor, arriving at Moclips late in the afternoon of the same day. * * * * * (Here follows a description of the journey from Moclips to the Hoh River by stage and by foot with a pack horse.) * * * *

July 30, about noon, we reached the Hoh River, the vicinity where Heceta, the Spanish explorer landed July 14, 1775. Here we spent the afternoon and tarried until the afternoon of the 31st. Here we met old Ka-li-ah, an Indian over 90 years old, whom we interviewed concerning the landing of the Spaniards in 1775. By the assistance of Howard Wheeler, another Indian of the Hoh tribe, as interpreter, we learned much of the early traditions.

Kaliah's version of the landing of the Spaniards, as given by his father and grandfather, was this:

That the landing was made by the white men and a cross erected on the beach just to the north or south of the village; that the next day the Spaniards came ashore and entered their potlatch houses, where they were drying salmon, it being the running season; that they ate of the fish, then took down the long strips from the poles on which they were drying, carried them out in their arms like stove wood, and filled their boat. Now the Indians at this place and the Indians at Lapush have a tradition that prevailed as late as 1872 that anyone coming to them hungry during the running season should be given fish to eat, but they would not permit them to carry away or barter fish at that season, believing that if they did the fish would not return the next year. The Indians saw that they were not only being robbed of the fish they already had, but that this very act would bring on, as they thought, a great calamity. Therefore, it caused great consternation and resentment on their part, and being unable to talk with the Spaniards, they fell upon them and killed them, believing they were justified in their action. * * * * * * * * * (Here follows a description of the trip to Neah Bay in old Yakalada's canoe, where the Secretary remained four days.)

On Tuesday, August 6, I visited Dr. Wood, the Indian Superintendent, and told him my mission. He assured me that

he would do all he could to help me in my work. In the evening I got a number of Indians together and we talked over pioneer times. Among those present was old Chief How-a-thlub (Peter Brown), who is about 80 years old, and Klo-kast, and Wah-de, who is past 90 years old. They told me that the treaty made with Gov. Stevens January 31, 1855, was made on the beach at the mouth of the De-och-ch-uch (Neah Bay Creek) and that there were over 200 men present. The Spanish fort was on the point about fifty feet west of the mouth of Neah Bay Creek. Old Wah-de and old Ka-ka-bisch, who is over 100 years old, now blind, gave me a story of the coming of the Spanish in 1791. Old Ka-ka-bisch said his mother was a young woman when the Spaniards came to build their fort. They built a temporary building of logs and boards; then they commenced to build a brick fort, but never completed it. The Spaniards would follow the women when they went out to pick berries and insult them. The Indians resented their conduct and drove them off and they destroyed their buildings.

I interviewed these two old men separately, also others, and they all told practically the same story. Several of the old men remember seeing on the old trail towards Wyeth the stumps and logs from which the Spaniards cut their timbers. Iron and steel tools were unknown to the Indians prior to the time of the Spaniards' advent among them.

On Wednesday, August 7, a meeting was called at the school house. Those present were Supt. Dr. Wood, Chief How-a-thlub and Policeman Bi-ho-qua (Jeff Davis). There were twenty-four Indians present, and Jeff Davis was chosen interpreter. Dr. Wood introduced me, telling them that I came in the interest of the State Historical Society. He asked them to assist in giving all the true stories; that we only wanted facts; that we not only wanted all the true stories they could give but that we wanted to erect a monument there on the site of the old Spanish fort.

I was called on to address them and told them of our plan to erect a monument to commemorate the landing and the erection of the first building by the white men on this Northwest coast of our country; also of the treaty made there by Governor Stevens; that we would like for them to vacate and set aside

the land on the point where the fort was built in 1791. We recommended that the entire block be set aside for the monument and for a park. That if they would move their houses off and make a park of it we would erect a monument and put up a flag pole. We would also assist them in raising the brass cannon which lies submerged on the rocks near their harbor, and mount it in their park. After some discussion they adjourned to meet the next day. On the next day the salmon came into the Straits in such great numbers that most of the Indians went out fishing and no meeting was held. However, I met some of them in the evening and they said they were willing to give up the site for a park but would want pay for their houses.

Owing to the fishing season just beginning, and all were interested in this work, I realized I could do nothing at that time, and departed promising some of those who were personally interested in the matter, that I would report to you for further instructions and would later confer with them again in regard to the matter. From Neah Bay I returned home by steamer.

The Secretary made six trips to Olympia during the year; five to Seattle, one to Wenatchee and Waterville; one to Walla Walla, Spokane and vicinity, Rosalia and Davenport; one to Vancouver and Portland and five to Steilacoom.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. GILSTRAP, Secretary.

II.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Curators convened in the rooms of the Society, No. 303 City Hall, January 19, 1909, Secretary Gilstrap submitted his annual report for the year 1908 as follows:

During the year of 1908 three monuments were erected: One at Steilacoom, marking the site where the first Protestant church was built north of the Columbia River, at a cost of between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars; one at Camp Washington, named by Governor Stevens, where he and Gen. McClellan made a permanent camp in October, 1853. This monument cost $378. A third was erected at the Eells-Walker mission, now Stevens County, at a cost of about $600. Large gath-

erings were in attendance at the unveiling of each of these monuments, at which special and interesting programs were given by able and representative pioneers and citizens of the State.

The Secretary, in company with Secretary Himes of the Oregon Historical Society and Capt. Williams of Vancouver, located the exact sites of old Fort Vancouver, Cascade Block House, the Sheridan Battle Field, and the site where the first mill in the old Oregon country was located. He also did much other research work during the year, especially in the vicinity of Spokane and Colville. There are many other sites in the State that ought to be exploited and suitably marked.

The amount contributed and raised by the officers of the Society during the years of 1907 and 1908 is as follows:

For publication of books of the Northwest	$1000.00
On Steilacoom Monument in cash and pledges	1200.00
On Camp Washington	125.00
On Eells-Walker Monument	600.00
On Prizes and other things of interest	85.00
Membership dues	325.00
	$3335.00

(Report showed a total expenditure during 1907 and 1908 $2840.19)

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. GILSTRAP, Secretary.

III.

Secretary Gilstrap's third annual report, made January 18, 1910.

About a year ago Governor Mead asked us to make an Historical Exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held at Seattle. The Governor called a meeting of the A.-Y.-P. Commission and others to meet at his office and I was present at his invitation.

The Commissioners set aside $4,000 for the Secretary to use in making the exhibit.

We undertook to make an exhibit of things pertaining only to this State or the pioneers of this State, beginning with Capt. Gray, who discovered the Northwest coast, and who was the first to enter the Straits of Juan de Fuca. In fact, he discovered our entire coast to the Columbia River, from 1789 to 1792.

We had a portrait of Capt. Gray and pictures of his vessels; also some of his tools and relics from the old "Columbia." Beginning with Capt. Gray, we came on down through the various epochs. We had relics and pictures of the Astor Company, of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the early trappers and hunters, of the pioneers, not only of those who came here, but of those statesmen and others who took an active interest in the "Old Oregon Country" and its settlement; of Senator Lynn and others of that period; also of Thomas H. Benton, who took such an active interest in this new country from 1818 up to the forties.

We then commenced with the pioneer missionaries. We had relics from almost all of those—from Whitman, Eells, Spaulding, Harper, Lee, Richmond, and a great many others. Then we came on down to the old settlers and early immigrants. We had a great many relics of that period and of our statesmen and heroes.

We had some of the finest individual historical collections in existence, particularly those of Commodore Wilkes and of our first Governor, I. I. Stevens (these two collections being loaned by the descendants of these two great men.)

The Stevens collection, from Boston, included the side arms, flags and commissions that Governor Stevens received during his military and official life; the flag that he carried when he fell in battle and the numerous tributes he received during his remarkable career.

The Wilkes collection, from Washington, D. C., was of a similar character, being the flags, side arms and gifts presented to Capt. Wilkes on various occasions for his distinguished public services.

We made an exhibit that reflected credit on the Historical Society, and although we did not carry out the plans we made for the regular year's work, we accomplished a work that will be long remembered and one that not only received the gold grand medal prize at the Seattle Fair, but one that brought the work of this Society to the attention of the people of the State.

(Here follows a reference to the books the Society is buying on the "Old Oregon Country.)

Our most important need is a home, and if we can get the

people of this city sufficiently interested to furnish us a site, we can have it. Governor Hay is very anxious that we speedily procure our ground and get our building erected. In talking the matter over with him the other day, he thought perhaps if we should fail, we might get the appropriation renewed, but he was fearful that it would be a great deal of trouble to do it. He would also recommend that we have another $25,000 in the next Legislature. So you see, if we do our part, we will soon have a fine building and a fine Society; a fine place and a fine home. * * * * *

No state west of the Missouri River has such an historical record as we have. * * * * * * The first settlements in Washington were made at Vancouver. The first mill of the old Oregon territory was built in Washington; the first sermon preached, the first fort was put up, the first school erected; also the first landing was made in what is now Washington; the first discoveries were in Washington. We have a pioneer history, or what we call a pioneer history, of a hundred years. As you remember, Capt. Gray discovered our coasts in 1789; we were admitted as a State in 1889.

There is no other locality in the United States in which the Government has taken as much interest as it has in Washington. It may seem that such was not the case at times in the earlier days, nevertheless, all our Government expeditions came here, the Lewis and Clark expedition terminating at the Columbia River. We can claim as much of that as Oregon. The next great expedition was that of Wilkes, and no greater one of its kind was ever sent out in any country. But few people realize its importance. The next was that of Stevens, when he came out here as Governor, and after this follows the expedition which was sent out to survey the Northern Pacific route. So you see that we are of some importance from a historical standpoint. The only military forts in the "Old Oregon Country" are on Washington soil, and we have two of them yet. There are many other incidents that we could refer to.

But we must carry on our field work more thoroughly this year than we did last year. By field work we mean going out over the State, collecting relics and gathering data, etc. We are now planning to make a map of the State, marking on it

the various points of historic interest, and there are a great many such places that ought to be marked and located. When the Secretary of the Oregon State Historical Society was here a few days ago, he and I planned to do quite a little research work in that line, such as locating all the forts and block houses and such places throughout the State.

IV.

Secretary Gilstrap's Fourth Annual Report was made March 13, 1911:

To the Members of the Washington State Historical Society:

Your Secretary in the interest of the Society visited Wenatchee, Medicine Lake and the Spokane County Pioneer Society last June.

On Wednesday, July 13, 1910, the Historical Society and Pioneers of Puget Sound held a joint picnic at the Wilkes Monument, Lake Sequalitchew, and your Secretary delivered an address on "Historic Places and Monuments." He especially emphasized the Natches Emigrant Train, proposing that the last camping place of that famous train should be located and marked.

Immediately after the program was given the Secretary called the surviving members of that party who were present to meet with him, at which meeting we arranged to locate the site on the following day.

On Thursday, July 14, 1910, Geo. H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, David Longmire, Van Ogle, William Lane and your Secretary drove out on the Mahan place on Clover Creek, some 12 or 15 miles from the city, and located the last camping place of the Natches Emigrant Train. They also began a campaign to have the site commemorated. Forty dollars was raised at that time and arrangements were made with David Longmire that your Secretary and George H. Himes should go to North Yakima and retrace the old trail from that point to Buckley.

As per previous arrangements, Geo. H. Himes came to Tacoma, and he, with your Secretary, went to North Yakima in August, where we met David Longmire, and were driven to his home on Wenas River that afternoon.

Mr. Longmire's home sets directly across the old trail. It was at his place that old Chief Ow-hi, one of the war chiefs of '55 and '56 lived. Ow-hi had a fine vegetable garden in the valley. The emigrants here received their first vegetables, including potatoes. I told the party I thought this event must have been the origin of the famous Yakima potatoes, as the emigrants thought them the finest potatoes they ever ate.

Here the emigrants camped for a day or two, did their washing and prepared for their trip over the mountains.

In August, accompanied by Mr. Longmire and his four sons, we left their place to retrace the Natches Trail over the mountains. The hired man took us two days' travel in a wagon and then we proceeded on horseback, each man having a saddle horse and there being three pack horses for the party. We had a very interesting trip, locating most of the important places on the way. We were six days in making the trip from Longmire's to Buckley. Mayor Morris of Buckley rode out several miles to meet us, and escorted us into town.

On January 5, 1911, your Secretary visited Gray's Harbor and conferred with the Robert Gray Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their request, in Aberdeen, in reference to the unveiling of a monument at the entrance of the harbor in honor of Captain Gray.

Your Secretary, as well as many of the Curators, spent much time and work in getting a location for the State building. After the site was secured, July 16, 1910, the task of raising $4000 to pay for it was begun, and pushed to completion by the Secretary with the assistance of Calvin S. Barlow and Frank B. Cole, each one day.

Your Secretary has secured during the year three life members and collected dues from seventy-five members, making $150.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. GILSTRAP, Secretary.

V.

Secretary Gilstrap's Fifth Annual Report was made January 16, 1912:

Your Secretary has the following report to make of the work done by the Society during the past year:

The cornerstone of the State Historical Society Building was laid on February 4, 1911, in the presence of a large gathering of citizens, after which all marched to the High School Auditorium, led by the High School Band. The Grand Lodge of Masons conducted the ceremony of laying the cornerstone according to the ancient Masonic rite.

At the High School, beginning at 2:00 P. M., addresses were made by C. A. Snowden, H. B. Dewey, Judge W. H. Snell and Judge Jeremiah Neterer.

In the evening the local members and citizens gave a banquet to the Masonic Grand Lodge and the members of the Legislature at the Commercial Club banquet hall, Bishop Frederic W. Keator being toastmaster.

Addresses were made by Bishop Keator, Edward L. French and W. H. Dickson. Toasts were given by John Arthur, Walker Moren, J. H. Williams, Judge Jeremiah Neterer, Col. C. A. Snowden, H. D. Buchanan and Mr. Porter.

On June 23, the building was accepted by the Building Commission and they, with the Historical Society, gave a reception to the public in the building from 8:00 to 10:30 o'clock P. M., Friday evening, June 23.

During the months of July, August and September the library and collections were in the main transferred from the City Hall and Courthouse to the Historical Society Building, and placed in the cases. On October 8, the twentieth anniversary of the Society, the building with the exhibits was formally opened to the public. Special receptions were given to the public schools, colleges and other organized bodies during the following week.

On May 2, your Secretary attended the memorial picnic celebration and took part in the program at old Champoeg, Oregon, where civil government was first established in Old Oregon.

On May 8, Robert Gray Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled the monument to Captain Gray at the mouth of Gray's Harbor. Your Secretary delivered an address on that occasion on Captain Gray, and his explorations on this coast.

On July 3 your Secretary assisted in marking the sites of old Fort Okanogan by raising flags on both the Astor Com-

pany's site, which was established in 1811, and the Hudson Bay Company's site, which was established in 1816, about a mile from the Astor Company site.

He, with other members of the Historical Society and patriotic citizens east of the mountains, have been planning to secure these tracts of ground from the Government for the purpose of erecting monuments on these sites, where the first civilization was established in what is now the State of Washington.

In April your Secretary visited old Spokane House and secured the site for a monument to be erected this year, 1912, on the site where Spokane House was established one hundred years ago this coming September by the Astor Company.

Much more could have been done during the year if it had not been for the physical inability of the Secretary during several months of the best part of the year for field work, and the enormous amount of work connected with the placing of our collections in the new quarters. There is considerable work yet to be done in properly arranging and classifying of exhibits.

W. H. GILSTRAP, Secretary.

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VI.

Secretary Gilstrap's sixth annual repart was made January 21st, 1913:

Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Washington State Historical Society:

Your Secretary has the following report to make of the work of the Society. * * * * * * This report covers the work done during the past two years.

The first unit of our building was completed and ready to occupy in July, 1911. The laborious task of moving the collections from the City Hall and County Court House was finished by October, 1911, and a formal opening was held, beginning Saturday, October 7, 1911, and lasting one whole week, commemorating the Twentieth Anniversary of the organization of this Society, which was organized October 8, 1891. During this Anniversary week there were more than one thousand visitors, which was very gratifying, inasmuch as it showed an

awakening of public interest in historical and patriotic things. Our visitors included the following organizations:

The Ministerial Alliance, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the University of Puget Sound, Whitworth College, Annie Wright Seminary, the Commercial Club, the Parkland Academy, the Roman Catholic Schools, and other educational institutions, both in and out of the city. On the occasion of many of these visits there were public speeches given by the members of the faculties and officers of the various educational institutions, commending the work of the Society. The interest awakened at this time has continued, and is growing every day. We have, since the formal opening, had more than 10,000 registered visitors, and many hundred others who could not register on special occasions.

We have added to our collections old books to the value of several hundred dollars, books on this Northwest country that are now out of print. These books include a set of Captain Vancouver's Explorations, which is of unique value in several particulars. There were only five copies of this edition printed. There were three volumes each, and an atlas containing pictures, maps, and illustrations made by the artist, who was a member of Vancouver's exploration party. An unique feature of the atlas is the printing of all these pictures in triplicate, one being the artist's proof, a second giving the name of the artist and engraver, and a third giving the title. These five sets were bound in morocco, one for King George III., one for the British Museum, one for Captain Vancouver's family, the Captain being at this time dead, one for his brother, who published the book by His Majesty King George's command, and one for the artist who drew the pictures. This set is one that was owned either by the artist or one of the Vancouver families, and the only one of its kind in America. The Secretary was most fortunate in locating these valuable and unique treasures.

To the historical collections we have added what is claimed to be the first piano that came around the Horn to California. This piano was brought from Boston in the early forties by Mr. Kimball, the father of the late Mrs. Frank Alling of this city. After the death of her father, Mrs. Alling came into possession of the piano and brought it to this city about thirty

years ago. We also have now in the Museum the Devore piano, the first piano that came to Washington, and the McCarver piano, which is believed to be the first piano that came to Oregon, which was in 1850 or 51. It was the first piano that came to Tacoma. The Secretary learned more than fifteen years ago that these pianos, representing the three Coast States, were located in this city. He began his efforts in securing them at that early date, and has never ceased until he secured them permanently for these institutions, the purchase of the Alling piano having been made in December, 1912.

We have secured many other interesting and valuable collections, including a cannon taken from the old Russian ship "Polotofsky," relics from the battleship "Maine" and our latest being an old block house from Whidby Island, used during the Indian Wars, which will be erected in the new proposed unit to the Historical Society Building. * * * * * * By invitation of the people of the Okanogan country, we visited the site of old Fort Okanogan, established by the Astor Company in 1811, at the junction of the Okanogan River with the Columbia River, and there, on July 3, 1911, we erected a pole and raised the American Flag, with Judge Brown of the City of Okanogan, and our venerable pioneer, Edwin Eells, giving a short program of the work of the Astor Company and the early missionaries in the Northeast part of the State. We also on that date visited the Hudson Bay Fort Okanogan, about a mile distant from the Astor Company's site, and formally raised the British and American Flags, and Judge Brown and your Secretary each gave short addresses. My address was on the prominent and historical characters who had visited that place during the life of that institution. During the winter of 1911-12 we had a bill introduced into Congress to set aside out of the Colville Reservation the sites of old Fort Okanogan. The bill was referred to the Department of the Interior. That office asked us to get certain old Indians and go there, and formally locate these sites. In June, 1912, we visited Spokane Reservation and interviewed some old Indians that were born and raised at Okanogan. One of these, Joseph Le Fleur, a half breed who was born there more than 80 years ago, is an unusual character. Though an uneducated man, his faculty for remembering and describing scenes and events is most wonderful. He

was one of the party who was baptized by the first missionary priests who visited the old fort, which was in 1838. History tells us of the first marriages and first baptisms made at this and other places, when the priests came down the Columbia River, and it seems a rare treat to meet and talk with one who participated in that picturesque pioneer event. He went over the grounds, located the fireplace of his father's house, his father being the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company. He located many of the other buildings, such as the storehouses, stables, etc., and was present when the Hudson Bay Company abandoned the old fort. During this visit, your Secretary and two Colville agents had a conference with Chief Long Jim and his people. The old Chief was violently opposed to us having these lands as they were on his allotment.

September 1, 1912, by invitation of the Brewster Commercial Club and the people around old Fort Okanogan, we visited the site of the old fort where they had prepared a barbecue of roasted ox, potatoes baked in the ashes, and melons from neighboring gardens. We again met Long Jim, who was still unfriendly to us, and would not take any part in the exercises until after he had heard my "Wow Wow." After hearing me, he consented to deliver, through an interpreter, an address. He seemed well pleased, assured us that we would always be welcome to come there and have our own potlatch, provided that they would have enough for all the Indians. He said that this was a "cultus potlatch," for, although there was plenty, it was not well managed and properly distributed, so some got more than their share, and others were somewhat left out. There were about 1,000 present.

The next important event in our field work was the laying of a tablet in the sidewalk in front of the lot on which stood the old legislative hall in which Governor Stevens assembled the first Territorial Legislature. This ceremony was held on the 59th anniversary of Governor Stevens' arrival in Olympia, November 25, 1853.

These are only a few of the historical places which we visited in order to mark and commemorate the importance of their place in early Pioneer History.

Your Secretary has the following recommendations to make:

We have much work mapped out but we cannot take the time this evening to mention all, but there are a few things that we feel ought to be carried out. One is to visit Major Wilkes of Salt Lake City and secure his father's, Commodore Wilkes', collection, valued at $20,000. We have had some assurance from Major Wilkes that it may eventually come here, but we feel that we should visit him in regard to this, and some other historical matters. General Hazard Stevens has promised me that his father, Governor Isaac I. Stevens', collection shall eventually come to this State after the death of Mrs. Stevens, who is now quite an old lady. We should visit the Montreal Museum and secure some valuable data, both there and in Toronto. There is much valuable history of this Northwest to be gleaned from the reports of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies. There are great quantities of data and in condition that can yet be secured from pioneers and old Indians of this State.

We hope that provision will be made during this session of the Legislature so that these suggestions and many others may be carried out. There is no State this side of the Colonial States that has more unique and interesting historical lore than the State of Washington. All the Eastern States are looking and inquiring of us for our history. So far as State aid is concerned we are away behind many other States whose history began long after ours, namely: Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa and others, and, in fact, all of the states west of the Missouri River, and while we have perhaps done more with our *limited means* than any other State in the *last few years* in collecting and preserving the early history, we must make haste and secure the data and historical relics or we will lose much of the history which we should preserve.

VII.

See Gilstrap's seventh and last annual report, submitted January 20, 1914:

Mr. Chairman, Officers and Members of the Washington State Historical Society; Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Secretary has the following report of the work of the Society during the past year:

First the Society sent out many letters during the session

of the Legislature, especially to the members of the Legislature, informing them of the needs of the Society in the way of appropriations to carry on the work in a creditable manner to a limited degree of proficiency, also comparing the work done in other States with what had been done in this State, and showing the meagre appropriations that had been made for the work here as compared with other Western States. Also showing the much greater importance of our history as compared with all other Western States. The history of our State, so far as general interest is concerned, surpasses by far that of Western or Middle Western States. We asked for $15,000.00 for maintenance fund. The Legislature appropriated $10,000.00 for maintenance for this bi-ennium, $2,000.00 for printing and $8,350.00 for building purposes, which became available after April 1, 1913.

Soon after plans and specifications were made, and contracts let for the building of a boiler and heating plant. Owing to the wording of the bill, we could not use the entire amount appropriated for building purposes; only $5,304.43 could be used. The rest, therefore, will be turned back to the State.

The new addition was completed about the latter part of November; $463.95 worth of cases and cabinets were added to the building, and the work of re-arranging and placing the exhibits and library was done during the month of December, so that now the entire building, collections and all, make a very creditable showing. Many new exhibits in the way of relics have been added during the past year, among which may be mentioned a splendid work of art, "The Discus Thrower," in marble, secured in Rome and presented by Mrs. R. L. McCormick. The McCormick family also presented a coin collection that was made by the late Hon. R. L. McCormick during his life time, beginning when he was a boy. In this collection are some very rare peace medals, viz.: a copy of George Washington's, the original bronze medals issued by Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Van Buren. * * * * * *

(The report then told in detail of collections received from W. F. Sheard, C. W. DuBois, W. J. Patterson of Aberdeen, William Fitz-Henry, Henry Hewitt, Jr.; Joshua Pierce, Caine

Longmire, Mrs. C. D. Danaher, George May of Seattle, Robert P. Bradley, Mrs. L. P. Bradley, Fred Edwards, Mrs. U. E. Harmon, E. Essey, Judge Wickersham, John and David Johnson.)

We have added many historical pictures during the past year. The Library has been added to by loans, gifts and purchases to the number of about 250 volumes. Our newspaper files, both bound and unbound, have been stored until last month. We have about ten or twelve tons of unbound newspaper files all classified and tied up into nice bundles and marked so that they will keep in good condition indefinitely, or until we can have them bound. We have about two hundred volumes of bound newspapers. Some of them date back to pioneer days. These are all placed in cases, and are now ready for the public to read under proper restrictions which have been made by the Board of Curators.

The Society erected one monument during the year which was at the last camping place of the Natches Emigrant Train, south of this City on Clover Creek. The date of the unveiling of the monument was October 8, 1913, which was the 60th anniversary of the last camp of that famous emigrant train. It was also the date for the meeting of the Pierce County Pioneer Society. The unveiling was attended by nineteen of the original party who crossed the Natches Trail in 1853, and by pioneers from Eastern Washington and a great many from various places in Western Washington and Oregon. An excellent program was given, and it was an occasion long to be remembered by those participating.

The Secretary took part in the unveiling of a monument in Olympia at the end of the Oregon Trail in Thurston County. He also attended conferences, meetings with the Clarke County Pioneers and with Yakima County Pioneers, relative to work to be done in these respective Counties. Mr. Hubbell, a member of our Board, met with and addressed the people of Okanogan County at their celebration of the 102nd anniversary of the establishment of Fort Okanogan by the Astor Fur Company.

The Secretary, with old pioneers and County officials, formally located fifteen historical places in Pierce County, and twelve in Thurston County, such places as forts, block-houses, battle grounds, and where pioneers were killed by the Indians.

The work which has been accomplished during the year just

closing, has, perhaps, been one of the most successful working years that the Society has had. We have accomplished a great deal of work in the classifying and arranging of clippings and files, and in systematizing and arranging our exhibits so that in a few months we will be able to have all subjects and reading matter in shape so that the student of history can have access to the great quantities of historic data and material now in the Historical Building.

On January 5, the Board of Curators of the State Historicla Society and the Trustees of the Ferry Museum gave a public reception in the rooms of the Society, so that the citizens of Tacoma and other parts of the State had the opportunity of looking through the building and studying the various and varied collections, both historic and scientific. Also in listening to some very interesting addresses delivered by Professor L. F. Jackson of Pullman, Judge Arthur of Seattle, Professor W. D. Lyman of Walla Walla and several prominent local citizens.

During the past year, 11,715 visitors have registered and there have been approximately 1,000 who have not registered, making about 12,700 visitors.

We have added to our membership during the year 178 annual members.

There has been expended during the year...	$6,318.95
We have on hand in the State fund	4,397.65
And in the local treasury	2.19

CHAPTER X.

HISTORY OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING.

By Walter S. Davis.

Through the kindness of the City authorities of Tacoma and of the County Commissioners of Pierce County, rooms had been set aside in the City Hall and in the County Court House to store the collections of newspapers and other historical relics. But by 1907 the relics and historical material had accumulated to such an extent that the need for a special building was evident to the officers and friends of the Society. The work of the Society had so enlarged that aid from the State was imperatively necessary.

Accordingly, at the Legislative session of 1907, a bill drawn up by Secretary Gilstrap and introduced by Representative J. W. Slayden of Pierce County asked for an appropriation of $5,000.00.

At the meeting of the Curators, March 5, 1907, Mr. R. L. McCormick, President of the Society, and Mr. W. H. Dickson, Treasurer, were appointed to go to Olympia and appear before the Appropriations Committee to present the needs of the Society.

The final outcome of this was the appropriation of $3,000.00. This was the second financial recognition given the Society by the Legislature of the State, $1,000.00 having been given by the Third Legislature in 1893.

At the Legislative session of 1909 an appropriation of $25,000.00 was made for the construction of a State Historical Society Building, the bill having been introduced by the Pierce County Senators.

The bill provided that the building should be erected in Tacoma on condition that a site suitable for a State Historical Building be furnished without cost to the State of Washington, and that such site shall be deeded to the State of Washington.

For the purpose of erecting and completing the State Historical Building provided for by this act, the Governor, the

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In the summer of 1910 from contributions amounting to approximately $4,000.00, furnished by citizens of Tacoma and other friends, a beautiful site overlooking Commencement Bay in the City of Tacoma, was purchased, the title of which was vested in the State. This site was approved by the Historical Society Building Commission at its meeting in Tacoma on November 1, 1910. At this meeting the Commission also accepted the tentative plans for a building offered by Architects Bullard & Hill of Tacoma. At the meeting of November 11, the Commission unanimously rejected all bids for the building, none coming within the appropriation. At the meeting of November 19, Secretary Gilstrap announced that the plans had been revised so that the architect and contractors thought that bids could now come within the appropriation. The Commission instructed the Secretary to advertise for bids on the revised plans.

At the meeting of December 1, held in the Governor's office, the revised plans of the architects, Bullard & Hill, were accepted as well as the bid of Westerfield & Van Buskirk, contractors, whose bid was $23,500.00. The bonds and contracts of the architects and contractors were approved at the meeting of December 8, 1910, held in the Governor's office.

On February 4, 1911, the cornerstone of the new building was laid, the ceremony being conducted by the Masonic Grand Lodge of Washington, and in the presence of many citizens of Tacoma and of the State, including a delegation from the Legislature. The gathering then marched to the High School, where a number of addresses appropriate to the occasion were given. In the evening at the Commercial Club a banquet was tendered by the local members and citizens of Tacoma to the Masonic Grand Lodge, and the members of the Legislature present.

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The work of building progressed rapidly, and on June 23 the structure was accepted by the Building Commission. That evening a public reception was held in the building by the Commission and the Historical Society.

In July began the work of transferring the collections from the City Hall and Court House. By October this labor was so fully accomplished that the building was ready for formal opening. This occurred on Saturday, October 7. During the two weeks following, receptions were tendered the various educational institutions of the City. An account of these receptions will be found fully told in Secretary Gilstrap's annual reports, and in the section of this work devoted to those occasions. The general result of the opening week was to create great interest in the new building and its collections, and in the work of the Historical Society on the part of the citizens of Tacoma, as well as of the State.

The first unit of the proposed Historical Society Building having proved inadequate for housing the large collections of the Society, the Legislature of 1913 was asked by the Curators to begin the construction of the second unit, and accordingly an appropriation of $8,300.00 was granted the Society for building purposes. Of this amount only $5,304.43 was used, and the remainder will be given back to the State. The Legislature of 1913 also appropriated $10,000.00 for maintenance from April 1, 1913, to April 1, 1915. In addition, $2,000.00 was appropriated for printing the biennial report of the Society and other historical manuscripts in its possession. It is with this appropriation that this present volume is being published. The new addition to the building was completed in November, 1913, and in December was filled with exhibits.

After the adjournment of the Legislature in March, 1913, the first meeting of the Historical Building Commission was held in the office of Governor Lister on May 26. The architects, Bullard & Hill, submitted plans for the new unit that had been approved at the May meeting of the Board of Curators. That afternoon the Commission met with the Attorney General, at which it was decided, on comparing the plans with the appropriation bill, that only the basement and sub-basement could be erected. The architects were then instructed by the Commission to revise their plans and to advertise bids for that much

of the building. At the meeting of the Commission in the Governor's office on June 27, the bids were opened and the contract was awarded to the lowest bidder, Moeller & Dawson of Tacoma, whose bid was $4,189.00. The new structure was completed and opened as told above.

It is hoped that at the earliest date possible the Legislature will see its way clear to the appropriation of a sum sufficient for the completion of the second unit in order that the collections now on hand may be put on display, and be adequately housed.

The Board of Curators and the friends of the Society all over the State and all interested in the gathering and preservation of the historical materials and relics now going to decay, have faith that future legislatures will, from time to time, make appropriations for the completion, unit by unit, of the noble structure planned by the architects as a home for the Historical Society of the State of Washington. That it will be a fount of historical knowledge and a source and inspiration of patriotism to each rising generation, is the firm hope and belief of the members of the Historical Society.

The proposed building, together with that of the Ferry Museum, and the magnificent situation, have been thus described by Secretary Gilstrap:

"The triangle bounded by Cliff Avenue on the South and West, the Stadium on the East and South, and Commencement Bay on the North seemed quite an ideal location and was purchased from the Tacoma School Board. A division was then made, the State Historical Society becoming possessor of a strip fifty-two feet wide along the Southeast side of the triangle. It having been previously decided by the two Societies that it would be best to build jointly or contiguously, there was finally worked in a plan, a splendid group of buildings which utilized every natural advantage of this most magnificent of sites. Along the two shorter legs of the triangle are two duplicate structures, the Historical Society to the Southeast and the Ferry Museum to the North, each planned so that each could be conveniently built in three units, while along the Cliff Avenue side of the triangle was arranged a memorial group composed of a magnificent Auditorium and Lecture Hall, the splendid entrance to which is flanked by grand memorial halls. A second story

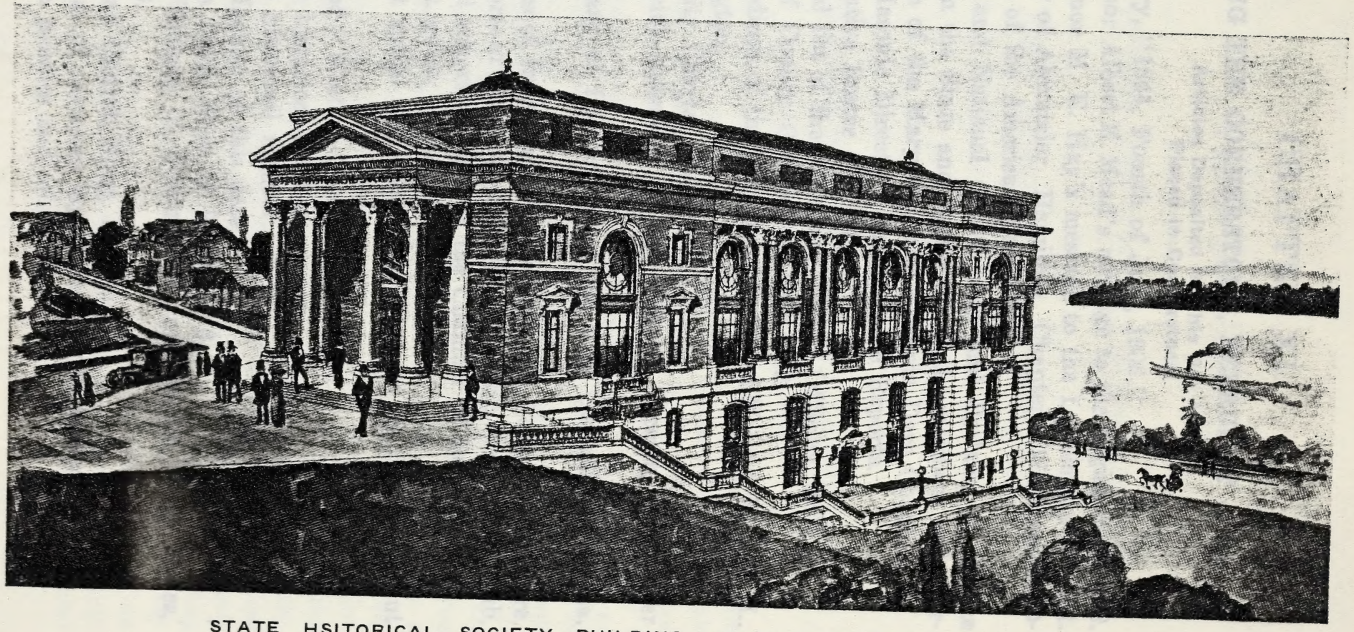
or gallery plan of this group, together with the contiguous buildings of the State Historical Society and the Ferry Museum, is presented herewith. By reason of the grade of Cliff Avenue, it became possible to make the first floor or main entrance level with the Auditorium practically at grade of Cliff Avenue and the second or gallery floor level with that of the first floor of the Historical Society Building. It will thus be seen that the floor of each group of buildings has the great advantage of being on the same level with the same floor of each other group of buildings and all being connected make a grand circulation space avoiding steps or even inclines, and when thrown open give vistas beyond comparison. At the bay end of the Historical Society Building a splendid quarter-circular colonnade overlooking the bay and grand panoramic view of the Cascade mountains on the East and the Olympics on the West, connects this building with the end of the Ferry Museum group, and from the Cliff Avenue end of the Historical Society, entrance is obtained to the memorial group through a memorial vestibule opening into the Grand South Hall, 30 by 65 feet in area. This connects direct with the Grand Hall of the Auditorium unit and then on to the Grand North Hall, and from that through the Memorial Vestibule to the first unit of the Ferry Museum group. At either side of the Auditorium Room are grand staircase halls connecting at either side with the Grand Hall and the Ferry Museum or State Historical group, thus giving a minor circulating floor space to the three groups. All the halls, staircases, etc., are planned on a large and imposing scale, commensurate with the size, character and purpose of the structures; each and all are excellently well lighted by natural light and designed in harmony with each other. The exterior is designed in the later French Renaissance Period of architecture, thus harmonizing with the imposing High School Building. The building materials chosen for the exterior and which have been incorporated in the partially completed first unit of the Historical group are gray Tenino sandstone below, and inclusive of the first story watertable, light speckled cream to deep autumn shades of Roman brick above watertable; columns, windows and door trimmings, belt courses and cornice of white Wilkeson sandstone. It might be here mentioned that the upper story, including stone cornice and the

large stone portico and approach of the first unit of the State Historical Society Building had to be omitted for lack of funds, as well as the bronze memorial door and the decorative interior finish for which it is hoped that a further appropriation may be secured at an early date.

These buildings will be fire proof, as there is no wood used in their construction, except window frames. They are entirely isolated, being more than one hundred feet from any other buildings.

Therefore, they will be of inestimable value for the care, preservation and safe keeping of historical data and other valuable relics, keepsakes and curios, both of public or private ownership.

Through the co-operation of the architects, G. W. Bullard and I. H. Hill, with the Secretary, W. H. Gilstrap, and the entire Official Board of both the Historical Society and the Ferry Museum, these magnificent plans have been developed as shown and when the buildings are completed, they, with their settings, the Stadium, High School Buildings, the Bay, and the Mountains, will make a group for beauty and grandeur that cannot be surpassed by any State in the Union."



STATE HSITORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, WHEN COMPLETED AS PLANNED.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING WHEN COMPLETED AS PLANNED

CHAPTER XI.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE, FEBRUARY 4, 1911.

Articles Deposited in This Box to Be Placed in Cornerstone.

History, "1841, Fourth of July, 1906."

Governor Albert E. Mead's message to the Legislature, 1909.

Governor M. E. Hay's message to the Legislature of 1911.

Roster of Alexander Hamilton Chapter, Washington Society Sons of the American Revolution.

State and National Constitution and By-laws of all the Chapters in the State and Roster of all the members and yearly program of the Mary Ball and Virginia Dare Chapters.

The Masonic Directory and Masonic Reports.

Legislative Roster of 1911.

Revised list of the State and County Officers, 1910.

List of County Officers of 1911-1912.

Proceedings of the last Grand Lodge of Masons, F. & A. M., of Washington.

The City Charter of Tacoma.

Financial statement of the City of Tacoma, December 31, 1910.

Summary of Proceedings of the City Council of Tacoma, 1910.

Articles of Incorporation, By-Laws and Roster of Members, annual reports of 1909 and 1910 of the Tacoma Commercial Club.

Annual report of 1910 of the Chamber of Commerce.

Tourist guide to the Northwest.

Tourist guide to Tacoma and what to see in and about Tacoma.

Copy of "Western Tours."

Ledger historical number.

Forum historical number.

Daily Ledger of this date.

Tacoma Daily News of February 3.

Daily Tribune of February 3 and Tacoma Daily Times, February 3.

Christian Church News, February 3.

Program of exercises laying this corner stone.

Lincoln pennies and other coins.

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Annual report of 1910 of the Chamber of Commerce.
Tourist guide to the Northwest.
Tourist guide to Tacoma and what to see in and about Tacoma.
Copy of "Western Tours."
Ledger historical number.
Forum historical number.
Daily Ledger of this date.
Tacoma Daily News of February 3.
Daily Tribune of February 3 and Tacoma Daily Times, February 3.
Christian Church News, February 3.
Program of exercises laying this corner stone.
Lincoln pennies and other coins.

ADDRESSES

At the Ceremony of the

LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE

OF THE

State Historical Society Building

Given in the Stadium High School, Tacoma, Washington, February 4th, 1911

Reported by C. D. SAVERY

ADDRESSES AT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

ADDRESS OF COL. C. A. SNOWDEN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has been the custom from time immemorial, or nearly so, for the bodies of the Masonic Order to lay corner stones of prominent civic, religious, educational, and other buildings, throughout the world. There is a certain propriety in this. We, as a philosophic organization no longer practice the arts of the operative Masons from which we derive our name. We know from history that is not Masonic that the operative Masons during the Dark Ages, and perhaps earlier than that, maintained secret organizations. They were forbidden by the edict of Henry VI to meet in secret and we have various other authority for knowing that they were a speculative body as well as operative. We have the authority of the great English historian, Mr. Hallam, who was not himself a Mason, for saying that the records of that mysterious society, did they exist, would illustrate the progress and perhaps disclose the origin of the Gothic architecture. Beyond these few mentions we cannot certainly trace the early history of the organization, but our legends carry us back to earliest times. They are, however, legends only, and we cannot rely upon them nor ask you to do so. Our early history therefore you may say is lost. It is therefore, it seems to me, peculiarly appropriate that the organization whose history is thus clouded

in the mists of antiquity should be here today assisting to lay the foundation, the head corner stone of a building for a society, the object of which is to preserve history. That is important work.

There is no state, I venture to say, in the Union, which has a more interesting history than our own. None beyond the original thirteen perhaps have a history that begins as far back as our own. Much of that history is lost beyond recovery, and much of it that is important, that was important and is yet, has been saved almost by accident. Let me mention a few of these important things that were saved in an accidental way.

As you know, our history begins with the discovery of the Columbia River, May 11, 1792. We are a part of the original Oregon Territory which was the first Territory acquired by the United States, acquired entirely by accident; we did not know about it until we learned of it from outside sources.

Captain Gray was not a discoverer; he was simply a merchant trader searching for furs and other skins. To him a beaver skin was of much more importance than the naming of a river. Vancouver met him in the Straits on April 29, and inquired his way into the Straits, and was much gratified that he had come across Capt. Gray, because another American discoverer had been here earlier, and he had said that Captain Gray had discovered a passage between the land on which the Harbors were located and found that they were on an island. That was Captain Kendrick. It so happened that Captains Gray and Kendrick had exchanged ships, and it was Kendrick and not Gray who first sailed through the Gulf of Georgia and Johnston Straits, and Gray was much surprised to find that he had acquired the reputation of a discoverer. Captain Gray never returned to the Eastern Coast. Whether he sailed through that channel between Vancouver Island and British Columbia, we do not know, but if we could find in some old junk shop the log-book of the "Lady Washington," we should find that we acquired an original right to all the territory between the forty-ninth parallel and Alaska, and had Polk's administration had that log-book in 1846 they could have made good our claim for 54° and 40°, but it is irrevocably lost.

Captain Gray told Vancouver that he would find a river if he would go back and look for it, but he had been there and

would not go back. So Captain Gray went back and discovered the Columbia, but never took the pains to make it known to the world. That was not his business, and all he ever did was to make a chart of the twenty-five miles of the mouth of the river, and to leave it with a Spaniard, so that the Englishmen might know that the river was there, and Vancouver first announced in 1798 that Gray had discovered the Columbia. That was the only proof we had that the American sailor had discovered the river, and thereby gained title to 288,000 square miles of Territory on this Coast.

It was not until twenty-five years later when President Madison was about to go out of office and I suppose wanted to prepare himself to take advantage of all that the Treaty of Ghent provided, that he made an effort to find Gray's log-book.

It was found that Captain Gray had been dead 10 years and after much search some distant relatives were found, and happily they had those log-books, or what was left of them, and those three or four pages in which Captain Gray had recorded the discoveries including the Columbia River, were saved, and they were mighty useful to us, for from that time we had evidence that one of our citizens had discovered the mouth of the Columbia River. Kendrick's log-book was lost and with it we lost British Columbia and Vancouver Island.

In 1841 Lieutenant Wilkes was here and when he got back in 1842, he found a very important negotiation on between the British government and Mr. Webster in regard to our Northern boundary, and he sent to Washington a very important report which has lain unpublished until recently in the archives of the Navy Department. Undoubtedly it was of vast service in negotiating the Treaty of 1846. That document was brought to light by a very industrious searcher for information in regard to the settlement of this coast. It was not lost but it might almost as well have been, having been buried in the Navy Department for fifty-five or sixty years.

There are other almost as important records, or other evidence, and historical material, that is gone beyond recovery, that I cannot give you a list of. That is in regard to the settlement of this country and the agitation that went on in the East. Part of it remains, some more may be discovered, and much has probably gone beyond recall. We have allowed those

grand men and women who came through two thousand miles of wilderness between 1842 and 1850 to go to their graves carrying with them evidence that is almost essential to our history; we can only guess at what they did and suffered. There are those who came later who should be remembered and what they did should have a record and place in history; they, too, are dead. This Society will perhaps be able to preserve something of what they did. One thing they did ought to be indelibly recorded, and that is that they, by coming through that two thousand miles of wilderness, saved to the United States the whole of the Oregon Territory, for, while we had possessed it for fifty years, and while our title to it was good, our government had so long neglected to enforce it that we were absolutely in danger of losing it. And I firmly believe that if they had not organized their provisional government as they did in Oregon, the country would have been lost to England. They were in possession and while we had as much right as they did to come and do business, as you all know it was impossible for anybody to do it until the settlers came and took possession of the country and saved it.

There are documents and notes; some papers of our first Governor, Stevens, are well worthy of publication and sometime when we have occasion to get out something as the best possible advertising, if we would republish some of his letters and messages, they would be better than anything that any of us can prepare, or could prepare. A letter written to a railroad convention in Vancouver in 1858 is most valuable. I suppose you could now get one for five or six hundred dollars.

The history that is making from day to day is more important than most of us think. It is already difficult to trace out the history of the settlement of many parts of this State. You do not know in many cases who discovered your early coal mines. You can trace the history of the lumber development with some certainty, but not with particularity. You cannot without the utmost labor, if at all, trace out the beginning of the story of the growth of some of our cities and towns.

Time was when all history consisted simply of the doings of kings. Mr. Hallam laments the impossibility of finding out anything about the development of agriculture. In those days a man could not grow a field of grain, if it interfered with the

hunting privileges of the landlord; he could not dare disturb the partridge for fear of death. That was in the Dark Ages, and of course agriculture progressed slowly, but there is no occupation today in which so much progress is being made, or so much interesting progress as in that very department of agriculture. More people are engaged in it than in any other, and less attention is paid to it. Much has been done in the past few years, and in the older states farms are now yielding one-third more than formerly. On the news stands today and in your magazines you find the story of the agricultural colleges. In Kansas they are sending out chemists to show what the farmers are wasting. All that is a part of history and is something that the people fifty years from now will want to know; and it is that kind of information that this Society will preserve and which will make the history of the future. It is the same with every industry. These forests will be cleared away soon and then what shall we do with the hills and valleys? Do you think they will be left idle? Not at all. Our educational institutions will provide us with men to test the soil and to tell us what to produce; we shall not have to wait for the experiment of the farmer, but the scientists will give us the information.

I need not stop to restate to you what may be done in the future. We live in a remarkable age, but if somebody who had prophetic fire in him could tell us what the next twenty-five or fifty years will develop, we might easily fancy we are living today in a dark age. Thirty years ago, who thought of the telephone, the electric car, the electric lamp, and the aeroplane, and the thousand other things? Do you think the next twenty or thirty years will be less progressive? It is likely that they will be more progressive, and we shall see parts of this State now worthless brought into productivity, and the people who do that will be making history of a valuable and most interesting kind. It is history of that kind which we wish preserved. We wish the reports of every organization that is promoting progress and happiness laid up for the future historian because the history will be contained in a multitude of books.

Mr. Lincoln once complained in a letter to a major general who was out of a job that people were scolding him, and which class of people the country is now suffering from more than

from any other; they are keeping the capitalist out of the just earnings of his money, and the laborer out of his proper employment. We can never put a stop to that until there is some place where people can be informed as to what has been done and what experiments have failed and what may promise success. We hope to find in the building whose corner stone has just been laid, from this time forth, all the information that any inquiring mind, statesman or artisan, shall need to know, and be advised before he permits himself to be a mere clog upon the progress of men. That is the purpose of the Historical Society; it deserves your heartiest support. As a citizen, as a legislator, as public officials, whatever your capacity, humble as the little institution is today, you ought to give it your enthusiastic encouragement for your own benefit and the benefit of those who come after you.—(Applause.)

MR. GILSTRAP: Ladies and Gentlemen—We are disappointed today. I have a telegram from Chehalis from Governor Hay, in which he states that he is very sorry to inform me that he will be unable to be here. Perhaps some of you know the reason he is there, and why he cannot attend.

We also have a telegram from Judge Chadwick, saying that he sincerely regrets his inability to attend the ceremony.

Perhaps you are all aware that the President of this Society is very ill in California. He went away some days ago, so that he is not here.

I will call upon Mr. John G. Lewis, Treasurer of State, to preside.

MR. LEWIS: Mr. Secretary and Ladies and Gentlemen—I regret the inability of the Governor to be here to preside. As you are aware he is presiding at the investigation of the school at Chehalis, and the Hon. Judge Chadwick is unavoidably detained on account of an attack of the grippe, so that we will have to re-arrange our program somewhat. Professor Dewey, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will now address us.

ADDRESS OF PROF. HENRY B. DEWEY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I was asked to make this address I noticed my name was last, and you know how much easier it is to speak last. All you have to say is that all that can be said has been said. I see

the chairman has adopted the Oriental method of reading from the bottom up, so that I am first on the program.

He has asked me to say a few words with regard to the importance of the work of the State Historical Society in the educational work of this State.

Modern education undertakes three things: First, to make a boy and girl efficient; to do some one thing and do it exceedingly well. That is the reason we are modifying our courses of study; that is the reason we are adding Manual Training and Domestic Science to the courses; that is the reason we are adding Vocational Training and many other things that were not taught at all ten or twenty years ago. So that, the first thing is efficiency.

The second thing that education undertakes is the training of boys and girls to enjoy life. You may possibly say that is not necessary, but we know in these strenuous days it is well worth while to emphasize that phase of life, to make life well worth living. That is the reason we add an orchestra; that is the reason we keep music in the schools, to give the kind of musical entertainment and enjoyment that is worth while. That is the reason we have just outside here the most magnificent playground in the United States (the Stadium); because it is rounding out the other education. So that the second thing is to give the boys and girls that which makes life enjoyable.

And, third, we are trying to impress more and more, and more than ever before, upon the present generation the necessity for doing something for others.

I think we are coming to realize that there is a good deal of truth to that saying which is two thousand years old, and which is just as true as ever, that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Modern education is undertaking to train boys along the line of helpfulness to others, and there is no subject in the entire curriculum that is more helpful in impressing that upon the pupils than history. We are too prone in this Western country, especially where things grow so rapidly, to forget how much we owe to the past. We look at the civilization of today and we think it is the product of a day, or a year, or a generation, forgetting that it comes from away back; and as the orator of the day told you, if we go back into history we

become less liable to err. We see how long has been the struggle, and how great, to secure the things we are now enjoying, and we are trying to emphasize that side of education. Every boy is helping not only this generation, but all generations to come. There is no better way to do that than to study history, and this Historical Society is to be a powerful influence in shaping the education of the youth of this State. It will gather together the material that is needed, so that in writing the story of the history of this State, we are going to inspire the boys and girls of this State to do something for themselves, and something for those who are to come.—(Applause.)

CHAIRMAN LEWIS:—The next on the program is the address of the Hon. W. H. Snell; I am sure he needs no introduction to the people of Tacoma.

ADDRESS OF MR. SNELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Secretary asked me to speak for a few moments upon the origin and progress of this Society. The Washington State Historical Society was not born in Legislative halls, nor did it spring from a large appropriation either of the State Legislature or the Congress of the United States. It was not born with an appropriation of large acres at its disposal, and with a full treasury at its command. It was born about twenty years ago—in 1891—in this way: Ellwood Evans, a lawyer, whom some of you remember, one of the old pioneers and a man of distinction in his profession, together with Gen. T. I. McKenney and another gentleman from Olympia, got together and they said, "It is but right that we organize a Society here which will preserve the traditions of the Indians, their customs, their habits, their dress; that will collect some material things which they own, and will, in connection with their history and that of the early pioneers, collect photographs and letters and experiences of these early heroes of settlement, and gather these things together and preserve them for future generations."

They started without a dollar in the treasury and with this aim and purpose in view. The work of the first year was little more than to organize the society; the second year they

went down to Ocosta by the sea and celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Gray's Harbor by Lieutenant Gray. It is too bad that they did not at that time locate the place where Captain Gray landed, and erect at that place a monument in commemoration thereof. That will have to be done by this Society. There was little done for several years--five or six years; they met, elected officers, collected what relics they could with the means that they could raise from private subscription, and by paying what they could afford out of their own pockets, they gathered together a considerable amount of useful things and useful information, but they had no building, no place to store their collections, and the County Commissioners of Pierce County came to the Society and said, "We have just built a building for the use of the County; the third floor is unoccupied; come and make this your home; bring together what you have and what you may get in the future, and that will be your home until you can do better." And for nearly fifteen years they have occupied that as their home.

In 1905 the Hon. R. L. McCormick, who had just arrived in this State from Wisconsin, and who had taken a very prominent part in the Historical Society of that State, was elected President of the Washington State Historical Society. Professor Gilstrap was elected Secretary, and they had a Board of Trustees of such men as John Arthur of Seattle, Judge Hanford, John P. Hartman and Judge Turner, Senator Ankeny from East of the Mountains, and Henry Hewitt and some others here in Tacoma, and those men put their shoulders to the wheel and said, "This thing must go; it is a disgrace and shame that the State of Washington has taken no cognizance of this Society which has been born for over fifteen years, and now it is time that we take hold of this matter and preserve to posterity these things which are most valuable to us from a historical standpoint."

They had no treasury yet; they had no money at their disposal; they had no home except such as was offered by our Board of County Commissioners, but they reached into their own pockets and raised a fund with which they accomplished some things.

The Legislature then through their influence finally made

an appropriation of $3,000 for the benefit of this Society. The Society took that money and made researches all over this State to locate the places of historic interest. They discovered that right in this County, at Lake Sequalitchew, was held in 1841 the first Fourth of July celebration that was ever held this side of the Missouri River, and decided that that site must be preserved. So they at once set about the task of erecting a monument at that place, and today there stands upon that historic spot a monument, or rather a grand statue, with an inscription which shall forever preserve to posterity the fact that there was the first Fourth of July celebration held this side of the Missouri River.

Then they went to Steilacoom and erected a granite shaft nearly thirty feet high over the site where was the first Protestant mission North of the Columbia River, and that place is preserved for the reflection of future generations.

Then they went into Spokane County and found the place where Governor Stevens, the first Governor of this State, met Captain McClellan, who was stationed here at that time. Stevens marched West and McClellan marched East, and at that point they met, and Stevens first took control as the Governor of the great State of Washington. Captain McClellan called that Camp Washington, and this Historical Society then and there planted a monument which shall forever preserve to the posterity of this people that historic place.

They then went down into Stevens County and there they erected another monument in commemoration of the mission which was established in 1830 or about that time, the first Protestant mission North of the Snake River.

This work has just begun—if the Legislature will do what it ought to do, continue its appropriations for the progress of this great work.

There are forty places all over this State that should be located and marked definitely with satisfactory testimony before these old-timers are dead and their lips forever sealed beneath the tomb.

Now is the time to do this work. If we lose our opportunity, it may not be possible ever to obtain the information which is now at hand. As I say, there are many places that should be marked in this way. There were, I know, in the

very early days, many Catholic missions located in this State which should be marked; there were places where great massacres occurred which should be marked, and many places of historic interest which should be preserved, and the work of this Society has just begun.

Two years ago the Legislature made an appropriation of $2,000 more for maintenance, and $25,000 for the erection of a building as a home for this Society. The business of Pierce County had grown to such proportions that it became necessary to occupy the upper floor of the Court House, and they could not give the space to the Society any longer. The appropriation of the Legislature ought to have been $250,000 instead of $25,000, but that is a good commencement, and I think the State has more for the money in that $25,000 that will be expended in this building than from any money that has been appropriated by the Legislature in years gone by. That appropriation was made with this condition, that the citizens of Tacoma and Pierce County should donate a site to the State before the appropriation was available. It seemed rather a hardship to make such a condition, but men like Henry Hewitt and R. L. McCormick said, "Let us go to work and raise the money for a site and get up that building," and the citizens rallied around them and every man put his shoulders to the wheel and did what he could, and gave five dollars if he could not give five hundred dollars; and sufficient was raised whereby this beautiful site which you have just visited here today was purchased at an expense of $4,000, and is today worth three or four times that amount, and the State has it, and we are to have a building upon it; one of the most beautiful places in this whole State upon which you could locate it. * * * *

Every country has its historical society; every nation preserves the record of its history and the great deeds of its people. We, all of us, and I might say the whole human race, love heroes. It seems to be bred within us. As all of us have an intuitive and instinctive feeling of allegiance to the Power beyond and above us, so there is planted in the human breast a veneration for those who perform valiant and noble deeds. Consequently, all over the world you will find works of art, of sculpture and the books and writings of the distinguished citizens are preserved by their own people, even to the extent

that they even preserve the clothes they wore, and the furniture used in their houses. The American tourists in Europe are contributing to those places their money to see something of the Past. Almost every State in our Union has its Historical Society, and some have erected at considerable expense magnificent buildings to house the collections of these associations. Iowa has spent a couple of hundred thousand dollars for their building; Wisconsin something like three-quarters of a million dollars. There has been no state which has seemed to be so sleepy upon the importance of this great subject as the State of Washington, and I am glad to know that we are to have a building wherein these things, these material things, these things which connect the Past with the Present, are to be preserved. * * * *

While it is true that we all love heroes and you will find in every country shafts of marble erected to men of valor in battle, and while you will find, no matter what his race may be, whether his skin be black or white, no matter what his religion, no matter what his environments, or his grade of civilization, they all record the valiant deeds of the past, and I have thought if you are going to build a monument to the brave men that have stood out in the front in the defense of their flag and their country, you could no better commemorate the lives and works of any heroes than of those pioneers of the early days of this country. We little know of the hardships they endured; we little know of the dangers that they faced; we little know of the difficulties that they met in order to hew out and blaze for us the way to civilization. Let us preserve their names in tablets in this building; let us preserve their photographs; let us preserve their history; let us store up as an appreciation on our part of some of the sacrifices which they made that we might become a great State. Those men took their guns upon their shoulders and went out to their day's work, not knowing whether they would return; and when they left their families, the wife and little children, in their crude hand-hewed cottages, they did not know but what when they returned to that cottage they might find that the savages had massacred them and burned the cottage over their heads. Yet they braved these dangers that we might become a State. The time was when the harbors of Seattle and Tacoma, and

Grays Harbor, and Bellingham, were but the fishing beaches on which the Indians drew their nets or fastened their canoes. What has made this wonderful change? These harbors full of white winged messengers of commerce, the great leviathans of the deep, being laden with the fruits and products of this mighty people, sailing and steaming out across the ocean to every clime and to every port where a customer can be found. What has made this possible? It has been the sturdy pioneer. (Applause.) Let us not forget them then, and, ladies and gentlemen and members of the Legislature, I beseech you to see to it that the Washington State Historical Society has an appropriation given it this time such as it honestly and justly deserves.—(Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN:—The closing part of the program will be an address by the Hon. Jeremiah Neterer, the Grand Master.

(Prepared speech handed to committee. Unfortunately this speech can not be found.)

ADDRESSES GIVEN AT THE BANQUET OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Saturday Evening, February 4, 1911, at the Commercial Club, Following the Ceremony of Laying the Cornerstone in the Afternoon.

BISHOP KEATOR, TOASTMASTER:—I have been asked to say this much in beginning, that at this gathering in commemoration of the laying of the corner stone of the Washington State Historical Society, we are very glad to have so many present who are not residents of Tacoma. I think that the thing which needs to be emphasized more and more is that this building whose corner stone we laid this afternoon is a State building; it is built by money which has been given by the State. For a long while the Historical Society, housed as it was in the Court House of Pierce County, and maintained as it was largely by those who are residents of the City of Tacoma, has been considered, in the minds of a great many people, as simply a local institution. We are very glad that we are rising out of that merely local tradition, and have risen to a State-wide institution. Of course it is only a beginning. What is built now

by this grant of the Legislature, I am told, will not hold what has already been collected in the way of exhibits, but at least it is a beginning. I heard a distinguished gentleman say not many months ago in one of the Eastern cities, in speaking of life out on the Pacific Coast, that one reason why the people of this Pacific Coast were always so optimistic was because their history was all in front of them, and unfortunately there is too much of that sort of spirit. We are so intent on building for the future that we do overlook those things which are behind. We overlook the fact that there is behind what has already been accomplished here, a splendid history, and because we are overlooking that we are letting slip away from us a great many of the things which should be carefully preserved. So I am glad to say that this undertaking has been started; that it is now a State-wide institution, and that we hope more and more that it is going to interest the people of this whole State. You were told this afternoon in the addresses in connection with the laying of the corner stone what other States are doing. The State of Wisconsin has received $750,000 or thereabouts for its State Historical Society from its Legislature; and other Societies have been given large sums. We are only making a beginning, but what we must do is to widen the interests, appealing to all sections and parts of this great State, building up this Institution which is to preserve historical memorabilia, which in times to come is to be simply priceless in its value.

I am glad we can have such a gathering here tonight in connection with the laying of this corner stone of the State Historical Society.

It is now my privilege first to call upon one who has a pleasant duty to perform in the presentation to the Secretary of the Society of a gavel whose history you will hear from Representative Edward French of Clarke County.

Response of Mr. French.

Gentlemen:

In about the year 1834 or 1835 the first steamship that ever came to these waters, the Steamer Beaver, brought certain articles that are of great historic value to this State at the present time. Among other things, it brought a millstone that

served its purposes for a number of years in grinding flour; it also brought certain fruit trees. One of the trees brought about that time is now standing in Vancouver, Washington, the oldest apple tree in the Northwest.

It affords me great pleasure at this time to present to the Secretary of the Society a gavel made of one of the trees brought to this shore by the Hudson Bay Company.

RESPONSE OF SECRETARY GILSTRAP.

Gentlemen:

The Historical Society takes pleasure in accepting this remembrance from Clarke County.

Clarke County, as you know, was the cradle of this Northwest. Most all the beginnings were in Clarke County and around Vancouver in this State. As Mr. French has stated, the first apple tree grew there; the first wheat which grew on this Coast was grown there; the first gospel sermon was preached there; the first school was taught in Vancouver; the first mill was there, the millstone of which Mr. French referred to; and partially through the aid of Mr. French we secured one of those millstones. There was a pair made and in use several years prior to this stone. They came from London on the Beaver, which, as you will remember, is the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic coming this way, and in fact was the first steamship built as such for ocean traffic. There had been prior to that time some sailers converted into steamships.

Most Tacoma citizens will remember that we have the boilers of that old vessel down here on the street. We have much of the engine in our collection in the rooms at the Court House. This is one of the most famous vessels perhaps that was ever built. It had much to do with the building up of this Northwest. It plied between Puget Sound and Sitka for a number of years, and took part in most of the important events in the Northwest. There are many things of which we could speak in connection with this vessel and the work at Vancouver, Washington. This was the second place established by the Hudson Bay Company, in 1833. The first religious services were held in Clarke County by Dr. Palmer, and we have a nephew of his here this evening. Worship was kept up and the Indians were taught.

We appreciate this remembrance from Clarke County. That County has done a great deal for the Historical Society—perhaps more than any other county; furnished more relics and more data. While other counties have done their part, Clarke County has always stood by the Society in all its work. I thank you.—(Applause.)

TOASTMASTER:—After listening to the remarks of the Secretary, and after listening this afternoon to the splendid remarks of the orator of the afternoon, Col. Snowden, who has recently, you know, written such a splendid history of this State, we begin to realize how much there is that a State Historical Society can accomplish and how simply by the failure of having somebody interested in these things we are apt to lose many very important things.

The next thing bears upon that very sort of thing, the importance of preserving historical data of various kinds, and I will call upon Mr. W. H. Dickson to speak on that subject.

ADDRESS OF MR. DICKSON.

Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Citizens of the State of Washington:

I will say to you that I have resided in this State twenty-seven years and I feel as though I am entitled to speak of the State as our State. I presume for that reason the management has called upon me to bear testimony to the importance of this grand work. I had the pleasure this afternoon as many of you did, of listening to Col. Snowden, and I want to say that if I had a retentive memory and could repeat what he said this afternoon it would be a splendid talk on the importance of the Historical Society. I was very much impressed with the fact that Mr. Snowden's address impressed upon his hearers this one fact, the fact of the existence of a Society of this kind. He touched upon the mining interests and showed very plainly that the history of mining could be utilized not only now, but in the future. The forestry, the lumbering interests likewise, and then he touched on agriculture and those different things that we look upon as the bone and sinew, the very nourishment of the Nation; and I could not help thinking while he told of those things of the recent visit I had to a foreign land. I was through China, and China, as you know,

is a very old nation, and one who has read about it for many years certainly would have the hope that when he visited that country he would see and observe many things which would be of use to him, but I could not help thinking while listening to Mr. Snowden, of the contrast between China, with its four or five or six thousand years of existence, and some of the modern nations of the West. Especially is that true in agriculture. The point of this argument is this, that China with all her ages and with the idea that we have that she thoroughly understands intensified farming and cultivation of the soil, is absolutely not to be compared with any of the Western Nations. Why is that so? If it is not a matter of history, what is it? Have we not preserved history in agriculture and put down and marked in the pages of history the experiences of the past which guide us now and will in the future? Is that not preserving history? And it makes us greater than those who have not done so. Can anything possibly be a fairer comparison? I had no idea of touching on that, only to show that every blessed thing we have in the past, call it experience if you please, comes back to nothing but history. If we preserve that and have that to guide us, surely that must be a great help in our progress. So it is safe to say that the nation which has a great history and preserves it and profits by it will have great progress. That is what the State Historical Society is intending to do. That is what we have been longing for it to do for some twenty or twenty-five years, and before these people who possess these valuable secrets shall pass to the beyond—I can refer to those in Pierce County; to Job Carr, whom I knew twenty years ago. He had a fund of information that pertained to the early recollection of this County and Indian life which would make an intensely interesting book. But he has gone to the far country and that which we have not gotten and preserved from him is lost forever. Mr. Bonney's father—what knowledge he had has gone. Dr. Spinning, an old resident here, will soon be gone, and old Mr. Meeker (John) has gone, and so you will find in the different counties that your old landmarks are passing away and we stand by here and have stood by for the last twenty or twenty-five years knowing these things and so possessed with our own affairs that we have absolutely neglected them, and they will never come again, and you cannot

preserve those things which are now being lost. It is no wonder that the men on the rostrum this afternoon were interested in this matter; but we stand by and see much of this information passing away and for what? For the want of a place to put it. I doubt if there is another state, barring perhaps Massachusetts, which can ever have such a collection as we can. Who has not traveled from Boston on the stage? Every minute for weeks can be occupied in viewing those interesting matters which we have read of in our childhood. I want to call your attention to one practical illustration of the rich harvest reaped by foreigners. Some statistician has told us of the amount of money annually going out of this country to foreign countries—something over a billion dollars—which goes out to defray interest on foreign investments, remittances from foreigners to their home countries, and that which is spent by tourists. It aggregates annually one billion dollars, and of that billion dollars $150,000,000 is taken away by tourists. Surely they must have something to see in those countries, and surely we have those things which, when we preserve them, will bring the dollars to us. That is an absolutely selfish proposition, and absolutely practical. We have data and historical locations here which should be marked in such a way as to make it worth dollars and cents, and we are striving in this big State and with a great effort have succeeded in putting up a little building, and I thought when Mr. Gilstrap was talking about the wonderful things down in Clarke County—"What are you going to do with all of them." This small building is hardly large enough to hold the valuable manuscripts. During my six years' term as County Commissioner you have occupied those two floors, but now the County needs the space. What are you going to do with all that stuff? Will you throw it out somewhere or will you do what any body of business men would do, make a place for it that will bring you one hundred per cent on your investment? It is not for the City of Tacoma or any individual, but for men who have lived long enough, I think, to say, "Our State, my State." Surely we should have interest enough in this thing to preserve that which accident has saved, as has been referred to by Mr. Snowden; but you cannot expect accident to get all those things; you must hustle for yourselves. I implore you, members of the Legislature, to con-

sider these things. If you do not want it as a State, give it to me individually and I will put up a building and make a barrel of money out of them.—(Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER:—The next speaker, when I asked him what he would talk about, said that he would talk about two minutes. That speaker is John Arthur of Seattle, and I may say that he can put into two minutes as much as an ordinary man can put into an hour.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN ARTHUR.

Right Reverend Toastmaster and Friends:

I could in two minutes say to the members of the Legislature that they can perform no higher duty to the State than to make a good, strong appropriation for this new Historical Building. (Applause.)

I could say to the citizens of Tacoma that they can do nothing better for their City, for its fame abroad, its reputation as a center of learning, as a home of culture, of religion, and of all the fine points of civilization, than to back up this State Historical Society with their money, their encouragement, their sympathy and their constant support. I feel an especial interest in it. It is twenty-two or twenty-three years ago that dear old Edward M. Fuller, an old Massachusetts journalist, the editor of The Tacoma News when I came here in 1883, got me interested in the collections of historical materials in the State of Washington. I told him I would do whatever I could for him. I helped him along with a few dollars now and then, and he got a great lot of old newspapers, magazines and old stories from Tom, Dick and Harry, and induced the City Council to allow him to put them in the City Hall in a room there, and it used to be my pleasure when I came home from Seattle to go and look at the collection of newspapers. He was dusty —dry as dust. Everything that looked old and rusty, looked pleasing in his eyes; but he had the true historic instinct—the sense of preservation; he knew how valuable all those things would be. He created the nucleus of the State Historical Society. Then a younger and stronger man took hold of it—our friend, Professor W. H. Gilstrap. I need not tell you how earnestly, how zealously, how ably he has labored in this cause. While you were making money, or trying to make it, while you

were accumulating property and then losing it (laughter), he was giving his time, day and night, Sundays and holidays, to the creation of this Institution, which today is crowned by the State of Washington, and the corner stone of which was laid by the Grand Master of Masons. You can never do too much honor to W. H. Gilstrap. (Applause.) I was one of the Curators when we tried to get this Institution on its feet. I was one of those who felt that it was worth while to pay $25.00 for a life membership, and we created a little fund in that way, which enabled Professor Gilstrap to make a collection, to get together all that Fuller had gathered and much more, and to find out all about the history of the various incidents of real value throughout the State. And then we went to the Legislature and we failed, and some of us lost heart. I remember with shame that Mr. McCormick, Col. Snell and myself felt at one time that we would have to give up the cause. The people of Tacoma seemed so indifferent; we had made appeals to them to come to the aid of Professor Gilstrap, and the State University at Seattle had organized a Washington University Historical Society really to take the place of this dying child in Tacoma, and those three of us especially felt that we would have to give up and join forces with the University Historical Society, but Professor Gilstrap would not give up. (Applause.) He was backed up by Mr. Bonney, Mr. Dickson and others, and they held the fort, and thank God they did. They have made it a great success. They went to the Legislature again and they got this puny appropriation, (laughter), but the next appropriation will not be puny, I am sure. (Applause). We are giving money to various purposes of ephemeral value, and mostly to advance private interests, but here is a thing that challenges the interest of the whole people, which enables the State to build up an Institution that people will speak of throughout the United States as an honor to the inhabitants of Washington. What would we know of Greece, of Rome, but for Thucydides, Herodotus, Tacitus and Sallust; what did they do but what Gilstrap has done and is doing. They collected ideas from tradition, from whatever writings they had, and we have been having the advantages of their collection, steeping ourselves to the lips in the lore of Greece and Rome, because they had Gilstraps in those days. (Applause.) What would

we know of the history of Europe after the break-up of the Roman Empire but for the troubadors of Germany, Italy and France, and those of the British Isles. They collected every scrap of material, they sang the glories of the great men of their lands, of their Kings, warriors, poets and musicians, and their collections have come down to us, and they are all that have come down to us of civilization. I am telling you this because I want you to honor that man (Secretary Gilstrap.) I want the members of the Legislature to feel that when they are voting money for the State Historical Building in Tacoma and for equipment for that building, they are doing a great service to the State and an honor to themselves. (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER:—I heard a distinguished citizen of this State say a few years ago that the greatest asset of the State had hardly been touched, and he referred to our scenery and other beauties of this country which more and more are enjoyed by people here. Mr. Dickson has spoken of that in his remarks. I think it is a splendid thing that we have men who are devoting their time and thought and their endeavor in every way to build up those things in this State. I am thankful we have such a man as Professor Gilstrap, such a historian as Colonel Snowden, and now I am to call on another man who has done much within the last years toward exploiting one of our great natural objects—this Mountain—one who is interested a good deal in the history of this State and who has told us a good deal of the history of that Mountain.

I refer to Mr. John H. Williams, who will now address you.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

I am very glad to be here tonight, because this occasion indicates to me that we are interested, some of us at least, in this State, in something besides our timber; something besides taking wealth from the natural resources of the State. We are proud of the men who have built this commonwealth, and are trying to preserve memorials of their work. When I was a boy I read in Macaulay's "History of England" a sentence that sticks in my mind today: "The nation or people that are not proud of the achievements of their remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy of the pride of their remote

descendants." (Applause.) And I feel that if we in this State do not think we have the time to preserve our history, if we do not think we can afford the little money necessary to gather up the records and memorials of the men who have laid the foundations on which we are building, and on which we live and prosper, we will not add much to the work they have done. I have sat here and heard references made to the great historical collection of the State of Wisconsin. I happened to be in the city of Madison some years ago and met Reuben Gold Thwaites, who is the Gilstrap of Wisconsin and who has done more than any other man in the raising of the name of Wisconsin's State Historical Society to a National position, and of which every American citizen from Maine to California ought to be proud, and that gentleman told me of a little incident which will illustrate the value of the State Historical Society and its collection. When Theodore Roosevelt was writing his history, "The Winning of the West," a book which ought to be in every man's library and head, a splendid story of the movement of the early Americans across the Allegheny Mountains, and the way they held out against Great Britain, a story largely as you know, of the founding of the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, where did he get his material? Not in Kentucky or Tennessee, but in the city of Madison more than in any other library or center in the United States. There he found materials for the history of the whole Mississippi Valley and the South as well as the North. It happens that in the early days of Wisconsin some far-sighted intelligent men like Carl Schurz built up the Historical Society, gathered materials where they could and brought there and saved a collection of materials which is of incalculable value to every American student of American history, and, in all parts of the world; he who wants to know about the making of the Mississippi Valley states must come to Madison for the history.

Down in California, some far-sighted men have been working for years. One I know very well, Hubert H. Bancroft, a gentleman of means, who twenty-five or thirty years ago began collecting materials of the Western Coast, and having leisure and money, he traveled all through Spanish America, Mexico, and all parts of California, and got the narratives of the actors in those states—the entire Western portion of the country West

of the Rocky Mountains. That invaluable library has passed to the State of California, and today if we want to know the history of Oregon, Washington or Mexico, we must go for valuable documents to Berkeley, California.

Now, are we going to allow it to be said that the future historian of the Northwest who writes our history has to go to Madison or Berkeley, or will we be far-sighted enough and liberal enough to build up in our own Historical Society a storehouse of information and historical record which will be invaluable to all future generations?

I was called on to say something about our scenery, but this other subject interests me fully as much as the Mountain, and I think I am a little bit daffy about the Mountain. (Laughter.) I do feel intensely and should like to say to every member of the Legislature that no better investment can be than of a few hundred thousand dollars gradually in building up here a library of Northwestern history which will serve as a record for all times. I think the Mountain will stay, and will be visited more and more by our Eastern people, but the men who helped found this Commonwealth are fast passing away. Let us get from them what they have to tell us, and all the priceless remains of the early records that they can help us collect, and let us preserve them to those who come after us. (Applause.)

Judge Neterer, being called upon, spoke in part as follows:

Address of Judge Neterer.

I was impressed by a suggestion made by the Bishop relative to the scenery in the New England States, and I presume you have in mind the beautiful scenery along the Hudson, with the White Mountains as a background, with all the modern improvements placed upon the banks of that famous stream. I was reminded of the remark made to me at one time by a school teacher. She had just returned from Switzerland and was describing to us the beauties of Switzerland and the magnificent waterfalls and the beautiful mountain scenery, and she gave us the traditions and the history that applied to every object of interest. She then wound up by saying that during the summer she had come down the Hudson River and that the beauties along the banks of that river, and the White Moun-

tains, and on down to New York City from Albany, far surpassed any of the beauties in old Switzerland. Now, my friends, I want to say to you who have been down the Hudson River, that I have seen the beauties there and I have likewise been from Bellingham to Friday Harbor and from Friday Harbor to Bellingham, and to Anacortes by the Island route to Seattle, and that I saw more scenery in three hours on that trip through the islands than I saw coming down the Hudson River. I have talked with men who have observed the beauties of the scenery of the Thousand Islands, and men who have been from one end of the Alaska Coast to the other, and who have described the glaciers and the beauties there, and who have also observed the scenic beauties of Switzerland, and the beauties of the Hudson River, and they say they have never seen any scenery which surpasses the scenic beauties furnished by your own Puget Sound.

I have read many of the Indian traditions relating to the early settlement of the New England States; I have also talked with men who have made it a business to converse with the old Indians and squaw-men in this country, and I have never listened to more fascinating tales than I have heard right upon this Puget Sound. Why, in my own county, if a person could gather the Indian traditions and Indian lore which can be found there, it would make the most fascinating reading which could possibly be imagined. And, in Whatcom County also, the Indian traditions relating to the old battles between the Indians of the North and Puget Sound Indians, or the account of the practical extermination of the once powerful Lummi Indians, the battle upon Eliza Island, and the battle between the Northern Indians and the local Indians with the Spanish fleet that came there many years ago, all related by these Indians and called the Haceta battle, is the most fascinating that can possibly be thought of. And we are remiss in our duties as citizens if we do not gather up these things. It happened by accident that we discovered what Mo-mo-see meant, from a man on his dying bed, old Captain Roeder, the first white settler in Whatcom County. There are many things which interest us now, and they will interest our children and future generations a great deal more. I think nothing should be left undone to gather

these various items of interest and preserve them to the citizenship of this State. I thank you. (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER:—Now, Gentlemen, that finishes the arranged program, and as the hour is early, I wish we might have some impromptu speeches from the floor; we should be glad to give anybody an opportunity.

(Calls for Colonel Snowden.)

ADDRESS OF COLONEL SNOWDEN.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

I feel much complimented, but I am pretty well talked out. I came not here to talk, but to eat.

I would like to say to the gentlemen from Clarke County who have presented the Historical Society with this gavel that there is, or was, a Balm of Gilead tree in Clarke County. I wish that a part of it might be preserved and sent to the Historical Society, or to me. I would like to have part of it myself. I think the surveys in this State started from that old Balm of Gilead tree, and if the tree is not there yet, I think the Society ought to take steps to mark where it stood.

(Col. Snowden then spoke in favor of State rather than National conservation of resources, pointing out that the Oregon country had cost the National Government very little, aside from the Lewis and Clarke Expedition.)

ADDRESS OF REPRESENTATIVE BUCHANAN OF KING COUNTY.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

As I was not on the firing line here tonight, I did not suspect that I was in any danger of being called upon. I do happen to know some things in connection with the Wisconsin State Historical Association. The fact that President Roosevelt wrote a great portion of his "Winning of the West," which to my mind is one of the greatest historical works dealing with the pioneer development of any portion of this Country, in that Institution brought other things to my mind. The practical workings of an association of this kind are not always much thought of. We generally consider that the Historical Association is looking after names that are liable to go into the dust or the garbage can, but that is not altogether true. I well remember that when the Historical Society of Wisconsin had its collec-

tion in the upper floors of the Capitol of Wisconsin the great dispute came up between Great Britain and Venezuela as to the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana, the matter was put up for arbitration. They were nearly at the point of war. In some remote corner in the Historical Library of Wisconsin they found the data which settled that dispute in which England and the United States were involved. Other matters have come up in our economic history more recently, that of railroad control, that of insurance control; such things as that which are matters of great and vital public importance. I want to say that that Historical Library in Wisconsin has educated men like Meyer, who recently became a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and who is one of the most efficient men in that body. That State Historical Library has collected the data which has enabled the figuring out of the great insurance and railroad acts. The instruction received by men who have made researches in that Library has lead to the development of some of our best legislation concerning public utility.

I wish to speak of one matter that I think of vital importance, aside from those practical things which pertain to the work of an association of this kind. The Association in Wisconsin tried for years to get from the Legislature of that State an appropriation for a decent building to locate this mass of historical work in, and data that had been collected. It was without any result until along in the nineties, when finally an appropriation was made for the purpose of starting a building. Fortunately the Historical Association had as its City, Madison, which has also the State University of Wisconsin. In that way the Historical Association was enabled to get something more out of the Legislature than otherwise, because they could make an appeal to the Legislature to help in the work of the University. That lead finally to the starting of a great Historical Library building, which took a great many years to complete, and for it has been finally appropriated three-quarters of a million dollars. Now, in that building is located the library, which, I believe, ranks third in the United States. I do not mean to speak of that as any boast for my native State, but for a practical example it affords. That library is a fire-proof library—that is, the building. The library had not been lo-

cated in the building for more than three or four years before the Capitol of Wisconsin burned, and that portion of the capitol which had formerly contained that great library was totally destroyed. I think that it is time for the people of Washington to commence to build their library. I do not know as I should speak as a member of the Legislature, but I feel much inclined to help this Association to get suitable quarters for its library. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF MR. PORTER.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

There is sometimes in connection with stern history what we term a little nonsense now and then, which is relished by the wisest men. There are things connected with our early history which may be somewhat amusing. The first court held in the Territory of Washington, after it had been separated from Oregon, was held about sixteen miles South of Olympia, at a settlement called Skookumchuck. Sydney S. Ford had a large log house and fire-place where they heaped on wood during the cold season. The United States Marshal was a queer character, one Joseph Meek, somewhat illiterate, but he had the brains to make up for that. On being asked how long he had lived in this country, he pointed over to Mt. Hood and said, "When I came here, Mount Hood was a hole in the ground." He was appointed United States Marshal. I believe Judge Strong presided, and the citizens were summoned there as grand jurors. They came afoot, and in canoes propelled by Indian power, and others came riding the cayuse. Mr. George A. Barnes of Olympia was one of those grand jurors. He is now in his ninetieth year, and still living at Olympia. The grand jury was charged and sent out to deliberate in Sydney Ford's barn, which was partially full of hay, and he had thrown the hides of the butchered cattle on the fence to dry. The grand jurors stood around those raw hides and indicted sixteen for selling whisky to the Indians. After they had finished their work they went before the door of the house and the Judge stood in the door and thanked them for their deliberations and for the manner in which they had conducted the business, and then said, "I will now introduce you to the Marshal, who will settle with you; he has the

funds of the United States." Mr. Meek straightened himself up and said, "Gentlemen, prepare to get on your critters; nary a damn cent will you get. There is barely enough to pay the officers." (Laughter.)

MR. MCQUESTEN: *Gentlemen*—When Mr. Gilstrap came to Olympia a few days ago, he talked about these ceremonies of today and asked if I would see a few members of the Legislature and invite them to be present. He said he believed there were many who did not know we had a State Historical Society. I was thinking a minute ago that we had heard from Mr. Dickson of Pierce County, Mr. Snowden of Pierce County, and Mr. Buchanan of King County, and several others. I was pleased to hear Mr. Buchanan say that he felt very much inclined to help this proposition along. (Applause.)

Down in Olympia this week, we had a little test vote, as they tell, and I don't know but it was somewhat of a surprise. One thing impressed me and that was that we did not forget the "Cow County;" and I believe we have with us some gentlemen from the "Cow Counties" who might be of assistance to us in this State Historical Society.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: *Gentlemen*—I do not know as I have anything particular to say in regard to this matter. I was an old resident of Pierce County, and of course my heart is with Pierce County. While I have lived in the "Cow Counties" for the last nine years, I often think of my old home here, and I am with you in anything that you can get from this Legislature. (Laughter.)

(Calls for Professor Gilstrap.)

PROFESSOR GILSTRAP: *Gentlemen*—I would say in regard to that Balm of Gilead tree, which has been referred to, that four or five years ago we undertook to start a movement to preserve that tree, but we had not funds enough to do anything, and finally the waters washed it out and it tumbled into the river, so that I think we have lost that Balm of Gilead tree.

Now, there are many things just like that tree, which we are losing all the time; sometimes a tree, sometimes one thing and sometimes another. Many of the pioneers whom we are trying to see as best we can are dropping off. You will notice our Pioneer Societies are recording those facts every day almost.

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Professor GILSTRAP: Gentlemen—I would say in regard to that Palm of Gilead tree, which has been referred to, that four or five years ago we undertook to start a movement to preserve that tree, but we had not funds enough to do anything, and finally the waters washed it out and it tumbled into the river, so that I think we have lost that Palm of Gilead tree.

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There is one thing I want to say; you may not believe it, but I claim that this State has a greater and more interesting historic record than any State this side of the Colonial States. It was just one hundred years from the time Captain Gray discovered the Straits, until we were admitted as State, and during that time the Government sent out three great expeditions, the like of which was never sent out by any nation in history. Lewis and Clarke's, perhaps the greatest exploring expedition of pioneers ever sent out; the Wilkes' expedition was the greatest Pacific naval expedition, and accomplished more for this Northwest; then the Stevens and McClellan surveying expedition, terminating at Camp Washington, and where, as I claim, Governor Stevens began his work as Governor of this Territory.

Mr. French may be able to tell us more about that tree I have referred to.

MR. FRENCH: *Gentlemen*—I would like to say in connection with that tree, that is one of the things which Clarke County has to be ashamed of. We saw the water encroaching on that tree from year to year, and we meant to do something about it, but it has gone into the river. However, we will see that the Historical Society gets a piece of it. One of our citizens took some cuttings from that tree and planted them, and they are now growing. That is the best we can do. Mr. Ponberg is one who preserved that, and he is much interested in our County, and was with us here earlier in the evening. We will do the best we can so far as that tree is concerned.

(Calls for Mayor W. W. Seymour.)

ADDRESS OF MAYOR SEYMOUR.

Gentlemen:

Possibly you are in the attitude of the Irishman who said, "We want nothing out of you but silence, and blamed little of that." But I want to say that it has been my privilege to go back East a great deal and spend quite a little time there. I tell the people in New York City that it is true that a man living there amounts to about five times what any of the rest of us do by reason of the great influence which goes out of that financial, educational and political center. At the same

time I add that in the State which I come from we feel that we amount to ten men in the future, for we realize that we are now forming our State and that what the State is in the future largely depends on us who are living today. I feel therefore that what the State has done for the Historical Society, and on the side for Tacoma, is wise, because we are preserving for the future this wonderful formative period, and it is bound to have its influence, and a very great influence. I feel that anyone who makes a success is largely dependent on his own foresight, and that is often dependent upon his hindsight, and what he has experienced. It may seem trivial, but I was impressed by a Christmas present I saw this year; it was very small, but occasioned great pleasure, and that was a little blank book for the history of a child who had just been born. The recipient was very highly pleased, for in that book was to be kept the important events of the child's life. We appreciate those things afterward, and regret that in all cases they have not been preserved. I am sure that those who come after us will in time highly praise the act of the Legislators in preserving for the future the records that we are now making, and those which have already become a part of the past. (Applause.)

REMARKS (IN PART) OF SENATOR BRYAN OF KITSAP COUNTY.

There is one thing that my attention is directed to, and that is the attitude of the sponsors of the appropriations before the Legislature. They always think that their particular appropriation is the one which should receive attention. I have been to the Soldiers' Home, and that demands attention; the Historical Society demands attention; and I would not say that I lack in appreciation of the Historical Society. Your senator, who has looked out for these matters more than other senators, Senator Metcalf, has always been eager to do what he could with the assistance of the other senators from this county, for this institution, and we cannot fail to realize its importance; but tonight we know it more than ever before, and I am sure that from this meeting there will result a better feeling and a more definite realization upon the part of all of us that we have done well in making the appropriation that we made last year, and it will be also a stimulus to us when we come to fix up the various schedules for the coming year.

Personally, I thank you for the courtesy of this evening and for all you have taught us. (Applause.)

SENATOR BASSETT OF ADAMS COUNTY:—The reference here tonight to the earliest apple tree reminds me that in my district was until a short time ago one of the earliest apple trees planted by Dr. Whitman; I saw that old tree a few years ago, planted in 1839 or 1840. That was living until a few days ago. Surely a short history, that tree marking the whole life of civilization in Eastern Washington. How necessary it is for us to preserve and put into the records the events of the history of this State.

I have had the pleasure of visiting every State institution, and also the Navy Yard, and saw the big ships. They were curiosities to us from the East part of the State, and I could not help thinking as I sat here tonight how different is the kind of history we are to write. You and I are here writing our history, making our mark; let us try to emulate that great ship "Colorado," which will stand up for the Flag of the Union and carry freedom, justice and learning wherever it goes; and let us in our way try to make history as good and true as we can.

SENATOR RALPH NICHOLS OF KING COUNTY:—I was very much interested in the remarks of Mr. Dickson in regard to his trip to China, and about the great accomplishments of our country, and the great things we had done. That brought to my mind the remarks of my father a short time ago in which he told me of working in the fields on the farm in Ohio, following the cradle and putting the sheaves in bundles, and then sitting down at the noon-day meal and talking about the great advancement in agriculture. A brother of my father-in-law was out to see us a few years ago from Iowa, and told about how when a boy he had seen in Portland, Maine, a steam engine, brought there for exhibition, and an admission fee of ten cents was charged to see it, and an additional five cents to carry a boy, and then ten cents to carry a man. The wonderful commercial and material advancement of the past one hundred years is due more than anything else to the influence of that Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, guaranteeing personal liberty and personal rights, so that men can reap the

fruits of their own endeavor. And I think that we as lawmakers should make it our first duty to do what we can to preserve the traditions and institutions, and preserve them pure, so that we can have liberty protected by law, as Wendell Philips said.

THE TOASTMASTER:—I think the hour has come to adjourn, and I thank you all.

CHAPTER XII.

OPENING WEEK EXERCISES

By Walter S. Davis.

The first unit of the Washington Historical Society building was formally opened on Saturday evening, October 7, 1911, with a reception to the public. Hundreds thronged the building and admired its priceless treasures. On October 9th began a series of receptions to the educational institutions and other organizations of the city of Tacoma. On this day came representative students and members of the Faculty from the University of Puget Sound, Whitworth College, Annie Wright Seminary, Aquinas Academy and DeKoven Hall. Miss Guppy, a member of the Faculty, expressed the appreciation of the exhibits on the part of the students and Faculty represented by her, the Annie Wright Seminary.

Professor Walter S. Davis spoke on behalf of the University of Puget Sound, saying, among other things, "What the British Museum is to Great Britain, what the Louvre is to Paris, what the Field Columbian Museum is to Chicago, in time we hope this collection will become to the State of Washington and to the Northwest. We should catch something of the historical spirit of Massachusetts. You go to Massachusetts and you find all historical places appropriately marked. Washington, although younger, should do the same. The families of Washington should preserve their historical relics and records, and I know of no better place than in this fire-proof building. These collections help us to review the past, and the Historical Society is doing a great work for the people of Washington in gathering and preserving these treasures. In a large commercial community like ours, let us not forget to promote the work of this Society. What we see in this building we owe to Mr. Gilstrap probably more than to any other man. This is his monument. As was said of the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren, 'If you seek his monument, look about you.'"

Dean Wallace H. Lee spoke on behalf of Whitworth College:

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Dean Wallace H. Lee spoke on behalf of Whitworth College:

"I am glad that Whitworth College had the good sense to accept the invitation to come and take part in these proceedings, although they are quite informal. This building and these famous collections are for us to keep, and especially for Tacoma.

"Three or four times in my trips in Oregon I came across Institutions that were started away back in the fifties or sixties, of which there are no records at all, and nobody, perhaps, living who can tell anything about the beginnings of them. But here we can find the real history of the past and records of the Territory that became a State.

"You are the ones that are sending out to find all relics that can be gathered. We ought to be a part at least and be, if possible, members of these Societies, and we ought to be helping to gather all relics attached to this State. I am sure that our interest will be aroused from this time on. Whitworth extends its thanks to the State Historical Society and to Mr. Gilstrap, its worthy Secretary. We shall take pleasure, so far as you permit us, of coming here from time to time to enjoy your exhibits."

Other talks were made by David S. Johnson and Mr. P. G. Hubbell, one of the Curators. Mr. Hubbell gave us a good motto for the Society, a saying by Prof. Flett when they were tramping up the mountains, "Always keep a-going and you will get there."

Mr. Johnson sang a song that he knew when he was a boy, entitled "Because They Could Not Sing."

No stenographic reports were preserved of the reception to the High School on October 10.

At all the receptions, Mr. Gilstrap welcomed the visitors with an address. The following is his address to the Cushman Indian School students and faculty, on October 11:

Superintendent, Teachers and Pupils of the Cushman School:

We thought it would be appropriate to say a few words to you relative to this place and this collection. The Historical Society was organized October 8, 1891; we were twenty-one years old Sunday. The Ferry Museum was organized June 25, 1895. These two Societies and their collections are housed here

together at this time, and undoubtedly some of you have visited us a few times before at the Court House.

I thought perhaps you would like to know something of these relics. Mr. Ferry's picture hangs on the right hand side of the Museum. He collected the European relics and statuary and some of the paintings. We have a great many paintings and some of them which we were not able to unpack to place on exhibit for lack of room, some of which were collected by myself, and we have had them framed so that you can see the pictures of the pioneers and missionaries. The relics we have gotten from all over the State. We have the first piano that came to this State, also the first one that came to Tacoma, and one of the first that came to this Pacific Coast, which was brought to San Francisco in 1849 and came from Oregon City to Tacoma in 1870. That piano came in 1853 to Steilacoom and was brought there by the Rev. DeVore, who built the first Protestant church in Washington. We have, as you can see by the cards, a great many old and historic relics. We haven't all of our collections unpacked yet, but will have within a short time, so that when you come again you can study all the collections. We have Indian arrows, basketry, ivory implements, etc., from all the different people of the Northwest, from Alaska and all over. On the upper floor here, you will find a large number of baskets and Indian relics of different kinds, and the floors below. On the lower floor you will find a board brought here some time ago which is five feet two inches broad, hewn out almost a hundred years ago by a Neah Bay Indian. Ten years ago one of the descendants brought harpoon and outfit of old Howathlub, or old Peter, as he was called. Some of you knew him. He was drowned a few years ago while out fishing and we have his harpoon, as I said, which was made in 1855. I want you to see that.

Besides these we have a great many other interesting things. Now, we want this school to take a great interest in this collection, and we want you to come as often as you can to this building and see this collection, and study it.

We would like to make a request of you as boys and girls. If you have any relics we would like to have them, and you can oblige us a great deal in preserving them, anything that your people may have used in or during their life time. It is very

important, as the history of the Indians of the Northwest is so closely identified with the white people we can't make a complete history without these things.

Perhaps you know of these things, and if you do, tell your teacher so that we can gather them up and preserve them. We have here relics that are perhaps over a hundred years old. The elk horns we found many feet under ground. All these things we have here are a great many years old, and are interesting, and it is a part of the history of your people hundreds of years ago.

Now I want your teachers to give a little expression as to the Museum and its collection. The Museum is always open, either to you as individuals or as a class, and, if you come as a class, we want you to notify us so as not to interfere with other classes. It is an opportunity not many school children have, to see such a collection of historic relics.

Now I would like to hear from your principal, Mr. Johnson.

MR. JOHNSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE CUSHMAN INDIAN SCHOOL:—I want to emphasize what Mr. Gilstrap says about these historic relics. I know that a great many of you have in your homes articles that are very old—articles that were made for many different uses. It is very, very necessary to us and to you that these be preserved, and to preserve the history of your own people, and the best way to preserve their history is to preserve the things that they used in their daily life.

The importance of saving these articles was especially impressed on me the other morning when I took up a paper and noticed that a beautiful house was burned down and there was in this home a very interesting and valuable collection of Japanese things. This building was destroyed and all these papers and things, which were of very great value, now are lost. The same thing is true in your own home. Very few are fire-proof, and it would also be instructive to other people to have these things on exhibition where they can see them. This building is safe and fairly fire-proof. Mr. Gilstrap has shown me the plan of the building, which will be very beautiful when completed. The Historical Society will appreciate the relics as a loan if you do not care to make a gift of them. They will be placed in a case with your name and will be here for all

time to come, and it helps to preserve the history of your races and people. The history of your races and people have been handed from father to son, from mother to daughter, and it is your duty to help preserve the history of the Indian races, as the white races have books and things for hundreds of years, and now is the time for you to help preserve relics, and it would be beneficial to the State and to your own race if you can place some of this material where it will be preserved for all time to come.

I want to thank Mr. Gilstrap for his kind invitation, not only to come today, but to come any day, and I feel sure that the teachers will appreciate bringing their pupils here for study along historic lines."

MRS. G. DOWE MCQUESTEN, a teacher of the Cushman School, in speaking of the importance of these collections, said to the students:

"As you go about looking at the choice articles and things used a great many years ago, and then compare them with the articles now used, you will see the breadth of development in articles within later years. We owe it to the benefit of the world that we all leave to the generation now in existence something a little higher and better than those people left, and as we look at these relics that we lead a better life than those people.

We have with us today twenty-six different tribes, and out of these are twenty-two from Mr. Duncan's Mission way up in the very Northern part of Alaska, and we also have here with us five pupils from Wood Island, Alaska, from the Baptist Mission of Codeak, and I am sure they all take very great pleasure in thanking Mr. Gilstrap, and asking him to come and see what we are doing in our school."

No stenographic report was preserved of the reception on October 12, to the Women's Clubs, or on the 13th to the Catholic schools, the Commercial Club and the City and County officials.

On Monday, October 16, Mr. Gilstrap gave a welcome address to the Pacific Lutheran Academy, which was responded to by the Principal, Professor H. G. Hong, who, in expressing his high appreciation of the exhibits, said:

"I also want to express our appreciation of the work that Mr. Gilstrap has been doing for the City. I know the work of

this kind is often unappreciated, and requires a great deal of courage and patience to keep it up and building it to a successful issue, as has been done here. * * * * * *

"I want to ask every one of you young men and women to remember the Ferry Museum and State Historical Society. It may be true that you do not at present possess a great deal of influence, but the time will come when you will have considerable influence and can do something worth while for this Institution.

"When man meets the forces of nature he does not act as the rest of the animals do. * * * * * He utilizes these forces and diverts them. He works them and makes use of them. * * * * * I think very likely, viewing it the right way, you feel quite pathetic about some of these small efforts that have been made by our ancestors and others, and it is very instructive to contemplate these things. * * * * * We have made wonderful progress, and we of today will soon pass from these times and the old system will die with us. This should inspire us to be humble surveyors of their work, and be truthful, and it should inspire us to make noble efforts. * *"

The series of receptions of the opening week was concluded on October 24 with the reception to the ministers and to the artists and architects of Tacoma.

In welcoming the ministers, Mr. Gilstrap said:

"I just wish to state that we are glad to have the Ministers' Alliance and the ministers of the city with us this afternoon. During my life I have had a great deal to do with ministers, perhaps more to do with them than a great many other men in this County, and we are especially pleased to have you here and look over our collections in this building. * * *

"The Museum grew from the time I took charge of it, almost seventeen years ago. The ministers have taken a great interest and have worked for the Museum until now we have what you see, but the Historical Society did not grow so much until about six years ago. * * * * Whatever has been done here, the ministers have done more than in any city that I know of. We have been unable to do a great deal before we secured apartments. Mr. McCandless came at our request, and he backed me on everything that we undertook so that we were able to carry on the work, and if it hadn't been for him, per-

haps we would have lost this Institution, and also a large part of the Museum, and we would undoubtedly have had to give up this work.

"I have given my time, and a good deal of money has been put into this building by me for building up this Institution. But there isn't one of you who has not come to our rescue, and we have been able to carry on the work in that way. Our present President, Mr. Hewitt, also has assisted us a great deal within the last year so that we now feel that we can maintain this Institution. * * * * *

"Now this building is free and will be free at all times to all parties. It is open on week days from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and on Sundays from 2 to 5 p. m., and that may seem strange to some of you, but we have found by experience that there are a great many people who can come here and visit us at no other time, and we have found that it is good to have it open a part of the day on Sunday, at least.

"There are many things that I could tell you about the different collections of things in the Museum. As you can see by the cards, we have things dating back almost to the beginnings of our history, and I have made the statement several times that no State founded of the Colonies can surpass us. Captain Gray discovered this Coast in 1789, and we were admitted as a State in 1889, and during that time a great many men have taken part in different happenings. Three great expeditions were sent out here to our interest, and there is nothing like it in our history, or rather in the history of the Union. Lewis and Clarke's great expedition and the Wilkes' expedition also came out here, and it took these expeditions almost two years to come into the Sound here, and they accomplished an immense amount of work in the time that they were here. They visited every trading port in the old Oregon Country, and with that they discovered considerable amount of Territory. They were just a few miles beyond here. They also explored around Okanogan, etc. In addition to that they surveyed all this Sound country, and they commenced their surveys out here in the Sound, and that is why it came to be called Commencement Bay. The next great expedition was the surveying expedition by Gen. Stevens and Gen. McClellan. That was in 1853, and when you think of the work that they did, there is

nothing like it in history. So you see, we now have a great work to do here to assemble and collect these relics, papers, etc., which they left here, and so that all the people who come here from the East may see that we made a memorable record in the history of a country."

Mr. Hewitt, President of the Washington State Historical Society, next gave a characteristic speech saying among other things the following:

"Tell your friends to come and see this building and these old relics and things that came from we don't know where. Why it makes you think that this world over here in America was started before Christ. We will be glad to have you call on us and if you don't talk we will scold you about it, and we are not going to put up with any excuses and we are not going to excuse any of you from helping us, and I want you to tell them what we have done here, for you know that when it comes right down to the point that the people who do do things never get the credit for it. Now I think that you will give us credit for doing good things."

On behalf of the ministers of Tacoma short addresses were made by Dr. Thomas, Pastor of the First Baptist Church; Dr. Ford, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and Dr. Hutchinson, Pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Thomas said:

"First I want to say that I don't know of a better place for a building of this kind right on the other side of a great High School and the great Stadium between them. I don't know what other people may say, but for my part I don't know of anything that will do the city more good than an Institution of this kind, and I am proud of the High School. My boy graduated from it, and I was proud of that. I am proud of the Stadium. I am proud of the way it was built, and if you have sense enough you will be proud also of the way the boys and girls helped build it, and worked unceasingly and patiently until they got what they wanted. Now that is the spirit that we want used in building this building, and we will soon have it completed."

Dr. Ford said, among other things: "These collections have a sort of relationship to you, a relationship that grows out of the relatives that were here so many years ago, and

helped build up this country, and we ought to take this fact into consideration when we think of this building, and try and help it along to the most of our ability."

Dr. Hutchinson said:

"I remember when I went into the Smithsonian Institute I spent several weeks in Washington, D. C., and came out a much better man than when I entered the Museum. I am interested in all old things, and I am also deeply interested in statuary, and I am sure that I will always remember the statuary of the British Museum, and I always find whenever I visit any place like this that it leaves a deep impression upon me.

"Now I want to thank Mr. Gilstrap and the President, Mr. Hewitt, once more for this opportunity, and thank them for the privilege of visiting an Institution of this kind, and I am sure that we will all work and boost the Institution as best we can, and I, for one, will do what I can among my own people to help you and assist in the completion of this beautiful building."

ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS AND SCULPTORS

The same day as this reception, a reception was also given to the artists and architects of Tacoma. In his address of welcome, Mr. Gilstrap told something of the early days both of the Ferry Museum and of the Historical Society. "At that time," said he, "we had no means of keeping up the Museum except by a small fund left by Col. Ferry, and the business men didn't take much interest in the matter, so the Art League kept it up. Before the time the Museum was up in the Court House, the Art School was held at a place downtown, but we eventually lost some of our coins and some of the small things, so I made a proposition to the Trustees that I would move my studio into the Museum. So I moved my studio and took care of the Museum, and from that time I began to collect relics and things of art and the whole Institution has finally developed into what you now see.

"We have planned to have in this building when finished, an Art Gallery, and a place for statuary, so that it will be of some use to the art students, and we will have our statu-

ary and casts properly installed so that it will be of some practical use to the art loving people. * * * * * I might say that we have in the Court House stored away casts that have never been on exhibit for lack of room, and counting all these things, we have about the very best collection of things that can be found in the United States relative to the history of our own State. Tacoma, with the collections and relics and Gothic and Renaissance exhibits, nearly every country of the Globe being represented, has one of the finest collections of things of the kind that I know of. There are many Museums that have a greater quantity of statuary, but the pieces that we have here are of the quality which any Museum would be proud to possess."

Mr. Gilstrap then called on Mrs. Handforth, a member of the Art League of 1901, who said: "We have worked quite hard to keep up the Museum. We have given little parties, etc., and in this way we succeeded in earning a few small funds to keep up this Museum as Mr. Gilstrap would like to have it kept up, and I am sure that if we all took a slight interest in the thing and helped to push it along, we would never have cause to regret it. We are all very thankful to Mr. Gilstrap, I am sure, for the work he has already done towards the upkeep of this Museum, and also this Society."

Mr. Gibson was introduced by Mr. Gilstrap and made some remarks highly appreciative of the exhibits here. Mr. Dugan spoke on behalf of the architects present, saying among other things:

"It accomplishes a great deal of good at times to study and take a good look at the works of art, and we can hardly realize something of the time there has been put into such things. It helps us in our work as nothing else will do. We are very anxious to get these remembrances of times long gone past, and it certainly takes a great deal of time, as you all know, to get the best results, and I know of nothing that will credit you more than to help, and I know of nothing that will help you more than these works of art to be found here."

PROF. GILSTRAP:—We would like to hear from Mr. Bullard, the architect of this building. I might state that Mr. Bullard has always had a deep interest in both the Historical Society and the Ferry Museum, and he has always been ready to give

us a helping hand, and he has also brought up the plans and assisted us in carrying out the desire of different people.

MR. BULLARD:—I wish to say that I have been very happy and have derived a great deal of pleasure in being able to work with a man like Mr. Gilstrap. He has done more for the cause than any other man in this city, and I really think that a man of that sort ought to be something of an inspiration to some men, and I consider that we ought to congratulate him and ourselves. The Ferry Museum, as you probably all know, was kept in the Court House, the room being about one-half as large as one floor of this, perhaps less in size. When Mr. Ferry first gave this personally to the city of Tacoma, it was the nucleus of the Museum. His collection was not so very large, but it was simply a small beginning, and in sixteen years it has been added to by a great many different people, until we have collections in the Ferry Museum that are a great credit to the city of Tacoma, and the great building that we have now, or rather what we will have when it is finished, will certainly be a thing to be proud of. The building is a fine work and all classes will be represented in the things which it will contain. Mr. Gilstrap has worked and secured funds for many months to help construct this building and now we hope to have a suitable home for the Ferry Museum, and the Historical Society.

Now, when we look back over sixteen years and see what has been accomplished and look forward to the time when the building will be completed, we certainly ought to have hopes in accomplishing what we have already started, and we certainly have a promising outlook before us.

CHAPTER XIII.

MEMBERS OF THE BOARDS OF CURATORS OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FROM 1907 TO 1914

1907

President, R. L. McCORMICK, Tacoma.
Vice President, C. B. BAGLEY, Seatle.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

Prof. W. G. Beach ..... Pullman
Prof. L. L. Benbow ..... Tacoma
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup
Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Mr. James H. Dege ..... Tacoma
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. William J. Shinn ..... Kent
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma

1908

President, R. L. McCORMICK, Tacoma.
Vice President, MILES C. MOORE, Walla Walla.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

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Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. W. G. Beach ..... Pullman
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
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Mr. James H. Bege ..... Tacoma
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Prof. J. H. Flett ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Ellensburg
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. William J. Sohn ..... Kent
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma

1908

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Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

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Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Ellensburg
Prof. W. O. Beach ..... Pullman
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. H. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
Mr. James H. Bege ..... Tacoma
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup

1909

President, R. L. McCORMICK, Tacoma.
Vice President, MILES C. MOORE, Walla Walla.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

Prof. L. L. Benbow ..... Tacoma
Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. W. G. Beach ..... Pullman
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
Mr. R. A. Ketner ..... Tacoma
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma

1910

President, R. L. McCORMICK, Tacoma.
Vice President, GEO. TURNER, Spokane.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

Prof. L. L. Benbow ..... Tacoma
Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Mr. Dudley Eshelman ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. W. G. Beach ..... Pullman
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
Mr. P. G. Hubbell ..... Tacoma
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma

1911

President, R. L. McCORMICK, Tacoma.
Vice President, GEO. TURNER, Spokane.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

CURATORS

Prof. L. L. Benbow ..... Tacoma
Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Thomas Huggins ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. L. F. Jackson ..... Pullman
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
Mr. P. G. Hubbell ..... Tacoma
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
Mr. Marshall K. Snell ..... Tacoma

1912

President, HENRY HEWITT, JR., Tacoma.
Vice President, GEO. TURNER, Spokane.
Secretary, W. H. GILSTRAP, Tacoma.
Treasurer, W. H. DICKSON, Tacoma.

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Mr. W. P. Bonney ..... Tacoma
Thomas Huggins ..... Tacoma
Hon. Walter N. Granger ..... Zillah
Prof. L. F. Jackson ..... Pullman
Mr. W. J. Bowman ..... Puyallup
Rev. R. E. Dunlap ..... Seattle
Prof. J. B. Flett ..... Tacoma
Mr. Calvin S. Barlow ..... Tacoma
Mr. P. G. Hubbell ..... Tacoma
Prof. W. D. Lyman ..... Walla Walla
H. C. Davis, Claquato (Deceased). Succeeded by
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CHAPTER XIV.

INVENTORY OF PROPERTY

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

October 15, 1914.

Land			$ 5,000.00
Buildings acquired before September 30, 1912		$25,500.00	
Buildings acquired after September 30, 1912		5,303.43	30,803.43
Furniture and fixtures acquired before Sept. 30, 1912		861.00	
Furniture and fixtures acquired after Sept. 30, 1912, as follows:			
Stove	$ 20.70		
Exhibit Cases	598.62		
Office Desk	27.00		
Folding Chairs	65.41		
Cabinet Safe	156.25	867.98	
		$ 1,728.98	$ 1,728.98
Miscellaneous acquired before Sept. 30, 1912		$ 6,059.50	
Miscellaneous acquired after September 30, 1912, as follows:			
Books	$ 308.50		
Historic Pictures	86.25		
Newspapers	210.75		
Historic Piano	32.79		
Kingston Valve	17.20		
Beaver Boiler	1,000.00		
Monuments	380.28		
Scrap Books	9.00	2,044.77	
			8,104.27
Total value			$45,636.68

CHAPTER XIV.

INVENTORY OF PROPERTY

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

October 15, 1914.

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE MEMBERS

WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Arthur, Judge John .....Seattle
Ashton, J. M. .....Tacoma
Ashton, M. Frances ....Tacoma
Barlow, Calvin S. .....Tacoma
Betz, Mrs. Augusta ....Tacoma
Blackwell, W. B. .....Tacoma
Brown, Dr. E. M. .....Tacoma
Bullard, G. W. .....Tacoma
Bagley, John .....Tacoma
Bonney, W. P. .....Tacoma
Cole, Frank B. .....Tacoma
Campbell, Fremont .....Tacoma
Church, Eugene .....Tacoma
Carstens, Thomas .....Tacoma
Cushman, Judge E. E. ..Tacoma
Dege, J. H. .....Tacoma
Dewey, Dr. Henry W. ..Tacoma
Dickson, W. H. .....Tacoma
Danaher, C. D. .....Tacoma
Eells, Edwin .....Tacoma
Flett, Prof. J. B. .....Ashford
Fogg, Mrs. Chas. .....Tacoma
French, A. A. .....Tacoma
Granger, Walter N. .....Zillah
Griggs, H. S. .....Tacoma
Garvin, J. W. .....Tacoma
Hansen, Wm. H. .....Tacoma
Hanford, C. H. .....Seattle
Hartman, J. P. .....Seattle
Heath, F. H. .....Tacoma
Hewitt, Henry, Jr. .....Tacoma
Hill, Mrs. Chas. E. .....Tacoma
Hill, I. H. .....Tacoma
Hylebos, Rev. P. F. ....Tacoma
Howe, A. B. .....Tacoma
Jacobs, Thos. .....Tacoma
Jones, C. H. .....Tacoma
Le Sourd, Rev. D. G. ....Tacoma
Littlejohn, A. J. .....Tacoma
Mary Ball Chapter, D.A.R., ... Tacoma
McQuesten, G. Dowe ....Tacoma
Meeker, Ezra .....Tacoma
Moore, Miles C. ....Walla Walla
Nichols, W. R. .....Tacoma
Pratt, L. W. .....Tacoma
Phillips, Calvin .....Tacoma
Rhodes, H. A. .....Tacoma
Rust, W. R. .....Tacoma
Reid, G. H. .....Tacoma
Scott, D. C. .....Tacoma
Shackleford, J. A. .....Tacoma
Seymour, W. W. .....Tacoma
Snell, Marshall K. .....Tacoma
Snell, W. H. .....Tacoma
Sproul, J. A. .....Tacoma
Thorn, Chester .....Tacoma
Turner, George .....Spokane
Quevli, Dr. C. .....Tacoma
Virges, Wm. .....Tacoma
Virginia Dare Chapter, D. A. R. ..... Tacoma
Von Boecklin, August ..Tacoma
Wagner, Dr. G. C. .....Tacoma
Wheeler, W. C. .....Tacoma
Younglove, E. A. .....Tacoma

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Ashton, J. M. ..... Tacoma
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Brown, Dr. E. M. ..... Tacoma
Bullard, G. W. ..... Tacoma
Bagley, John ..... Tacoma
Bonney, W. P. ..... Tacoma
Cole, Frank D. ..... Tacoma
Campbell, Fremont ..... Tacoma
Churan, Eugene ..... Tacoma
Carstens, Thomas ..... Tacoma
Cushman, Judge R. B. ..... Tacoma
Dega, J. H. ..... Tacoma
Dewey, Dr. Henry W. ..... Tacoma
Dickson, W. H. ..... Tacoma
Daasher, C. D. ..... Tacoma
Ells, Edwin ..... Tacoma
Flett, Prof. J. B. ..... Ashford
Fogg, Mrs. Chas. ..... Tacoma
French, A. A. ..... Tacoma
Granger, Walter N. ..... Enfield
Griggs, H. S. ..... Tacoma
Garvin, J. W. ..... Tacoma
Hansen, Wm. H. ..... Tacoma
Hanford, C. H. ..... Seattle
Hartman, J. F. ..... Seattle
Heath, F. H. ..... Tacoma
Hewitt, Henry, Jr. ..... Tacoma
Hill, Mrs. Chas. E. ..... Tacoma
Hill, J. H. ..... Tacoma
Hyleboe, Rev. P. P. ..... Tacoma
Howe, A. B. ..... Tacoma
Jacobs, Theo. ..... Tacoma
Jones, C. H. ..... Tacoma
Le Sourd, Rev. D. G. ..... Tacoma
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Sproul, J. A. ..... Tacoma
Thorn, Chester ..... Tacoma
Turner, George ..... Spokane
Queen, Dr. C. ..... Tacoma
Virgen, Wm. ..... Tacoma
Virginia Dare Chapter, D. A.
R. ..... Tacoma
Von Boeckle, August ..... Tacoma
Wagner, Dr. G. C. ..... Tacoma
Wheeler, W. C. ..... Tacoma
Youngjove, E. A. ..... Tacoma

CHAPTER XVI.

NECROLOGY OF MEMBERS.

Barton, Clarence M., 1893.
Bradley, L. P.
Evans, Elwood, Jan. 28, 1898.
Eldridge, Edward, Oct. 12, 1892.
Flett, John, Dec. 12, 1893.
Fuller, E. N.
Hobart, Chas. W.
Houghton, Jos. B., June 12, 1895
Houghton, J. S., July, 1894.
Huggins, Edward.
Kautz, August V., Sept. 4, 1895.
Kelling, Henry, 1895.
Lansdale, R. H.
McKenny, Thos. I., Nov. 11, 1899.
Denny, Arthur A., Feb. 9, 1899.
Fife, Wm. H.
Fife, W. J.
Holton, Chas. M., Oct. 26, 1899.
Jacobs, Orange.
Sprague, J. W., Dec. 24, 1893.
Thompson, L. F., May 29, 1894.
Wingate, Robert.
Geohigan, John D., June 20, 1896.
Haller, Granville O., Jan. 28, 1899
Schulze, Paul, Apr. 12, 1895.
Beverley, John.
Fletcher, W. H.
Gross, Abram, 1895.
Griggs, Chauncy W.
Hale, Chas. E.
Hosmer, Theodore, 1900.
Huston, Thaddeus.
Lehman, R. B.
Meyers, Fred.
Prosser, Wm. F.
Pritchard, W. H.
Rigney, Robt.
McCready, John, 1898.
Traver, Geo. W.
Vaughan, E. C.
Bennett, Nelson.
Brown, Thos. R., Feb. 2, 1897.
Divilbiss, Jas. W., Oct. 27, 1897.
Kincaid, John F.
Woolery, A. H., Nov. 11, 1899.
Meeker, Jno. V.
Ross, Darius M.
Doolittle, Wm. H.
Eells, Myron.
Hogue, J. D.
McCoy, J. A. C., Apr. 1898.
Pierce, Eben.
Slaughter, Saml. C.
Warner, Henry H.
Fuller, John N.
Harmon, Hill, Jan. 28, 1907.
Beckett, Henry.
Lane, Albert.
McCarty, J. W.
Spaulding, Henry H.
Ferry, Clinton P.
Long, John H., Jan. 23, 1898.
Spinning, J. M. R., 1895.
Stewart, Jas. P.
Nolan, S. M., Aug. 1899.
Davis, Henry Clay.
Burrows, Albert.
Butler, Hillary.

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NECROLOGY OF MEMBERS.

Heustis, F. D.
McMicken, Wm., Sept., 1899.
Scobey, J. O. B.
Wilson, John L.
Coleman, J. M.
Horton, Dexter.
Allen, John B.
Bigelow, Harry A.
Damon, John F.
Dunbar, W. R.
Furth, Jacob.
Ferguson, E. C.
Gilstrap, W. H., Aug. 2, 1914.
Hayden, Jas. R.
Irving, Peter.
McGraw, Gov. John H., June, 1910.
Reed, Walter J.
White, Wm. H.
McCormick, R. L., Feb., 1911.
McCutcheon, Chas.
Fogg, Chas. S.
Shinn, Wm. J.
Wheeler, D. D.
Heuston, B. F.
Barlow, O. W.
Hoska, Conrad L.
Grumbling, C. M., Oct. 1913.
Pentecost, L. J.
Morrill, C. W.

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McMicken, Wm., Sept., 1899.
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Purdy, Jacob.
Perryson, E. C.
Gilstrap, W. H., Aug. 2, 1914.
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McGraw, Gov. John H., June, 1910.
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CHAPTER XVII.

CHRONOLOGY OF LEADING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Walter S. Davis.

1891.

June: Letters were sent to prominent citizens of Washington by Charles W. Hobart calling a meeting in the Tacoma Hotel for July 2, 1891, to organize a State Historical Society.

October 8: The adjourned meeting of July 2nd met in the office of the Western Washington Industrial Exposition. Officers were elected.

November 9th: Constitution and By-Laws adopted.

1892.

September 26th: First annual meeting.

1893.

The Third State Legislature makes a grant of $1,000.00 to the Society.

October 12: Charles W. Hobart was chosen to represent the Historical Society as a Trustee of the Ferry Museum.

1895.

No annual meeting was held. The old officers held over.

1896.

September, 1896: The Secretary secures a majority of the officers and members of the Society to a written agreement of incorporation in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Curators of May 2, 1892.

Minutes of October 1: "During the past official year no meetings of the Board of Curators were held, as the Society had no funds to carry forward its work. The hard times made the collection of fees and dues almost impossible and the appropriation voted by the State Legislature was vetoed, as the Executive affirmed, for the same reason."

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1897.

June 1st: Discounting of members' dues on account of the hard times was authorized.

1898.

No quorum at any business meeting. Minutes of October 1st: "Notwithstanding this, the Secretary gave the affairs of the Society almost daily attention during this period, including its correspondence.

1899.

March 1st: Resignation of the Secretary from 1891-1899, Charles W. Hobart, on account of ill health.

May 2nd: Edwin N. Fuller chosen permanent Secretary of the Society. The Curators authorize the issuing of an historical magazine to be known as "The Washington Historian."

1900.

Henry Leland of Seattle appointed Assistant Secretary.

1901.

A bill asking aid from the State passes the House but fails in the Senate.

1903.

The Legislature creates the Society a trustee for eight enumerated purposes.

January 27th: The Curators thank Col. W. F. Prosser and Secretary Fuller for their work in publishing the magazine, "The Washington Historian," and in keeping up the general work of the Society. Col. Prosser says that public sentiment in the work of the Society is rapidly growing.

March: Governor McBride vetoed the Historical Society appropriation bill unanimously passed by the Legislature.

1904.

The Society purchased the newspaper files of Secretary Fuller.

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1905.

Edwin Eells chosen Secretary.

May 14th: Conference of representatives of the Washington State Historical Society and of the Washington University Historical Society to bring about concert of action.

October 4th: Meeting of representatives of the two Societies with President Kane and Regent Nash in the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce. Union recommended.

1906.

January 2nd: William H. Gilstrap made Assistant Secretary for the purpose of collecting historical data and materials, and to solicit new members.

May 7th: The Curators vote to assist in establishing a historical magazine at the University of Washington.

July: Unveiling of the monument at Lake Sequalitchew, Pierce County, in memory of the first Fourth of July celebration in Washington by the Wilkes expedition in 1841. The addresses were published with contributions made by President McCormick and Secretary Gilstrap and constitute Vol. I of the Society's publications.

1907.

January 15th: W. H. Gilstrap chosen Secretary.

March: The Society receives an appropriation of $3,000 from the State Legislature.

1908.

January 21st: Revised Constitution and By-Laws adopted by the Curators.

February 20th: The Society tenders a reception to Ezra Meeker in the United States Court Room, Chamber of Commerce Building, in honor of his return from his trip across the Continent with an ox team to mark "The Oregon Trail."

September 19th: Dedication of monument at Steilacoom to mark the first Protestant Church North of the Columbia River.

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September 19th: Dedication of monument at Steilacoom to mark the first Protestant Church North of the Columbia River.

October 28th: Dedication of monument at Camp Washington, Spokane County, meeting place of Governor Stevens and McClellan in 1853.

October 29th: Dedication of monument at the Eells-Walker Mission in Stevens County.

Banquet at the Davenport, Spokane, in honor of President McCormick's birthday.

1909.

The Legislature appropriates $25,000.00 for a State Historical Society building.

February 12th: At the Christian Church, Tacoma, the Society holds a celebration in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of President Lincoln.

May-October: The Society makes an exhibit at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition.

The Society has models made of the old Legislative Hall in Olympia.

1910.

November 1st: The Historical Building Commission approves the site chosen by the Building and Grounds Committee.

December 1st: The revised plans of the architects, Bullard and Hill, were accepted and the bid of the contractors.

1911.

February 4th: Ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone of the Historical Society building. Banquet at the Commercial Club.

February 6th: Death of President R. L. McCormick at Sacramento, California.

June 23rd: The Historical Society building is accepted by the Building Commission.

July-October: The Society's collections are transferred from the Pierce County Court House to the new building.

October 7th: Formal opening.

October 7th to October 24th: Various receptions in honor of the opening.

1912.

A copy of Vancouver's journal is purchased by the Society.

November 25th: Laying of a tablet to mark the old Leg-

islative Hall at Olympia, where Governor Stevens met the first Territorial Legislature.

1913.

The Legislature appropriates $10,000 for maintenance and $8,300 for a boiler and heating plant for the Historical building.

By December this addition is completed.

October 8th: Unveiling of the Natches emigrant monument on Clover Creek, Pierce County.

1914.

February: Organization of the Tacoma Research Club of the State Historical Society.

February 25th: Reception and banquet by the Society in honor of General Hazard Stevens of Boston, son of Governor Stevens.

August 2nd: Death of Secretary Gilstrap.

August 10th: W. P. Bonney chosen Secretary.

A committee was appointed to edit the Society's historical manuscripts for publication.

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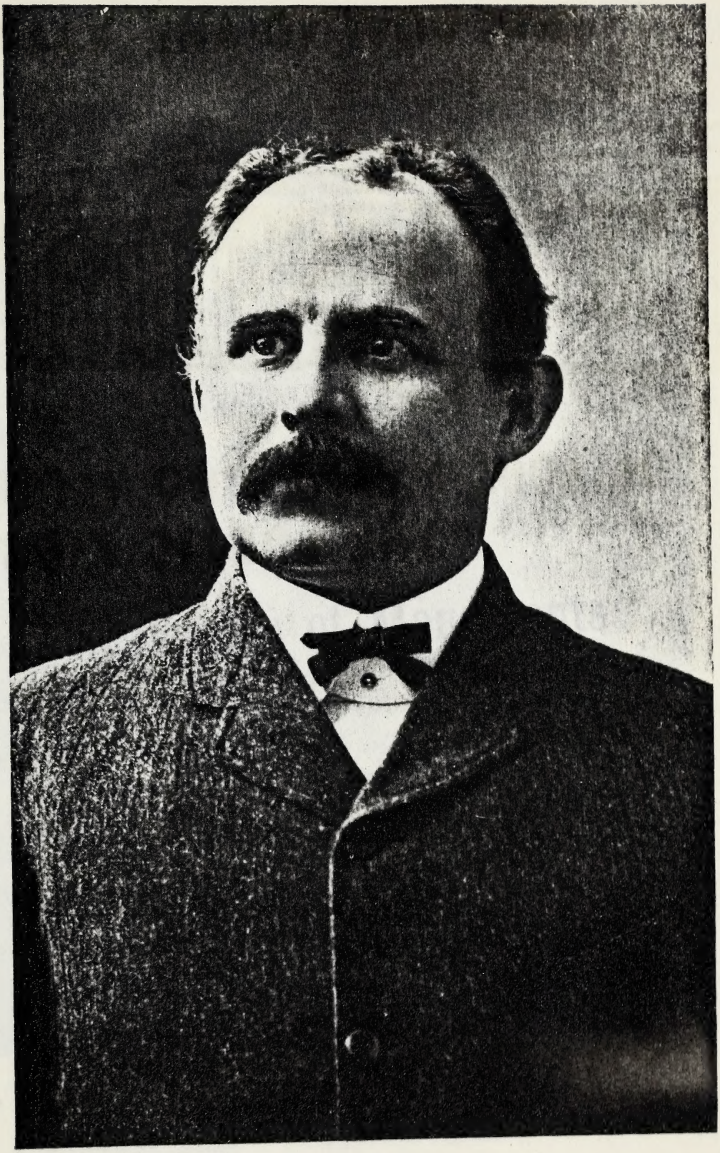
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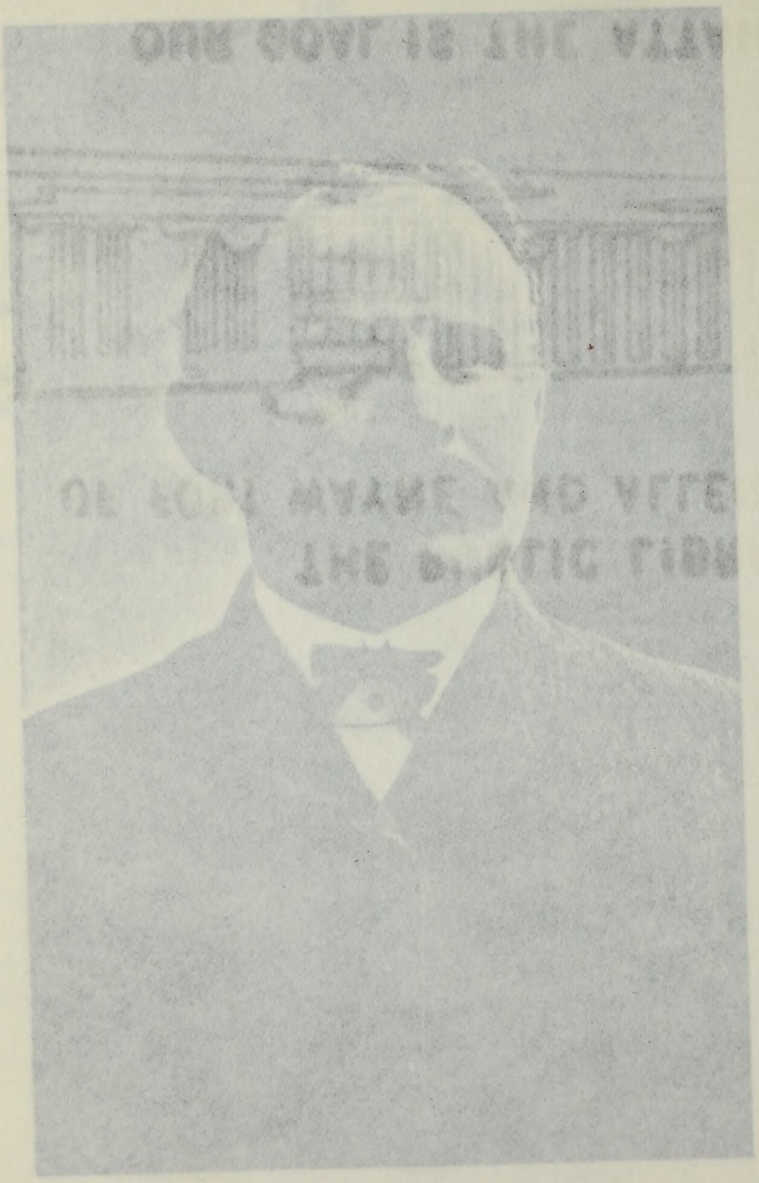
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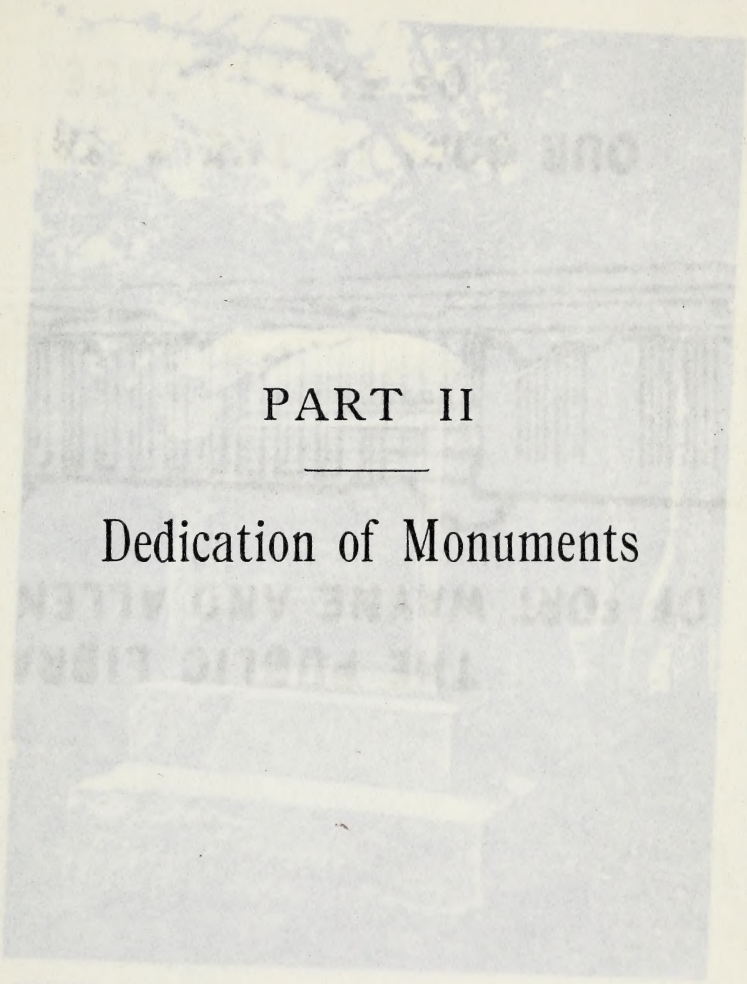
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W. P. BONNEY, Secretary



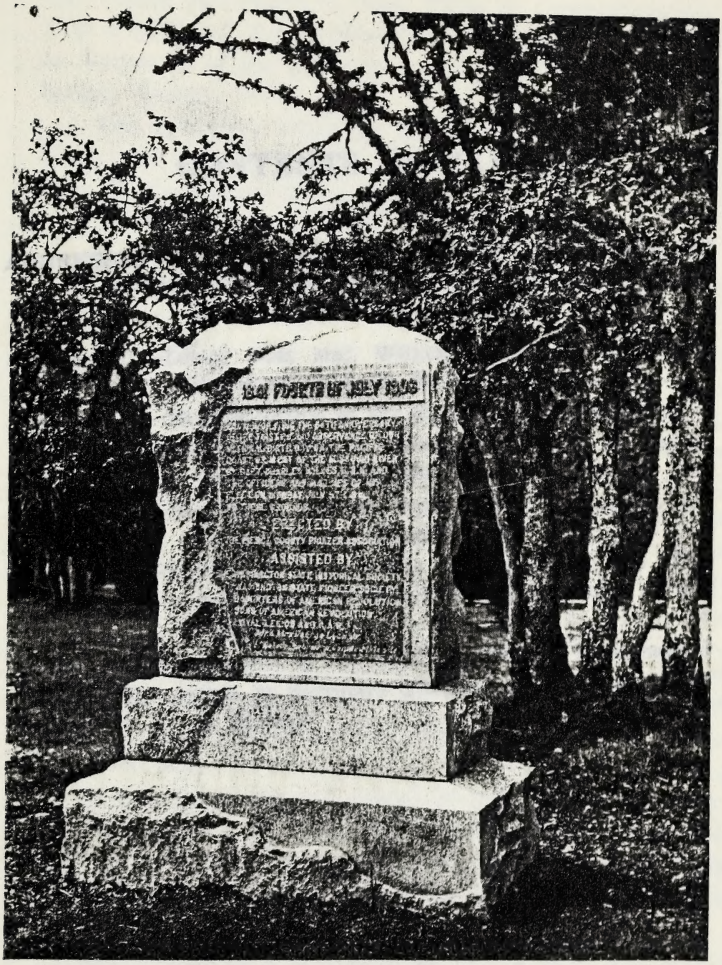


PART II

Dedication of Monuments

PART II

Dedication of Monuments



WILKES MONUMENT AT LAKE SEQUALITCHEW, Pierce County

WILKES MONUMENT AT LAKE SEQUALITCHEW, Pierce County

CONTENTS OF PART II.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WILKES MONUMENT AT LAKE SEQUALITCHEW

The addresses given on the occasion of the dedication of the Wilkes Monument in July, 1906, in commemoration of the first Fourth of July celebration in our State were published in Volume I of the publications of the Washington State Historical Society.

The following letter by Major Wilkes of Salt Lake City, Utah, was written to thank those taking part in the honor done to his father, Commodore Wilkes.

The letter is of remarkable interest.—(Editor.)

LETTER OF MAJOR WILKES, SON OF COMMODORE WILKES.

To the Pioneer Societies of the State of Wsahington:

I am under deep and lasting obligations for myself and all the descendants of Charles T. Wilkes. You have erected a monument for his acts, and to his memory, and we, his descendants, most sincerely thank you therefor. Some of you perhaps may wish to know what character of man my father, Charles Wilkes, was. He was indeed the most self-contained man I ever knew, rarely asking advice of anyone. He made up his mind quickly, and carried into execution even more quickly whatever conclusions he arrived at. Fearless in the discharge of his duty, a rigid disciplinarian, but a very just man. His type of character was on the highest plane, and he was always on that plane himself. He was a man without vice of any kind. I never even heard him swear, which can be said of but few sailor-men. In his family he was always a kind and pleasant parent, demanding obedience of his children, but in a kind and loving way. He was a true American and loved and honored his country's flag as he did his Bible. He was a scientist and astronomer prior to his taking command of the exploring expedition.

He built, owned and maintained the first observatory the United States ever had. From that observatory he fixed the meridian of Washington, D. C., as it remains today and on the maps in use.

He took command of the six ships of the exploring expe-

dition in 1838, consisting of the Vincennes, his flagship, purchased from France; the Peacock, captured in 1813 from the British by the Hornet; the Porpoise, a brig which had been in the service some twenty years; the Relief, a store ship, too old for any record of her, and two fore-and-aft schooners named the Sea Gull and the Flying Fish, purchased from the New York pilots.

I doubt very much if today any marine insurance underwriter would take the risk of a dollar on the whole outfit. Three of the ships went around the world and accomplished a wonderful amount of valuable work for the advancement of science and navigation. The officers and crew were a noble set of men. You must remember that that was over seventy years ago. The main diet of all connected with the expedition was "salt horse" and pickled pork. This was long before the days of canned goods.

They did not have forty-eight thousand pounds of turkey at Trinidad in the West Indies on Christmas Day, as Admiral Evans told me the crew of his noble squadron had on the Christmas two years ago.

Leaving Hampton Roads, Wilkes sailed to Cape Horn. In investigations off the Cape, the Sea Gull was lost with all on board, two officers and twenty men. From Cape Horn he sailed South to the Antarctic and went from there to Callao, and from there he started on the real work of the expedition.

In December, two years ago, at a banquet given by the National Geographical Society in Washington, D. C., Hon. Truman H. Newberry, the then Secretary of the Navy, said: "Lieutenant Wilkes' squadron of six wooden sailing ships, the largest being of 700 tons displacement, sailed out from Norfolk in 1838, and passed through the Straits of Magellan on its peaceful mission of exploration and scientific investigation—to mark out the pathways of commerce, over which was destined to sail seventy years later, from the same port, the magnificent fleet of today, bearing the peaceful greeting of this nation to the maritime countries of both hemispheres."

The operations of the Wilkes expedition extended over a region of ten million square miles, within which more than five hundred islands were charted, more than two thousand drawings of costumes, scenery and natural history were brought

back, together with thousands of botanical and geological specimens. Wilkes also realized the dream of his life in the discovery of a large body of land lying within the Antarctic circle, which he named the Antarctic Continent, now called Wilkesland.

From the Antarctic, Captain Wilkes returned to Sidney, New South Wales, and there he met Sir James Ross of the British navy, commanding the Erebus and the Terror, and who was preparing to go to the Antarctic. Captain Wilkes gave him a chart of the route and also advised him to strike the Eastern end of the Antarctic Continent. Sir James went and discovered the "Erebus and Terrorland" and on his return to England ignored Wilkes entirely and an unpleasant controversy arose. A few years after Ross' statements were erased by the Royal Geographic Society, and Commodore Wilkes was presented with a handsome gold medal indorsing his statements and acts. Captain Wilkes was also indorsed by the English, a German and a French navigator. The medal here referred to was on exhibition at the exposition at Seattle.

Lieutenant Shackleton, the last explorer of the Antarctic, said at the meeting of the National Geographical Society in Washington a few months ago, that he had derived great assistance from the Antarctic surveys of Commodore Wilkes and that he found his work absolutely correct. He made the same statement to my sister, Jane, in Washington City.

From Sidney, Wilkes sailed to the Fiji Islands. The Fiji group consisted of over one hundred islands. The inhabitants at that time were savages, cannibals. In surveying the islands, two of his officers, Lieutenants Woodward and Charles Wilkes Henry, were murdered by the savages on the Island of Molola. The next day Commodore Wilkes landed on the island, destroyed three of the villages and captured their king, and took him as a hostage for their good behavior in the future. He made them surrender in their own way, giving up their arms, which are now in the National Gallery in Washington, D. C.

He then went to the Samoan Islands and made a treaty with Malietoa, their king, which gave the United States the harbor of Pango-Pango with the adjoining lands. This is now the United States coaling station. From the Samoan Islands

he went to the Sandwich Islands, arriving there just as the French were about to obtain possession of those islands. With the king of those islands, his counselors and the missionaries, he succeeded in breaking up the negotiations with the French. The Sandwich Islands have ever since looked upon us as their sponsor and friend.

Subsequently, with the Vincennes, Porpoise and the Flying Fish, one of the schooners, he sailed to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and entered Puget Sound. The Peacock was ordered to take a more Southern route, to look for some islands of which Captain Wilkes had heard, but which did not exist.

Wilkes commenced his survey of your section at Commencement Bay, on which your City is located. In a few weeks the Porpoise and the Flying Fish were ordered to the mouth of the Columbia River to commence a survey there.

The survey in your section was completed on Saturday, July 3, 1841. July 4 was Sunday. On Monday, Captain Wilkes celebrated our great natal day, the anniversary of our great nation's birth.

Of this celebration I have frequently heard my father speak. The Marshal of the day was the sergeant of Marines. My father had given instructions to his officers not to give any orders to any man. All orders were to come from the Marshal. The procession was formed at the ship with the oldest jackie carrying the large flag at the head of the procession. Then came the band, two snare drums, a fife, a kent bugle and a cornet; not quite equal to the bands of today. Then came the marines, about thirty; then the jackies, about 300, and the two oxen drawing the two howitzers for the noonday salute. Then followed the Hudson Bay cart with the grog and table utensils for the banquet. The rear of the procession was brought up by Vendovi, King of the Fiji Islands, whom my father had as a prisoner, taking him to the United States. Vendovi appeared in the royal robes of the Fiji Islands, consisting of breech-clout and a white turban, and the rest as he came into the world.

You have in your Historical Society a correct account of the celebration. Suffice it for me to say that the old sailors that I saw as a boy always spoke of the Fourth of July at Nisqually as having been a splendid time. I have often heard my father say that all his crew, after three years of the most arduous work

a sailor could do, marched out of the ships in good health and ready and willing for duty, and he had no hospital ship along with him either. From the 5th to the 15th my father was loading his ships for the Columbia River.

On the 15th of July, 1841, Wilkes received a notice by runner, from Captain Hudson, of the loss of the Peacock on the Columbia River bar. He immediately got under way for the mouth of the Columbia.

While in Puget Sound the ship carpenter's gang went ashore, by my father's order, and got out masts and spars for every ship in the squadron. The gun decks and spar decks of the Vincennes were loaded with timber for the Columbia River. This was the first load of lumber that ever went out from this section.

When the fleet arrived at Vancouver, Wash., Commodore Wilkes had to provide for the officers and crew who had escaped the wreck of the Peacock and who had arrived at Vancouver. Therefore, on arrival at the Columbia River port, he did one thing never done before or since by a naval officer of the United States navy, and that was to purchase a vessel, put it in commission, and pay for it by a draft on the Treasury of the United States. This vessel was the amorphodite brig Onward, which he renamed the Oregon, and which sailed with the fleet for New York after he had changed it to a full-rigged ship.

When the fleet arrived in New York and the men were paid off, the vessels were disarmed. The Vincennes was loaded with provisions for the famine-stricken people of Ireland and she sailed for Queenstown, where her cargo was unloaded and distributed. The Porpoise and the Oregon were assigned to the coast survey. The Flying Fish was sold by Commodore Wilkes at Singapore on account of being condemned by a board of officers at that port.

More than a year afterward my father reached New York harbor with the ships in better order than when he left.

My father was in perfect accord with Whitman and Lee. I remember well, at my father's house—our home in Washington, D. C.—my impatience, as a hungry boy, at the great length of Mr. Whitman's blessing and grace offered up to the Great Father and Giver of Us All at the table.

CHAPTER II.

DEDICATION EXERCISES OF THE MONUMENT AT STEILACOOM

In the summer of 1908 subscriptions were raised for the erection of a monument at Steilacoom, Pierce County, to commemorate the building in 1854 of the first Protestant church north of the Columbia River by Rev. J. F. DeVore and others. The movement was chiefly promoted by Secretary Gilstrap and leading Methodists of Tacoma.

The call for subscriptions read as follows:

Commemorative Monument

To be erected in Steilacoom on the site where the first Protestant church was erected north of the Columbia River, by the Washington State Historical Society, Puget Sound M. E. Conference, pioneers and friends. It will be of granite, the tower to be 25 feet high, 5x8 feet at base. In it is to hang the old original bell. There is to be a drinking fountain in the park in front. The monument site, comfort seats and park covers a space 20x30 feet, and will cost about $800.00. It will represent a three-fold purpose, commemorative, utility and comfort. It is to be erected by gifts of the members of the above named organizations and their friends. Therefore contributions are solicited from all for this historical enterprise, which may be forwarded to any one of the officers of the Historical Society, or of the Conference Committee. Those who desire to assist in this commendable work are urged to do so promptly, as those having the matter in charge wish to push the work to completion by the first of September, so that it may be dedicated during Conference, which meets in Tacoma September 16, 1908.

Officers of Historical Society: R. L. McCormick, President, Tacoma; W. H. Gilstrap, Secretary, Tacoma.

Puget Sound M. E. Conference Committee: Rev. D. G. LeSourd, D. D., Tacoma; Rev. Jos. E. Williams, D. D., Bellingham; Rev. A. Atwood, D. D., Seattle.

PROGRAM

Call to Order—Ringing Old Bell .....Mrs. J. F. DeVore
(This Bell rang in the Steeple of the Old Church.)
Song—double quartet .....Led by Prof. R. B. Pease
Prayer .....Rev. Dr. Mintzer
Address of Welcome.....Hon. J. W. Slayden, Mayor of Steilacoom
Response .....Rev. Joseph E. Williams, D. D.
Historical Sketch .....
W. H. Gilstrap, Secretary Washington State Historical Society
Solo .....Miss Gertrude M. Horner
"Rev. J. F. DeVore, the Typical Church Builder" Rev. D. L. Rader, D. D.
"America's Debt to Pioneer Missionaries" .....Rev. Thomas C. Iliff
"America" .....Double Quartet leading

The dedication exercises were held the week of the meeting of the Puget Sound M. E. Conference at Tacoma, which suspended its proceedings for the afternoon of September 19 to witness the dedication exercises at Steilacoom.—W. S. D.

Hon. R. L. McCormick, President Washington State Historical Society, presiding.

Ladies and gentlemen, kindly come to order.

The first phase of the program has been already accomplished by the ringing of the old bell by Mrs. DeVore, wife of the pastor of the old church, a most appropriate opening for this occasion, commemorative of this old church and its founding and of the pastor and his family.

The program is long and I intend to say but very little myself. I am glad to be here to assist in these commemorative exercises, remembering and recalling the first movement of this particular kind in this locality, if not in fact the first movement of the kind north of the Columbia River. (Applause).

I am going to give due credit to the Mission that was located at old Fort Nisqually by this same church (Methodist) some years prior, but these seem to have been the first and the only Protestants to occupy this locality in the early days.

From the standpoint of the State Historical Society, we are not Methodists, and I would be here just as willingly to celebrate the advent and occupation of this country by the Roman Catholic church as I am today to be here to celebrate the advent of the Methodist church, but the Methodist church is the one that is entitled to this honor.

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(This bell rang in the Steeple of the Old Church.)

Song—double quartet ..... Led by Prof. R. B. Pease

Prayer ..... Rev. Dr. Minter

Address of Welcome ..... Hon. J. W. Blaylock, Mayor of Steilacoom

Response ..... Rev. Joseph E. Williams, D. D.

Historical Sketch .....

W. H. Gilstrap, Secretary Washington State Historical Society

Solo ..... Miss Gertrude M. Horner

"Rev. J. F. DeVore, the Typical Church Builder" Rev. D. L. Reader, D. D.

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It was an era in the days of the State of Washington. This was along in the early fifties, and there had been nothing in this locality except Fort Nisqually—nothing except in 1849 when the Government located Fort Steilacoom just up here on the hill. That was shortly prior to this opening of the church services here.

In 1853, on the route from St. Paul, on the Mississippi, to the Pacific Coast, there was a corps of engineers sent out by the United States Government to ascertain if there was a feasible route for building a trans-continental railroad. Along in the latter part of that year, that party reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the border of what was known as the Old Oregon Country, though at that time it was Washington Territory extending that far.

It is said that LaSalle, at the foot of a tree, planted the insignia and arms of the King of France, and in the name of Louis XIV., took possession of the country to the west that was unknown and undiscovered, in the name and for the glory of his King and France. On the summit of the Rock Mountains, on the border of the Territory, in Washington, in 1853, this corps of engineers stopped. The leader, a man that we revere all over the State of Washington today, was Stevens, and he was the first Governor of this Territory. As he reached the confines of this vast Territory of Washington, and standing, as I say, on the top of the Rockies, he dramatically, like LaSalle, took from his pocket his commission which he was carrying as Governor of the Territory of Washington, issued by this Government, and reading it, he proclaimed this country, to the west, all of it under his jurisdiction; and his engineer corps undoubtedly saluted him as Governor. It was about a month later that year, or a month earlier, about that time, that Mr. DeVore came here, and he took possession under a commission that he had, of this country, not in the name of power, not in the name of the Government, but under the banner that he carried, which was the Banner of the Cross, and in this locality, sacred to this tradition, we have met here today to commemorate his advent here, to commemorate the work he planted, and to perpetuate in solid stone for the memory of succeeding generations the names and work and services of the early pioneers of this country—whether in this case, the case of the church, as it was up on the hill, the case of the

Government with their fort up there on top of the hill; whether we may plant one as we did a few years ago (1906) on the prairie, to the memory of Wilkes and the first Fourth of July celebration held in that locality, the function of the State Historical Society is to take up and prepetuate the names and events connected with the early settlement of this country, and that is the specific purpose for which we are here, and we hope that the monuments we have erected out on the prairie to Wilkes and his Fourth of July celebration, and this one that we erect here to the church and to Mr. DeVore, are to be followed, and we expect that they will be, by monuments scattered throughout these States, wherever these events constitute epochs in the early history of the State, and in doing it to gather up all the information connected with the time and perpetuate not only by our presence here and these exercises, but to perpetuate it in print, and later to have a record of these things that will go down to future ages, and the names and events will be all of them perpetuated without any question, as we are the first and original authors of anything authoritative on these subjects.

Now, there are many here today who probably are not familiar with the history of the struggle for the conquering of this great State of Washington for the Government of the United States, and questions frequently arise as to what brought this country into the United States; who were the settlers; who were the people who gave it to the United States; is it the statesmen of the country at Washington that saved this country from the Hudson Bay Company, who were here, or from the claims made by Great Britain; was it the settler who came in under their auspices and who was liberally treated by the government? And the question is more prominently brought up today than ever before. Was it not the missionaries who came to this country in the early day and who exposed themselves and their families to all the privations of this new country; and whether it is Whitman or Jason Lee, to each of them we give honor as being here representing their respective denominations. We will get the facts and print them without prejudice, and put them before the people, and while we may give one precedence, yet we will join in the thought and in the teaching that it was to these missionaries, the people who came here, that have made life agreeable today. The French, in their settlement of the country, the Hud-

son Bay Company, the same way, were not establishing a nucleus for anything but for fur trapping and fur hunting, but when the missionary came to the new country, he settled a home and started a school and made a nucleus from which the American Stars and Stripes floated, and he is the party who really made the first permanent settlement in the country. And to these missionaries we give the honor today.

I said that I would not talk. I won't; I forgot myself. The poor you have always with you, but some distinguished gentlemen are here who will not be here again. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your presence. (Applause.)

PRAYER BY DR. MINTZER.

Oh God, our God, God of our fathers, we bless Thee this day, for this hour and for all that it means. We thank Thee for the vision; we thank Thee for the pictures upon our memories of the heroes, of the great, sturdy giants who laid the foundations of our Zion on this continent; we thank The for the Asburys, the Strawbridges and the line of illustrious men of God who pressed from the shores of the Atlantic westward, westward, westward; and oh, we praise Thee for the Lees and the Spauldings, the Whitmans and the glorious DeVore, who came across the placid waters of this great inland sea and here seeing the teeming millions soon to come, pressing their way through the unbroken forests, here to plant the standard of our King, and to erect this church; our Father, we thank Thee.

And now, in this presence and under the influence of this occasion, may we, as Thy ministers, we as Thy servants and hand-maidens, feel the touch of the vanished hand in benediction upon our heads; may the mantle of these glorious men of Methodism fall upon us who are reaping what they sowed; we thank Thee for the splendid civilization that has grown out of their toils and sacrifices; oh, God, help us, help us, lest we forget—lest we forget.

We pray Thy blessing upon this companion who shared the dangers and the sacrifice of those early days. Oh, Lord, bring her tired feet safely Home to see him and be with him in the Palace of the City of our God. Speed on, oh God, through the Spirit descending from these fathers—speed on, Lord, Thy church until West and East shall be brought to the feet of our

Lord and His Christ, and this whole continent and every hearthstone honor the King, and to Thy Name we will give the praise forever, Amen.

ADDRESS BY HON. J. W. SLAYDEN,
Mayor of Steilacoom

MR. MCCORMICK: The next number on the program will be an address of welcome from His Honor, J. W. Slayden, Mayor of Steilacoom, as well as of sundry other titles.

MR. SLAYDEN: Mr. President, it certainly is a pleasure to me to be in position to welcome you as members of the Historical Society, members of the Pioneer Society and members of the Methodist Conference, to our City today, to erect this monument on that historic spot where the first Protestant church north of the Columbia River was built, and we shall more especially welcome back to our City and back to her old home, this dear good woman who has just been ringing the bell for us.

While we are not the largest town in the State, we are pretty nearly the oldest, and we now stand very close to the place where the mighty pioneers of this State landed and set their tents and fought their battles; they not only fought their material battles, but their spiritual battles as well, for you and for me, for us who live in so much comfort and luxury today. It seems fitting that we should at least do this little thing for them, and as they received such a poor welcome, we extend a double welcome to you.

Like most of the earlier settlers we soon shall pass to that Great Beyond, but this monument you are erecting today will stand through the ages, and we welcome you—thrice welcome—to our little City. (Applause.)

RESPONSE BY THE REV. JOSEPH E. WILLIAMS, D. D.
President University of Puget Sound, 1905-7

In behalf of the members of the Puget Sound Conference, Your Honor, I desire to thank you most heartily for these gracious words of welcome; I might say, also, in behalf of the Historical Society of this State—for I have some sort of connection with that as well. And so, in behalf of this company of people who have come here this afternoon to join together in this unique service, I give you grateful thanks for these words.

There are peculiar reasons, I think, why some word of rec-

ognition should be said, and first of all, a reason lies in this, that your City of Steilacoom has not been lacking in its response to this enterprise. Though the walls of the church that was builded on yonder site more than half a century ago have crumbled away, though the bell has ceased to ring for many years to call together the worshipers under its abiding place, and though the financial interest of the Methodist Episcopal church within your town has ceased, strangely ceased to be—for you know it is an unusual thing for Methodists to lose their grip upon property and upon a city and pass to other places—though these things are true, the heart of the people of this city responded to the proposition to erect here on the original site a memorial that should stand throughout coming generations to mark the place where the first Protestant Church had been builded. And it speaks well for their intelligence, for their conception of what is proper and right, that they have lent so much of help as they have to this enterprise; for I am sure that it is true that the regard we have for those who have served us in the past, is very properly measured by our worthiness of the benefits that have come down to us. And if the heart is closed today against a feeling of gratitude, yea, or veneration, if you please, for those who labored and died in the generation gone, I think it must certainly mark a destitution of real spiritual value and worthiness of the splendid inheritance into which we have come.

I am glad to speak a word in response to these words of welcome, because this day furnishes a splendid illustration of the progress, the swift progress that the years have brought. Fifty-five years and one lone missionary; no Conference; one lone missionary, who had left his home yonder in central Illinois, crossing the weary miles, well knowing that he was digging his grave or building his monument as he came; not knowing of the possibilities that the years held; one laboring alone. Now, sir, 165 members of this Puget Sound Conference greet you, while beyond the mountain range another Conference has been erected almost equally large, and still further over another Conference, while the Mother Conference down south of the Columbia River, is larger by far than she was when John DeVore joined her ranks. Splendid growth that, I take it; growth that the God of our fathers alone hath granted us. I am glad to speak just this word because this day marks an era in the work of the church

and the work of the Historical Society memorializing and rendering and putting into enduring form the expressions of regard which we have for the work of the pioneer. It is not the work of one man that is commemorated today, although the name of one man must ever be distinctly associated with yonder shaft, but no one stands alone. DeVore could not stand alone in this, the memorializing that is being done here and elsewhere; he cannot stand alone, but that train of splendid pioneers of which he was the master spirit, all standing together, are memorialized by such shafts as that. I am glad that we have come to a day when the thought of the civilization of our time and the thought of the Christianity of our time turns itself toward putting into enduring form some expression that shall stand throughout the years as a token of regard for the heroic sacrifices that such men have made; and as other monuments are builded in other spots, historic as this, the children of the ages to come shall look upon them and there find evidence of the kind of men and women, the spirit, the caliber, spiritual and intellectual, that God put into the early work of the church throughout these parts.

I am glad, Mr. Chairman, that this day marks this new era in the thought and the life of our civilization, and hail with you with great joy an oncoming day when every such spot and every such character shall receive its just recognition. (Applause.)

Number by the University of Puget Sound Quartette.

MR. MCCORMICK: For fear there may be some misunderstanding about that quartette, I want you to understand that it is not from the State University. You might think they were selected from the large number there, of fifteen hundred or two thousand students, but these are selected from the smaller number of about four hundred of the University of Puget Sound, which I am informed, is a Methodist institution. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, a little on the secular line. We will have a sketch that I have not seen, but I approve it, because it is written by a man who is a student and who does not make statements without having the facts to corroborate them. I think that is one thing that our Historical Society prides itself upon, and justly. We may not be as eloquent as some of the

other people who pose as historians; we may not have the means to expend that some other people have, but we try to have every statement that we make under our official recognition, founded on fact, and such will be the case with any statement that appears in the address which will now be read to you by the Secretary of our State Historical Society who has been instrumental, with the Puget Sound Conference, in bringing about this day; and I question very much if among the clergy or the laity connected with the church, there has been any one more interested in seeing that these commemorative exercises were held here than our Secretary, Prof. W. H. Gilstrap, who will now address you. (Applause.)

(Paper read by Prof. Gilstrap, followed by applause.)

Mr. Gilstrap's address is not to be found in the archives of the Historical Society, but from notes preserved in his handwriting an outline of his address may be here given as follows. —(Editor.)

Rev. J. F. DeVore was born December 7, 1817. He preached the first sermon at Steilacoom August 28, 1853, and formed a Church Society there the same day. The first Quarterly Conference met at Rev. DeVore's home October 29, 1853. It reported a Sunday School of four teachers, twenty children and forty volumes in the library. There were seventeen church members. The church building was dedicated March 19, 1854, and cost $2,300. In 1859 the building was ceiled by W. R. Downey and son, R. M. Downey. The first school was taught in the church. Among those taking part in the building of the church were Rev. J. F. DeVore, W. R. Downey, O. H. White, William Van Buren, John Kraph, Sr.

Address by Rev. D. L. Rader, D. D.

Topic, "Rev. J. F. DeVore, the Typical Church Builder."

We appreciate very highly, Mr. Chairman, the work of the Washington Historical Society. You have done us great honor in entering in with us in the enterprise to perpetuate the memory of these great people. I am glad to hear you say that you are after historical facts; the facts are what we want; we would not change history; we would make some and then have it recorded as it is. History is not always what we would

like it, but we ought to take it as it is and gather what lessons we can from it, and direct ourselves by it and come to the very best results. We have not succeeded here as we ought to have done, as we would love to have done, any more than the town has. The town did not remain here, and we went away, too. The Methodist preacher usually gets in ahead of the procession, and if the procession is going toward a place, he usually goes in that direction, and if it goes the other way, he goes in the same direction.

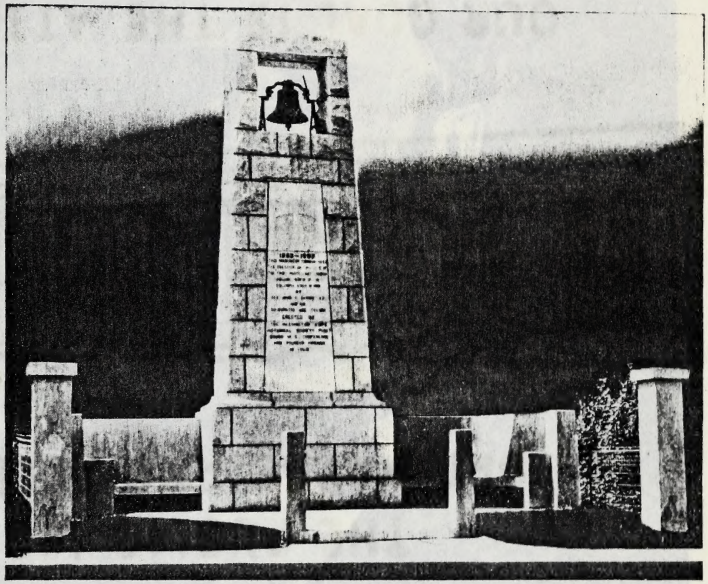
I am glad that we represent the denomination, that we belong to the denomination represented by this man DeVore. Let me go back and you may see that monuments are not built for a day. Dr. DeVore and those connected with this enterprise have enough glory; they have gone on to a land of unclouded day where there are no family ties and folks. We build monuments for the living; we want to say to our children as they pass this way and say to those who come along with them, "The people who labored here were worthy; they were worthy to have monuments erected, and that your attention might be called to them, that you may imitate their example." People are the only things of any importance; monuments amount to nothing except in the lessons that they teach, and if we hold before our children high ideals and exalt great characters, we may expect that they themselves shall, imitating these characters, come to great things.

I am glad to stand here today and believe that the men who are at the head of our great political parties in governmental affairs in the United States are worthy men, and that we can point to them with pride and say to our sons and daughters, "These people lived worthy lives, and if you are inspired by the same principles that prompt them, you will come to good ends." I am glad that such men as Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan stand at the head of the two great political parties of this country, and that they are worthy Christian men, whatever you may say of their politics. (Applause.)

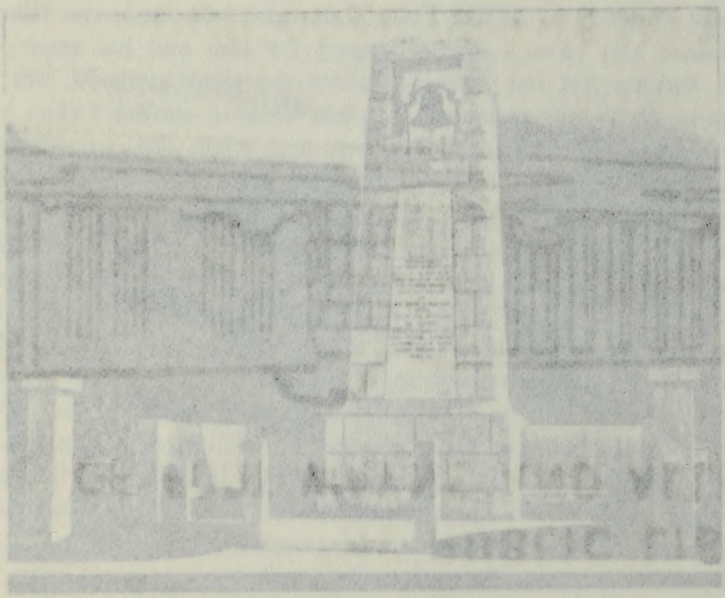
Now, this man, who is the chief Methodist in this case and whose memory is commemorated today, was well born. It is a good thing to be well born; a man cannot be any great thing

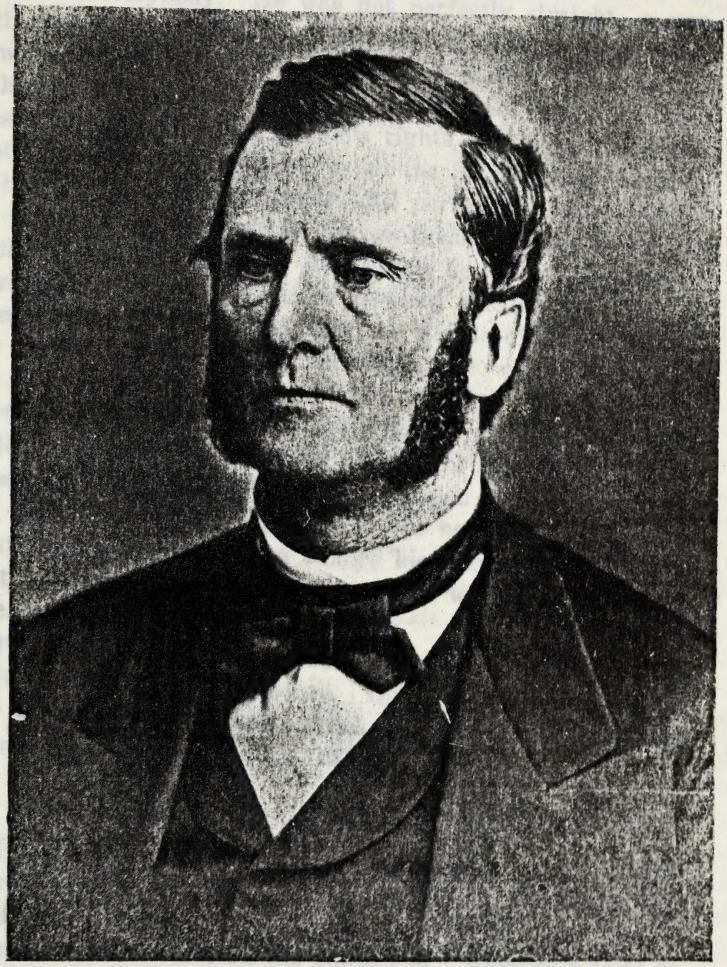
if he is not well born. In the first place, he had a healthy body, a good strong body, and virtuous people are the only people who can bring into this world good, strong, healthy-bodied children. It is a great thing to be born of people who have no bad blood in them. I do not mean by that that they do not have any human blood; I guess all human blood has something bad in it, but what I mean is diseased blood. He was born of common folks—farmers; he was reared on the farm and in that great State that has produced many orators—the State of Kentucky. I do not know of any State that has produced more orators to the population than the State of Kentucky. I am not very well acquainted with political orators, but I think it has the largest proportion of orators in its pulpits of any State I have known. He was not only well born in that he had a good healthy body, but also that he had a good strong vigorous mind and good brains. He was a well balanced man; he was not an orator; oratory is an art; a man may be a genius and not an orator, and he can be an orator, a great orator, and not a genius. A man may be an orator, a great artist, and not have much common sense, and common sense is the greatest thing in the world. I have a great deal of sympathy with the definition of sanctification, by Drummond, although I would put more to it. He said that sanctification is the best type of common sense, and I think the best type of common sense is sanctification. There is a great deal in having good common sense. This man had a good strong body, a good mind, a sound brain and then he looked out into the future and longed to be of advantage to his fellow men. He was an unselfish man, a courageous man; he was a man who did not count his life dear unto himself, nor did he count the convenience or comfort of those whom he loved as the chief thing in life. The chief thing in his mind was to do his Master's will, and follow his leading to the end. Therefore this man DeVore went across from Illinois to New York and down the Coast and across the Isthmus and came up on our Coast to this place. Now, one of the qualities of his mind will show itself in an incident, and I will prefer to bring that out now. When he was at Olympia he proposed to build a church. He was a neat man and as to dress would fill all the require-

ments of the Bishop's address yesterday. He wore good clothes and kept them clean, and because of that, there was a man up there at Tumwater who had some lumber, but he thought DeVore was such a natty, dainty man, and so nice looking, that he would not work, and he told him that he would give him all the lumber that he could throw into the water and take to the church building. Now, although he was nice and an elegant preacher, still he was a man, and a strong man. It is a good thing to have good muscle and then a determination to use it if it becomes necessary. I do not know that I would want anybody to be like Peter Cartright, who made the fellows around him have a decent respect for him and his cause; J. F. DeVore did not have to follow the same methods, but he appeared there one morning in his working clothes (when you work, you want working clothes, and when you preach, you should have proper clothes to make preaching respectable) and he took ropes and began throwing logs into the water. The man came along about noon and asked him to dinner with him, but DeVore did not have time. He ate his lunch and went back to work. It is said, and I expect it is true, that that was the last time any unbeliever ever challenged a Methodist preacher in this Western country to take all the lumber that he was willing to haul away with him in one day. The heroism of the man comes out now; he had great difficulty that night in keeping his raft from going out to sea. He piled up the lumber as long as the tide was in, and when it went out, it came near taking him and his lumber far away from Olympia to the depths, but he finally anchored it, and when he went home, he merely said that he had gotten his lumber and anchored it. He did not know that he was a hero; heroes never know that they are heroes; he was simply doing his duty and following his Master, a humble and faithful and consistent man. And he not only had the physical endurance and ability, and the necessary insight into affairs, but he was a business man. I was interested very much at the dedication of a church, in talking to one of his daughters, over near Vancouver. She told me how that father of hers in the early days when it seemed a man would not have any money, would every Fall make provision for vegetables, fruit and wood, and have everything

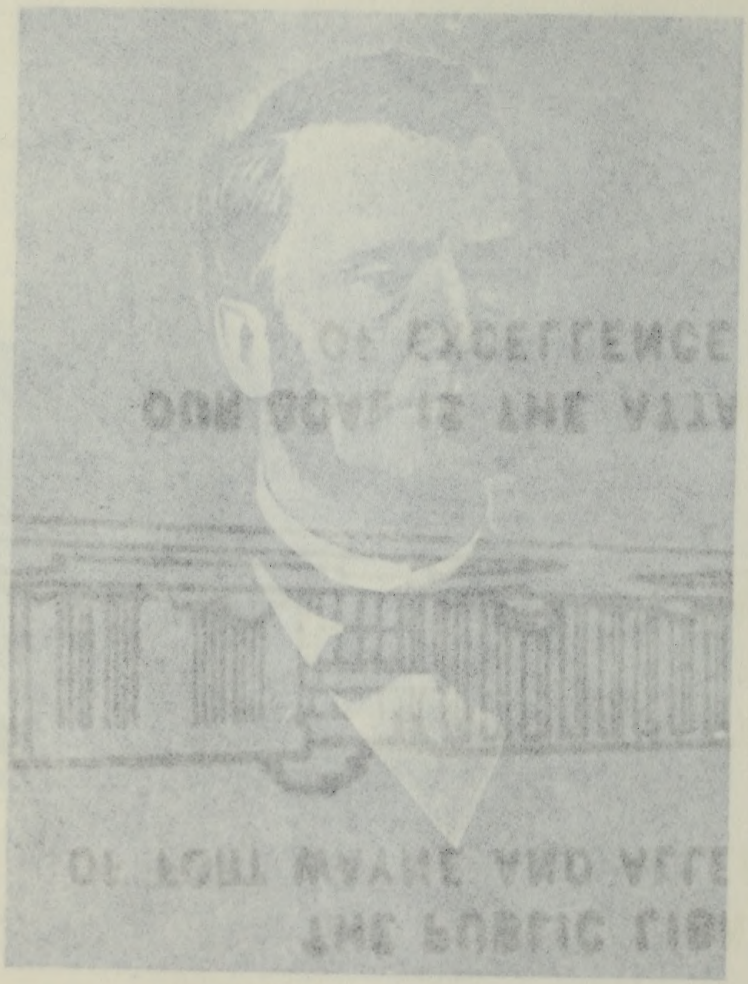


DE VORE MONUMENT AT STEILACCCM





REV. JOHN F. DE VORE



ready for winter, and then give himself to his ministry. He was a methodical man; he was an honest man; his honesty appeared in his face, blue-eyed, with light hair, tall, strong and well-knit body. With a pleasing face, he commanded the confidence of everybody. He was not perfectly straight; a perfectly straight man gives the impression of being a proud man; he was somewhat stooped and stooped a little to the side, but he had a carriage that indicated self-respect, love for other folks, deference for other people's rights, and a perfectly upright character. He attended to all the business that came to his hand with such punctuality and perfect business methods that he not only commanded the confidence of the people in his church but of everybody else; hence, he made money where others could not get it, and he inspired confidence. He saw the necessities of the people, that the people of this town not only needed a church but a meeting place where they could have their town meetings and hold political meetings and Fourth of July celebrations, and therefore built a two-story building, for a church, a school house and a public hall. He has set us an example worthy of imitation; we are proud of him. Is it ever right to be proud? We hope we are not vain. We are grateful for him, we admire his character, we hope to imitate his example, and prove ourselves worthy sons of such a sire. (Applause.)

The next address was to have been given by Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of San Francisco. Detained in Tacoma by the heavy pressure of conference duties, his place on the program was taken by the Rev. T. C. Iliff.—(Editor.)

ADDRESS OF THE REV. THOMAS C. ILIFF, D. D.

MR. MCCORMICK:—The feature that seems to be brought out prominently and principally today is the missionary feature of the settlement of the Pacific Coast, and I am glad to introduce to you to talk on the subject of "America's Debt to the Pioneer Missionaries," the Rev. Thomas C. Iliff, D. D.

Mr. Iliff spoke as follows:

You will see on the program that Bishop Hughes was to have been present and given the address. I am not Bishop Hughes. Some complimentary things have been said about

him in the papers, but I am not Bishop Hughes and never would be taken for him. Of course you are disappointed that he is not here to give the address, for he would have both interested and instructed you beyond any words I am able to use.

I am an American of the fifth generation and I am a Methodist of the fourth generation, so that I had a pretty good start, anyway. My grandfather crossed the Alleghaney Mountains from Pennsylvania ninety years ago, in 1818, and settled in the wilderness of Ohio. Among the first things that he did was to call the few neighbors together and with them cut the trees and hew the logs and build a Methodist Episcopal Church in that new country, some ninety or less years ago.

Sixty-two years ago I saw the light of day for the first time in the same section of Ohio, so that was another pretty good start—to be born in Ohio. (Slight applause.) There do not seem to be many Ohioans here. Among my early recollections, nearly three score years ago, is the pioneer itinerant as he made the rounds of his great circuit of a score of appointments, and once in six weeks reaching our neighborhood. In vision I see him coming up over that old stony clay hill, often amid pelting rain and snow and sleet, but never disappointing us—halting at that old farm house. With glad heart as a boy I hurried out to take his horse and put it in the barn yonder, counting it an honor, and then hastened to the house that I might see him seated in front of that old-time fireplace that took in one-half of the end of the log house in which I was born, and where on the winter nights we rolled in those great hickory logs and made that shining fire. I see him seated in front of it taking off those outer leggings that protected his limbs for the day's journey. Mother, with glad heart, hurries to the kitchen to clean and dry them for tomorrow's journey, and then to provide the best meal that that old home could provide, more than a half a century ago. All the good things that had been put away the fall before, in the cellar, in the bins, in the smokehouse and in the chicken coop, until the cookies from the top shelf were brought out for that early pioneer itinerant; nothing too good for him in those days. And then I recall that evening and morning worship in the old log house when he took down the Word of God and read most earnestly its prom-

ises to us, and then would lead us in singing some of those hymns that will go down in history—"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord, Is Laid for Your Faith in His Excellent Word." And then that prayer, that prayer in which he remembered every member of the household, father, mother, John, Mary, until the baby in the cradle had been prayed for and I suspect if I was in the cradle I was pretty lively all the while.

Oh, hallowed memories of the years past as they come down to some of you and you and you, and to myself, as we look back upon that early itinerant who laid the foundations for God and home and country, that have held secure until the present, both Church and State in the rapid advance Westward, Westward and Westward, to the final conquest of the whole world.

On a certain occasion, Henry Clay, that ideal American statesman, had gone with some friends to the heights of the Alleghanies and, excusing himself, he hurried yonder to a projecting rock that overlooked the valley and the country Westward, all desolate seemingly, and alone; he was observed by his friends leaning forward as if trying to catch far away sounds. Some one of the company shouted, "Senator from Kentucky, what hearest thou?" "Hear? I hear the thundering tread of the millions that will ascend and descend these mountains and the whole of yonder country, on and on and on to the setting sun."

Methinks if he has a vision from yonder clear light, he sees the fulfillment of that declaration made more than seventy-five years ago.

Back in the forties when Thomas Benton was Senator from Missouri, pleading for a railroad from the river to the Pacific Ocean, waving his hand Westward, Westward, he shouted to the Senators, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, yonder is the East." Methinks if he, too, has a vision from yonder clear light, he sees the fulfillment of that declaration made more than sixty years ago.

When Grant grasped the hand of Lee at Appomattox and said, "Let us have peace," the total population west of the Mississippi River in round numbers was four million. Today the total population west of the Mississippi River in round

numbers is thirty million. What bounds and leaps in a little more than forty years—from five to thirty million! But when there were only five million people west of the Mississippi River, there were less than one thousand Methodist Episcopal churches, but today when there are thirty millions of people, there are more than nine thousand Methodist Episcopal churches west of the Mississippi River; but when J. F. DeVore fifty-one years ago crossed the Mississippi River, the total number of Methodist Episcopal Churches throughout the United States was only five-thousand, three hundred; today the total number of Methodist Episcopal churches throughout the United States is little less than thirty thousand, and when there were but five thousand Methodist Episcopal churches half a century ago, there were only six hundred thousand members of the Methodist Episcopal church. Now, there are over three million members of the Methodist Episcopal church, and if you add to that the great division that went from us, the Methodist Episcopal South, there are almost five million of this mighty army of the Wesleys that have through the pioneer Methodist preachers been laying the foundations for the Republic, as well as for Christianity throughout this entire land.

May I say—for I must not detain you—that my entire ministerial life has been that of a pioneer. I joined the Ohio conference in 1870 and almost immediately was appointed a missionary to what was then termed that great Inter-Rocky Mountain Region. My commission from the Board in New York and the Bishop in charge read like this: "We turn you loose in the Rocky Mountains; (Applause) the British Possessions on the North, old Mexico on the South, the Missouri River on the East and the Pacific Ocean on the West, and we expect you to do something." They gave me a big enough circuit, and in those days, thirty-eight or thirty-nine years ago, there was not much danger of building on another man's foundation. I think when I left my native home, Mother DeVore, I got the best girl all Ohio ever gave to a Methodist preacher, or anybody else. I can say that as your dear husband did not get you in Ohio (A voice, "She came from Ohio.") Well, I class you with my wife, then. We went from the church in which we were married immediately to the train, and by rail twenty-four

hundred miles, as far as we could get by rail, for no railroad bridge spanned the upper Missouri; and I was introduced for the first time to one of those old Rocky Mountain six-horse Concord stages, made originally to hold nine people on the inside, but on this occasion they crowded twelve in there and put as many more on top and in the boots, and for six days and six nights, stopping only long enough to take a scanty meal and change horses, we climbed the mountain ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and then down the canyons, over the plains. We will never forget that part of our wedding journey. Some of the time we were on the seat, but a whole lot of the time we were above the seat and under the seat and mixed up with the other passengers. After such travel for some eight hundred miles, we rolled into a little town away yonder near the British Possessions, Northeast of here, with two hundred white people, and five or six thousand wild, and many of them hostile, Indians. Of course, there wasn't any Methodist parsonage or church to welcome the missionary and his bride. Indeed, the nearest Protestant church West of us was at Walla Walla, some three hundred miles, and South of us, Boise City, three or four hundred, and North of us there was not anything this side of the North Pole. Of course, the first thing necessary was to build a church in which to gather the people and the children. I sat down and wrote to dear Chaplain McCabe, who was then in the office I am now trying to fill, and gave him something of the situation. You can well imagine his response. "Why," he said, "that is the work of the great Methodist church—sending missionaries to every settlement throughout the whole land, and to build a church from the gates of despair to the gates of glory." You know how we did it. He said, "You raise fifteen hundred dollars and we will send you our draft from the Board for five hundred dollars." That in a town of two hundred people—not a pronounced Methodist in the town. There were one or two who had the courage to say, "We used to be Methodists east of the Missouri, but have not worked much at it out here." But in all such communities you will always find big-hearted men and women who are not Methodists, but know they ought to be. One man who was a banker, merchant and lawyer, had not

been in a Protestant church for twenty-one years; he had drifted across the plains, but his mother was a blessed Methodist in New England. That gave me hope. So I hurried to his office, after praying about it, and asked him to read my letter. He said, "Why, they must think we are a lot of heathen out here, to be sending us money; I don't suppose I will ever go into this building; I will have to go further West; too much civilization here." I said, "Isn't your mother a blessed Methodist back in New England?" That it touched his heart, as it will any callous heart, and his eyes filled and his lips quivered and I thought it was a good time to hand him a subscription which I had prepared. He said, "You don't expect me to sign that first; didn't I say I didn't belong to the church," and "Didn't I tell you that your mother was a blessed Methodist; you are going to do something for her." So he wrote in bold letters, "Frank L. Worden," and then I watched him while he put the figures down. First he wrote a "5," and I said, "Oh, Lord, don't let him stop there;" then he put down another figure, and then he put down another. That five hundred dollars didn't build the church, but his mother was a glorious Methodist back in New England, and that tells the story.

A word more. Just as I was about beginning the building of that church, one day I met a good Presbyterian driving his team. They hadn't any church within a hundred miles and so he attended our services. I say he was a good Presbyterian; he had been away back East—by the way, they do not backslide, so he was still a good Presbyterian. He said, "If I thought you knew how to drive and take care of a good team of horses, I would let you have mine while I am gone for the summer." Then I was glad I had been born and brought up on a farm. I took the lines and the whip and turned Jehu and drove furiously around the gulches and the corners, until he said, "Let me out; you may have the horses." So we drew the stone for the foundation, having dug them out of the mountains, and the lumber from the hills to the river. I had some experience getting the necessary lime. The only kiln was twenty miles down and across the river. The nature of the stream is indicated by its name, being called "The Hell Gate River." We drove down there in an Indian canoe in

safety and loaded the lime in sacks, and swung back into the stream. We struck the main current hurrying down and it began to keel. I said, "My friend, can you swim?" He said, "No," and I said, "You stay in the stern." I jumped out and held the boat and directed its course, struck the bank on the right side, loaded the lime and drove home about 3 o'clock in the morning. But late, or early, as it was, my wife, who was all alone, was really glad to see me; only married just a few months. Some days after that a great Indian Chief stalked into the house. He spoke some broken English, and by signs made himself understood. "I have come to make you a present," he said to my wife, "You have been good to my old squaw, while I have been fighting the Sioux; you have furnished bread and potatoes." So he ran his hand down into his sack and took out six Sioux scalps and slapped them down on the table. She did not appreciate them, but to that Indian those scalps were more than robes or gold or silver. In closing, let me say that some of those scalps were put to a good use, for Chaplain McCabe wrote to my wife and said, "Send me some of those Indian scalps; I can use them over East here." And he took them East and swung them over the heads of the wealthy congregations until he made them see and feel that they must build a Methodist church in every place West of the Missouri; and if anybody could convert Indian scalps into greenbacks, it was Chaplain McCabe.

In that town where the pioneer missionary entered thirty-eight years ago, is the site of the great Montana State University from which hundreds of young men go out all over this mountain and Pacific Coast country. That could be multiplied here until you could see that these States have been made fast and secure, and the whole nation made infinitely more fast and secure by the early pioneers that climbed the Rocky Mountains and went down their Western slopes, crossed the prairies and the mountain fastnesses, planted churches, the Cross of Jesus Christ and the flag of our country; and now we come as older men to hand down to you the church, the country, the flag and the Cross, and say to you young people forever and forever, "Hold secure the Cross of Jesus Christ and the flag and the Union." (Applause.)

CHAPTER III.

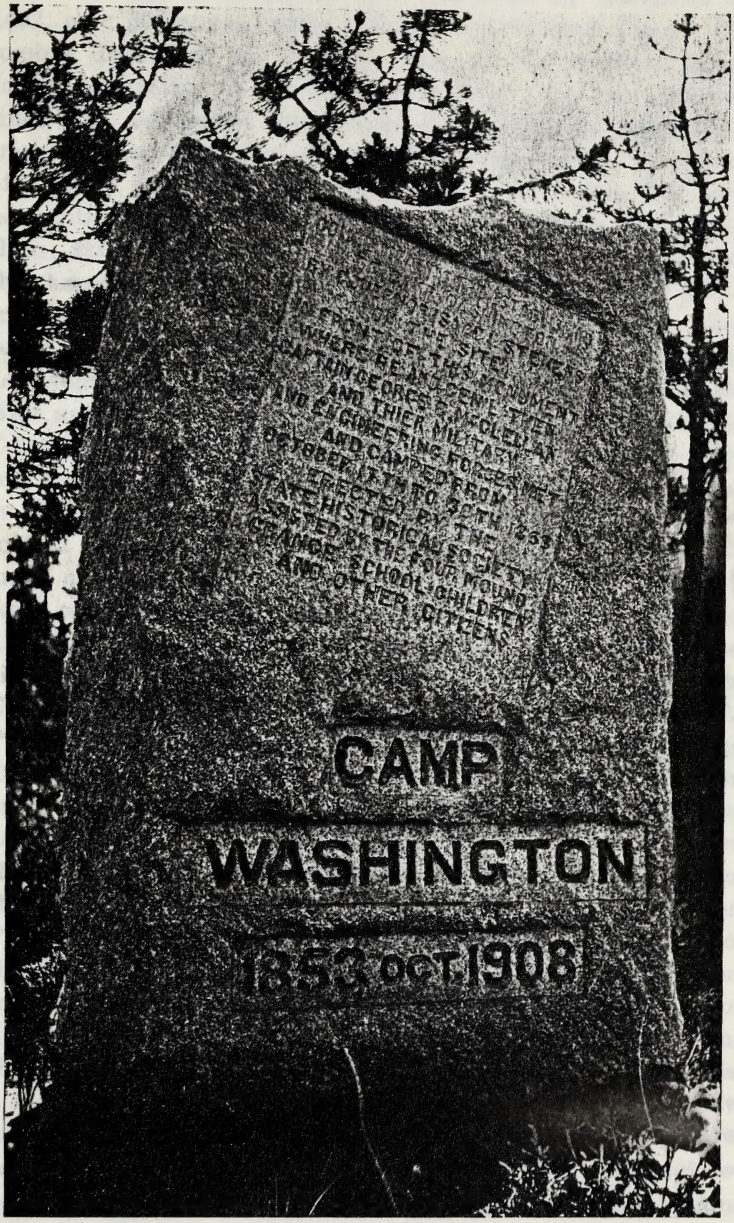
COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES AT CAMP WASHINGTON

Four Mound Prairie, Spokane County, October 28, 1908.

At 11:30 o'clock a. m., the meeting was called to order by President McCormick and opened by music by the Fife and Drum Corps, with First Battalion Companies A, B, C, and D, from Fort George Wright, Washington, Major Maury Nichols in command.

The meeting was then addressed by President R. L. McCormick as follows:

Fellow Citizens:—We have come together to participate in exercises to commemorate the camping on these grounds in the year 1853 of the first Territorial Governor of the Territory of Washington. That year, 1853, that marked the development, or the initiative of development in this now great Commonwealth, Washington. The Hudson Bay Company was the largest factor then existing in the State; they had posts scattered around, one at Vancouver, Washington, which is now the headquarters of the Military Department of the Columbia; another at Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound; another at Walla Walla, and another at Colville, North of us. This Territory had been under the joint occupation by British and American interests, sometimes shown openly, yet working together peacefully; there had never been an open outbreak and this country was settled finally by right of discovery to the ownership of the Americans, the citizens of the United States, and became a part of our country. There is one thing that is very interesting, which I will recount at the risk of repetition. This section of the country from the top of the Rocky Mountains to the Sound was called the Old Oregon Country. It was first discovered by boat, then later when Captain Gray came through and landed in Gray's Harbor and went up the Columbia River to Vancouver and came to Puget Sound. That was not so very long ago, in 1792, and this whole continent



MONUMENT AT CAMP WASHINGTON, Spokane County

MONUMENT AT CAMP WASHINGTON, Berkeley County

as far as this is concerned was discovered by Columbus in 1492, only 300 years before. This is the Western Coast. Columbus discovered the Eastern. One of the proudest things for the citizenship of this country—the men who have followed since 1792 and settled this section of the country, endured the trials and the privations and the hardships common to the lot of a newly settled country, can look back over what they have accomplished and see the evidences of prosperity all around them; they can look on "Old Glory" as being the only flag that has ever floated with authority over this Old Oregon Country. (Applause) France came from the East, up the St. Lawrence, and her flag floated all over that country and down to Louisiana by way of the Mississippi; the British came to the East and along the Eastern Coast; their flag floated over the Colonies; but this country was never—this section of the country from the Rocky Mountains across West to Puget Sound, or the Pacific Ocean—was never owned by any foreign power so that we have a unique distinction here and one that should make us participate in patriotic exercises and recall these efforts of settlement that were made by our early settlers and discoverers, and the early citizens of this country, with especial pride. Our exercises here commemorate the day when Governor Stevens made his first camp as he came West from St. Paul at the head of an Engineer Corps, when General George B. McClellan, in direct charge of those men who were in the army. McClellan was then a young fellow of 27 years of age; he afterwards rose to the distinction of being commander of the army of the Potomac during the Civil War, was one of the great volunteer soldiers, as well as having been a West Pointer of that epoch. Our General Stevens in command of the detachment by authority of being Governor of Washington, was really in charge of the party. He, too, rose to distinction during the Civil War, and we have some pride in remembering that away here on the frontier in a country that could not raise a regiment of men to send to the Civil War, that we did have one regiment in the First Washington, but only had three companies of our own citizens in that regiment, although we got the benefit of the First Washington. The Washington boys were taking care of their reputations at that time very

well. Governor Stevens tendered his services during the Civil War and lay down his life on the battlefield at Chantilly as Major-General Stevens. So that we had a part even in that struggle so far away from us; and I think that in our lives we are liable to think we have nothing in the way of romance, nothing in the way of character, nothing in the way of accomplishment in the circle in which we live, and that the great and glorious deeds and the heroic deeds of life are being done by somebody else, in some other section of the country. These two men, Stevens and McClellan, together on this expedition, had been for six or seven months coming from St. Paul across the country and surveying the route for a Northern railroad. There was no railroad across the continent at that time and this survey that was made by Stevens and McClellan has been utilized since, and I am told that the Northern Pacific Railroad runs the one line that Stevens ran, and the other supplementary line that he ran is covered by the Great Northern Railway. So that his work was thorough, and for the opportunity that he had at his limited command in this entirely new country he conclusively demonstrated the two best routes in existence across from St. Paul to the Pacific Ocean.

There are many things that occurred in 1853 when this camp was made here, this being the first one in the State of Washington. We participated recently in erecting a monument on Puget Sound near old Fort Nisqually, at Fort Steilacoom, only a few weeks ago, and that was to the preservation of the memory of the first Protestant church built North of the Columbia, and we had a very interesting occasion. It was peaceful and quiet; it was a church occasion and not filled, as this one is, with the names of men who have become National characters. Thus in Peace and in War we had records of men of action; they were men who did things. Stevens himself has a reputation for being very quick in temper, not ready to wait and listen to suggestions from subordinates, but Stevens was a man, and he always made good, whatever may have been said of him. It was said that he was even addicted to drinking and that he did some very foolish things, and that some of the things he has accomplished were done under the influence of liquor. I feel that with the perfect record he made in this

country, coming in as Governor, acting as Indian Agent, making treaties with all of the tribes in this section, and accomplishing everything that he attempted, that if I had some of that same stuff to feed to our boys, I would risk the chances and let them do something instead of sitting back to criticise and find fault with the men who have done something. (Applause.)

I do not mean by that that I believe in intemperance; far from it; I say that merely as a defender against this criticism of the men who do things. Governor Stevens was able to accomplish things, both in Peace and in War.

I have heard an old gentleman on the Pacific slope find fault with Governor Stevens and say that he did not do this and that properly. The presence of these boys here from the Coast makes me think of the position I took at that time, and that is that Stevens with all his faults never failed to do what these soldiers do here; what they have before them ever in their line —which is to do their duty and do it always and do it so that it accomplishes results. There are no people in any business or profession who have this line of duty put so strongly to them as the boys who carry the muskets and follow the flag of our country. I said then and I say today, although Stevens was not perfect, and we are none of us perfect, that he accomplished results and that whatever he may have shown in the way of quick temper, whatever he may have shown in the way of arbitrary action, or whatever weakness he may have exhibited, he paid the highest price that any American citizen can pay when he lay down his life and gave it to his country on that battlefield at Chantilly on September 1, 1862. And I never want to hear any one criticise this great man of small stature but of big mind in my presence, without expecting to have Stevens defended.

These young men, Stevens and McClellan, had met before; this was not their first expedition. They had met at Vera Cruz when the army invaded Mexico; they followed that army through every battle from Cerro Gordo into the City of Mexico, and thus at their first acquaintance learned to know and appreciate each other.

I just want to refer to one more soldier who was a citizen

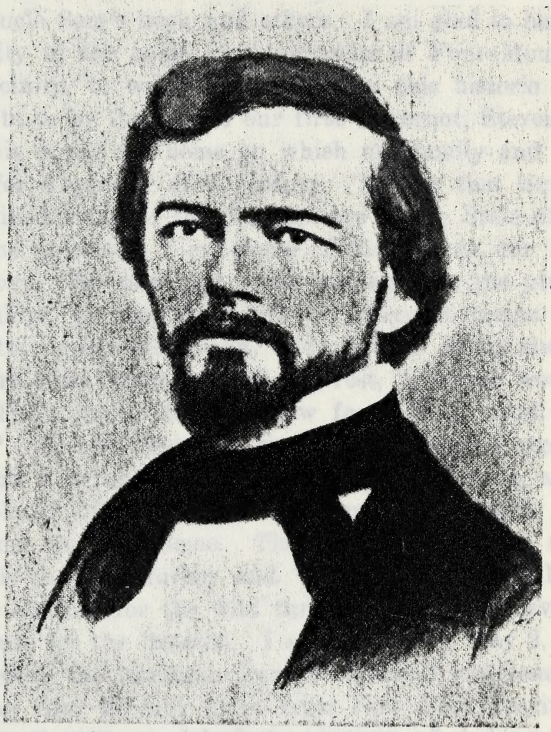
of the State of Washington. That was George E. Pickett, who held the fort at Bellingham and San Juan Island against the British when they came over there. He was another of those Mexican soldiers who from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico followed this same flag. Later he resigned his position with us and went over and fought gloriously and bravely with the Confederates. He was one of their greatest generals and led one of the most famous charges of the Civil War against us and against the army he had been with. I do not for one moment indorse his course in leaving his flag and fighting under the stars and bars, but I pay to him, as to Stevens, as to McClellan and as to all of the men who fought gloriously and bravely in this country, even though misguided enough to get away from us during the period of the Civil War—I pay this tribute to their bravery, their courage and the courage of the American soldier, who has never faltered, to the American soldier who has never yet in the course of our experience failed to do his duty on the battlefield. (Applause.)

I have no set speech and I did not intend to talk as much as I have. My business here is to preside over this assemblage, yet I wish to say to the gentlemen who are here with me on the platform, to the citizens who are here, that to me there is something very inspiring in calling up the deeds and acts of the men who preceded us; the deeds and acts of the men who were good citizens, who were pure patriots, who did their duty and had ability enough to discharge it for the benefit of the future generations.

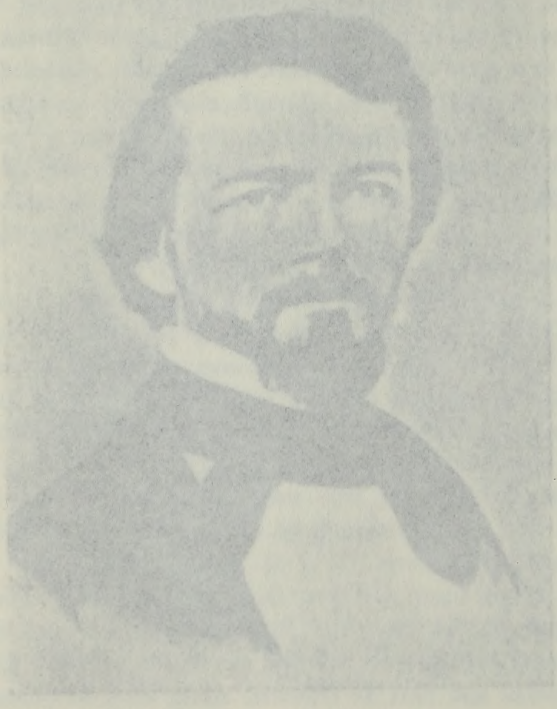
I will now ask you to give attention while we have a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Pringle, who is one of the oldest citizens of this section of the country. I heard him say a few moments ago that he traveled along here 60 years ago with the rescue party that came up from Walla Walla as one of the soldiery to rescue Missionaries Eells and Walker from the Tshimakain Mission. As he comes back today, what a difference he sees between this Four Mound Prairie and the conditions that existed before any one lived here. The Rev. Mr. Pringle will now offer prayer.

(Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Pringle.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program will



GOV. ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS



be an address of welcome by Mr. Owen B. Gilstrap. (Cousin to Secretary Gilstrap.)

Mr. Gilstrap spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am glad to have the opportunity of welcoming so distinct a gathering as I see before me this morning; the old pioneers, the members of the Washington Historical Society, our honored Governor and Judge Hanford, Colonel Febiger with Uncle Sam's boys, and others. I am glad to have this opportunity in the name of the citizens of Four Mound Prairie and vicinity, to welcome you here to this historic spot made sacred to us by the acts of our first Governor, Stevens.

This is my old home on which my family and I have resided for a quarter of a century. During that time we have entertained many of the old pioneers of the State of Washington; one especially I remember, Father Louis, for he told me this story. He said that while coming over the plains in the early days, he saw hundreds of emigrant trains coming to settle this great Northwest, and that he could always tell a Missouri train from any of the rest, for they would always say, "Hello there, stranger, how far is it to wood, water and grass." He said they always wanted the three together.

And I, being a native of that good old State, and finding here plenty of wood, water and grass, I thought this would make me an ideal home. The only thing I have missed real badly is the wild turkey and 'possum. I could substitute the prairie chicken for the wild turkey, but I have never found a substitute for the 'possum. I settled here on May 2, 1882. That was before the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed. I saw the first through train from New York bearing General Grant and party, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with him and to hear patriotic speeches by Robert Lincoln, William M. Evarts and others. I was here when General W. T. Sherman made his tour through the Northwest. The General camped his men just over the Mound, we having fenced up the camp to protect us from the annoyance of Indians, and had partially cut down the grove to build yonder barn. Afterwards I cut down the large trees into wood. I was told by Chief Gary that this had been the camping ground for the In-

dians for hundreds of years, and judging from the fact that all the old Indian trails centered here on this spot and the further fact of their sweat houses lining the lake, and other evidences, I really believed what he said. He said the Indians used to come out here to dig Camas and go to the lake to catch fish of about two fingers in length. Now I drained the little lake when I came here and never learned how to dig Camas, but I have eaten rutabaga pie and glad to get it.

A short time ago I was on the West side of the mountains visiting relatives over there and found Professor Gilstrap engaged in this historical work. I related to him some of the old traditions handed down to me by the Indians and the old pioneers and asked him to investigate over on this side. I have driven the Professor for miles and days in establishing these old historic sites and in his research for historical sites, and I am glad to see his labor crowned by the unveiling of this monument here today. He certainly deserves great credit, and now, Mr. Chairman, I wish to thank the citizens of Four Mound Prairie and vicinity, the schools and the Grange for assisting me in raising a partial fund for this monument, because our crops have been small this year although our hearts are as large, warm and patriotic as ever, and we are glad to welcome you. (Applause.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—We will next be favored with a response to this cordial welcome by Judge Hanford of the Federal Court of the United States.

The address of Judge Hanford does not appear among the papers preserved of this event—Editor.

MR. MCCORMICK:—The school children will now give us a song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

(Song rendered by school children.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program will be the number that we especially devote our attention to as the Washington State Historical Society. The other numbers are good; they are equal probably to the number which will be presented next, but it is the official statement of the events that we commemorate, and I take pleasure in introducing to you the Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, who will give us a historical sketch of these events, Mr. W. H. Gilstrap.

ADDRESS OF SECRETARY GILSTRAP.

In order to make an intelligent sketch of this locality which we are today marking and dedicating, it will be necessary to give some history leading up to the time when Governor Isaac I. Stevens named these historic grounds "Camp Washington."

It has been and no doubt is today, in the minds of many a debatable question as to who saved the Old Oregon Country to the United States. However, in our discussions and meditations along these historic lines we must not overlook the fact that our National Government has always taken an interest in this Northwest; that they in pioneer days sent out to this, then far-away Northwest, three great expeditions within fifty years, expeditions, so far as great and good results are concerned, which are not surpassed by our own or any other nation. They were not expeditions of war or conquest, but all were sent on peaceful missions, to explore and survey the great highways of land and sea; to extend commerce, science and knowledge. The first of these was that great exploring party sent out under the leadership of Lewis and Clarke, an expedition which took many months of weary travel over thousands of miles of unexplored regions to reach the Pacific Ocean. And, after wintering on this Coast, it took them many months to retrace their steps to Washington, D. C., where they made a report of the great achievement they had accomplished. The results of that expedition opened up the way for the fur trader, the missionary and the pioneer settler.

Washington, Oregon and Idaho, the States comprising the "Old Oregon Territory," should erect a suitable monument to commemorate that great event and to honor the men who so faithfully accomplished the work given them to do.

The second was that most marvelous of all naval exploring expeditions under command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, afterward Commodore Charles Wilkes. That expedition sailed from Hampton Roads, August 17, 1838, and reached the waters of Puget Sound May 1, 1841, almost three years after sailing from the Atlantic Coast. That expedition accomplished a marvelous amount of work during their two months' stay in "Old Oregon." In addition to surveying Puget Sound with all its channels, their land explorations were from Astoria and

Willamette to Fort Colville and from Puget Sound to Lapwai, now Lewiston, Idaho.

On the fifth day of July, 1906, the State Historical Society and the pioneers of Puget Sound very appropriately commemorated the work of the Wilkes expedition by unveiling a monument on the site where he and his marines celebrated the Fourth of July in 1841, the first Fourth of July celebration ever held West of the Missouri River.

The third and last great expedition sent out to the Pacific Northwest by our National Government was in 1853, under the leadership of Governor Isaac I. Stevens. One of the first acts of President Pierce after his inauguration was to send the name of Major Isaac I. Stevens to the Senate as Governor of Washington Territory, which had just been formed by Congress. He was confirmed and his commission was issued March 17, 1853. Among his first acts, Governor Stevens on March 31 applied for Brevet Captain George B. McClellan, then in Texas, to be "at once assigned to duty with me as my principal officer. I design to put him in charge of the exploration of the Cascade Range," said Governor Stevens in his application. On April 5, 1853, he addressed the following to Captain McClellan:

"My Dear McClellan:—I have succeeded in securing your detail to take charge of the Western party of the Northern Pacific Railroad Survey.

"The third party, under your command, will be organized in the Puget Sound region, you and your scientific corps going over the Isthmus and will operate in the Cascade Range, and meet the party coming from the Rocky Mountains. As soon as my force is at work in these mountains I shall push forward with a small reconnoitering force and find you, and after a conference with you, arrange the entire plan of operation.

"The expedition will be altogether the most complete that has ever set out in this country, and if we are true to it, the results will be satisfactory to the country.

"Recollect the main object is a railroad survey from the headwater of the Mississippi River to Puget Sound."

Governor Stevens also obtained the detail for his survey

of Lieutenant H. J. Donelson of the Engineer Corps, and ten non-commissioned officers and men of the Engineer Company, also Lieutenant Beekman DuBarry of the Third Artillery. The entire force under Governor Stevens' command for the exploration comprised eleven officers and seventy-six enlisted men of the army, thirty members of the Scientific Corps, and one hundred and twenty civilian employes, teamsters, packers, guides, herders, etc., altogether some two hundred and forty. Of these there were in the western or McClellan's party, eight officers, twenty-eight soldiers and thirty-eight civil employes, making in all seventy-four.

Immediately on crossing the divide, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, Governor Stevens issued his proclamation declaring civil Territorial Government extended and inaugurated over the new Territory of Washington. Then he heartily welcomed the members of the party to his new home.

We make the following quotation from Stevens' reports: "October 17, leaving camp, Antoine, Osgood, Stanley and myself turned from the trail to visit the falls of the Couer d'Alene River, while La Vatte took the train ahead on the trail to the Spokane House. The road to the Spokane House was over a sandy prairie, interspersed with groves of pine. Crossing a dividing ridge with high and steep banks, we came into the prairie in which the Spokane House is situated, in which were two Indian Villages. The train we found a mile below the junction, across the Spokane. The Indians indicating a good camp some distance beyond, we moved on eight and a half miles to it, which we reached half an hour before sun-down. Here there was good grass and plenty of water, and we soon made up a large campfire. After arranging matters in camp, I observed about nightfall a fire down towards the river, and, strolling down to the place, came upon a little camp of Spokane Indians. and found them engaged in religious services, which I was glad of an opportunity to witness. Their exercises were, first, address; second, Lord's prayer; third, psalms; fourth, benediction, and were conducted with great solemnity.

"October 18—A Spokane ..... breakfasted with us this morning, and we started to Colville at 8:30 o'clock. After riding till 10 o'clock, we were joined by an old Indian who

stated that a large party reached the banks of the river opposite Colville yesterday, and they would cross today. I was satisfied from his accounts that the party was McClellan's and accordingly determined on going to Colville tonight. Antoine has horses half way. At 12 we lunched and rested until 2 o'clock, and then set out.

"At 4:15 we reached the ferry, where we were detained fifteen minutes. At 4:45 we met Jack, Lieutenant MacFeeley's guide; he told us it was twenty-eight miles to Colville, and that we could not reach there tonight, but being determined to do so, we pushed on and reached Brown's at 5:45, who informed us that the distance was eighteen miles. After partaking of some bread and milk, we resumed the road with the same animals, dashing off at full speed, going eight or nine miles an hour most of the way, and reached Colville at nine o'clock. Mr. McDonald, the trader in charge, gave me a most hospitable reception, and addressed a note to McClellan, who had just gone to his camp near by, informing him of my arrival. McClellan came up immediately, and though I was fairly worn out with the severeness of the ride, we sat up till one o'clock. I retired exhausted with the fatigue of the day."

The distance from Camp Washington to Colville is about ninety miles and the Governor made it in twelve hours and a half; that is what we in these days would call "going some."

After spending two days at Colville, the Governor, accompanied by McClellan and his party, moved South in three marches to a camp six miles South of the Spokane River, named Camp Washington.

"October 25.—Having left necessary directions for moving camp to the place of meeting with Donelson, Captain McClellan and myself accompanied Garry to Spokane House.

"From the Chemakane mission the train left the river, and passing through a rolling country covered with open pine woods, in five miles reached the Spokane River and, crossing it by a good winding ford, ascended the plain, and in six miles, the first two of which was through open pine, reached 'Camp Washington.'

"October 26, 27, 28 and 29.—During these days I was occupied at our camp (Camp Washington) in making the ar-

rangements for moving Westward. Lieutenant Donelson arrived on the 28th, and we all sat down to a fine supper prepared for the occasion. All members of the exploration were in fine spirits; our table was spread under a canopy, and upon it a great variety of dishes appeared, roasted beef, bouillon, steaks and an abundance of hot bread, coffee, sugar and our friend McDonald's good cheer. But the best dish was a beef's head cooked by Friend Minter in Texas fashion. It was placed in a hole in the ground on a layer of hot coals, with moss and leaves around it, to protect it from dirt, and then covered up. There it remained for five or six hours, when removing it the skin came off without difficulty, and it presented a very tempting dish and was enjoyed by every member of the party."

Having given the necessary instructions to McClellan and Donelson to proceed with their parties to Walla Walla, thence to the Dalles, Vancouver and Olympia, making careful surveys of the country on the route, Governor Stevens with his small party pushed on ahead, having Garry and his brother as guides. Starting late in the afternoon of the 29th they journeyed thirteen miles over undulating hills and high table lands, and encamped upon a small stream called Se-cule-eel-qua, with fine grass and fertile soil. That site is near the present town of Deep Creek.

"October 30.—We commenced to move at sunrise and at 3 p. m. encamped on a small lake twenty-two miles from our place of departure in the morning."

This lake was perhaps Clear Lake.

At the time these historic events occurred there were no white settlers in all this region. Therefore the exact spot of Camp Washington had never been located or pointed out until last June; we then undertook to locate the grounds where the camp was established, taking the description as given by Governor Stevens and by the assistance of Mr. O. B. Gilstrap, who was the pioneer settler on these grounds, and by other pioneers, and the old Indians who remember seeing Governor Stevens and his party here. Governor Stevens' report alone would establish the fact that this is the place of the camp. He, you will remember, says it was about eight and one-half miles

beyond Spokane House, which was at the junction of the Little Spokane with the Spokane River. He also says it was about six miles south of the winding ford. At this place there was plenty of grass and water. This place was the only place on Four Mound Prairie where there was good water and plenty of grass.

According to Indian tradition this has been a camping place for many generations.

Lieutenant Johnson's party of the Wilkes expedition on June 23, 1841, either camped here or passed within a few rods of this spot, when on his way from Fort Colville to Lapwai. He says of this place: "After traveling five miles from the Spokane River we reached a camp of Spokane Indians, in number about three hundred, at the entrance of a fine meadow, where they had a number of horses feeding, while they were digging Camas roots."

The old Indian trail either crossed or branched out from here. Where the ground has not been cultivated the trails may yet be seen. My kinsman here has driven me over all this country for miles in every direction and has pointed out where the trails cross the present public highways. Here on these grounds culminated that great engineering expedition. Here fifty-five years ago today the two divisions met and rejoined. Here they recounted the exploits, the hardships and achievements of that great undertaking.

Although Governor Stevens halted in his onward march to this Northwest, back yonder in the mountains, and formally assumed the office of Governor, it was on this spot that he really began his work as Governor. In other words, this was where he was really inaugurated. His aides and assistants were all here with him. It was a great meeting, one of the greatest in the history of our State.

Why should we not commemorate the deeds of these great men who met here and counseled together and laid the foundation of our great Commonwealth, by the erection of this monument? Although the leaders of those parties made themselves names that will never be forgotten, yet we in this State want to emphasize some of the work and incidents in their lives which meant so much towards the development of our great State.

And the stone we place here, we think more fitly represents the character of the men and their time, especially in this region, than any other we could have selected. You may say it is a little rugged and pointed. Very true, yet you will find it solid and all granite.

It cannot be pushed over or to one side. It was just as true of Governor Stevens. He stood for something. He may have been a little pointed and rugged, but he was a true patriot. He, like this stone, stood four square to the world, and, figuratively speaking, like this stone, weighed tons.

Now, before closing my address, I want to say something to these school children and young people; I want to say first of all that we, the Washington State Historical Society, appreciate your work in assisting us in erecting this monument. If the people of the State of Washington, and our State Legislature would manifest one-half as much interest and patriotism for the preservation of the history of our grand State of Washington, we could mark every historic place in the State and we have many places that ought to be marked. Some others there are in this county that should be marked. We could also gather the data and get the stories of all the old pioneers who are fast passing away.

This is a wonderfully rich State in pioneer historic lore; richer than any other in all the great Northwest. There is scarcely a day but a whole volume is lost—a volume that can never be written.

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program will be the reading of the letter which contains some personal recollections of General H. P. Hodges, U. S. A., retired, who was Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry in McClellan's escort in 1853. This letter will be read by Col. Febiger.

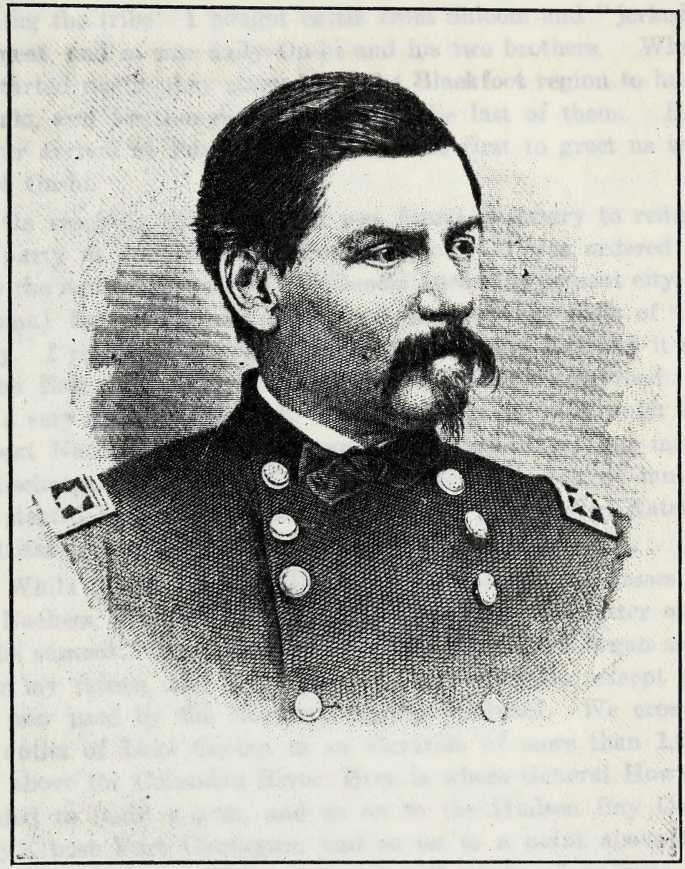
COL. FEBIGER:—I will preface these recollections by saying that they were not written in connection with this historic spot, but it was really by an accident that I secured them. Last summer the command marched to American Lake and on the way we heard numerous legends and rumors of General McClellan having passed through there. There is one butte named McClellan Butte, and there is a legend that there is a stone cone on top of it that he erected himself, and also that he left

artillery behind at the different camps in the winter. With a view of substantiating this and getting the facts, I wrote to my old friend, Hodges, who I knew served out here in the early days, requesting him to give me as far as possible the details of General McClellan's trip. This letter, which was really more in connection with Snoqualmie Pass, reached me the same morning that Professor Gilstrap spoke to me about this celebration, and it was so appropriate that I said I would make a copy and read it at the dedication. General Hodges is a man of about 78 years of age, but his recollection of his early youth seems to be quite distinct and in detail, as is often the case with old people. (Letter read.)

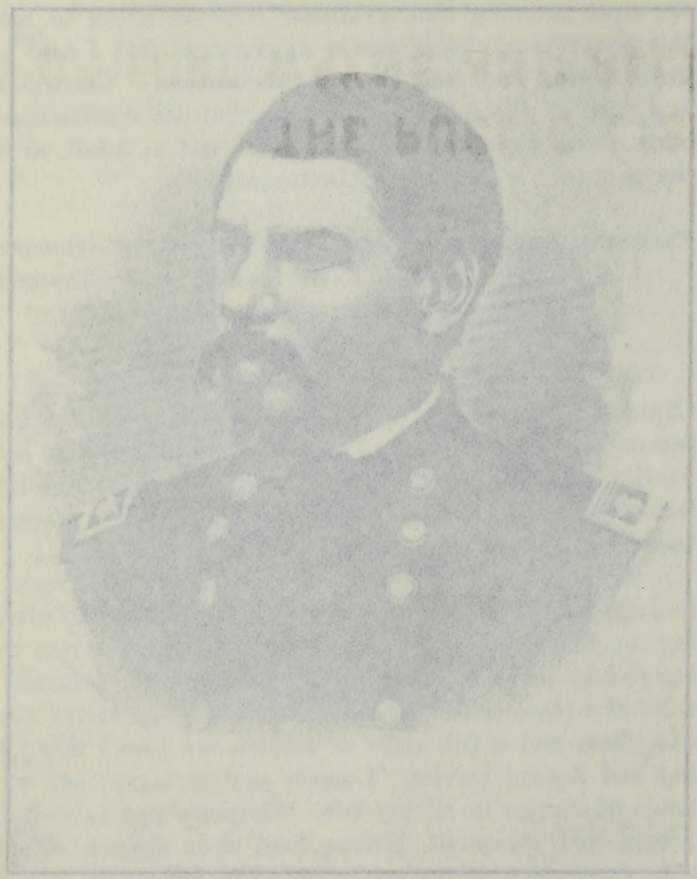
Personal Recollections of General Henry C. Hodges, U. S. A. Retired, When Second Lieutenant of Fourth Infantry, Commanding Captain McClellan's Escort in 1853.

General McClellan, then First Lieutenant and Brevet Captain of Engineers, was in charge of a party charged with surveying the passes of the Cascade Mountains for the Northern Pacific Railway to get to Puget Sound. I was a Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, Quartermaster, Commissary, and in command of the escort of the expedition.

We left Fort Vancouver, now Vancouver Barracks, early in July, 1853. We struck out North of the post and after passing the four or five open plains on the trail, got into the timber and by hard work arrived at the top of the Cascade Mountains at a place called Chequors. The Klickitat River rises near this place, and a full tribe of Indians we found there, collecting and drying berries. I never saw so many, and so many kinds of berries in all my life. Chequors was between Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens, both close aboard. We stayed some three days, fixing packs, etc., and letting the animals fill up with grass, which was in great abundance. We were also somewhat East from Vancouver. On leaving we were soon down the mountains in the valley of the Tahpanes, (Toppenish River) then to the Simcoe, to the Nachess, and then to Wenass, all tributary to the Yakima River. While on the Simcoe we saw a good deal of the Yakima Indians. There were three full brothers of that nation, Kamiakan, Head Chief; On-hi and



CAPTAIN GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN



CAPTAIN GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

Skloom, large, powerful, stalwart men, with thousands of horses of the stoutest quality, horses sired by stallions stolen from the emigrants, mated with the Indian mares. Besides the three brothers there were two much older Chiefs, own brothers, but half-brothers of the other three; Siona was the name of one and Te-i-as the other, but they had nothing to do with running the tribe. I bought cattle from Skloom and "jerked" the meat, and so saw daily On-hi and his two brothers. When we started north, they started for the Blackfoot region to hunt buffalo, and we thought we had seen the last of them. But on our arrival at Fort Colville about the first to greet us was Chief On-hi.

On reaching the Wenass it was found necessary to reduce our party as our animals were giving out. I was ordered to cross the mountains to Fort Steilacoom (near the present city of Tacoma) for provisions, mules, and to discharge some of the party. I retraced my march to the Nachess and followed it up to the East fork where I struck the so-called wagon road. I had a very difficult march to the Sound, (probably through the present Natchess Pass and down the White River) but made it, discharged my men, got plenty of provisions but no mules, and started back. I joined McClelan at a place called Katetas (Kittitas) on the upper Yakima, after a tough trip.

While I was away, McClellan had explored the passes of the Nachess, Wenass, Yakima and Snoqualmie, the latter only to the summit. The march of the party Northward began soon after my return, and every pass received attention, except the one now used by the Northern Pacific Railroad. We crossed the outlet of Lake Chelan at an elevation of more than 1,000 feet above the Columbia River. Here is where General Howard wanted to build a post, and so on to the Hudson Bay Company's post Fort Okanogan, and so on to a point above the forty-ninth degree. From here a small party of us rode up to the Lake Okanogan (or Osoyoos) a big one, returning the same day. We then struck Eastward and followed down a stream emptying into the Columbia opposite Fort Colville, Hudson Bay Company's post (Kettle River). I sent over the command, then packs, saddles, etc., swam the animals and then crossed myself. In going to Colville we did not expect to meet

Governor Stevens, but he heard of us and made forced marches to join. Soon, one, two or three days, we started South, meeting his main body, (evidently on this spot, Camp Washington.) After the junction, the Governor went ahead, we followed, but further to the East, and swept down those magnificent Spokane plains, (evidently the Palouse country of today). One night as we went into camp not far from the Spokane River, John Owen rode up. He was on his way back to Fort Owen in the Blackfoot country, from Portland, where we had seen him before we started. He passed the night with us and in the morning left for his party while we kept on. We crossed the Spokane-Snake river at the mouth of the Palouse, turned up the Touchet valley and pulled up at the ranch of Brooke, Bomford and Noble, on the Mission grounds of Doctor Whitman, close to what is now Walla Walla. Resting a little, we went down to the Columbia, crossing the Walla Walla River near to what was then Walla Walla, but now Waialaptn, and so on down the left bank of the Columbia to Fort Dalles, thence by boat to Fort Vancouver.

Governor Stevens wanted McClellan to go through the Snoqualmie Pass to Puget Sound, but McClellan thought it too late in the season. But he went to Puget Sound soon after arrival at Fort Vancouver, and with a party ascended the Snoqualmie River to the summit of the pass.

MR. MCCORMICK—The next number on the program is a letter of reminiscences by John Miller Murphy of Olympia, an early editor. The gentleman is not present but one of his friends is present who was contemporaneous with him in the early Washington days, Mr. Francis H. Cook, a native of Ohio, who came in 1871; he was in the newspaper business in the early 70's at Olympia, during which time he and Murphy were competitors. The competition became so warm, it is said, that they went gunning for each other, but Time, we hope, has effaced all that spirit of rivalry. Mr. Cook issued a paper in Tacoma, the Tacoma Herald, the first newspaper in Tacoma, in 1876, when there were only 12 school children in the town and the country around, and only one more than Mr. Cook's family. In 1879 he started the Spokane Times, the first paper in Spokane. Mr. Cook will address you.

ADDRESS BY MR. COOK.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have in my possession a paper written by the first newspaper editor in the Territory of Washington, Mr. John Miller Murphy, who today publishes the same paper, the Washington Standard, at the Capital of our State. I know you are all sorry not to be able to meet that veteran; I feel myself that it is a personal loss that I am not able to take the venerable Editor by the hand today. I gladly stand before you and read his paper.

(Letter read as follows:)

Mr. W. H. Gilstrap, Spokane, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—It is with great regret that I cannot be with you to testify my respect for the great man in whose honor the unveiling of the monument at Camp Washington is intended to commemorate.

I find I must confine my "Personal Reminiscences" to the bare narration of a few details that do not appear in any account of his public life. The subject generally is so well known as to not require repetition. His noble acts are enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him and of all who have read of his great achievements, ending with his death at Chantilly.

Thanking you for the kind consideration you have shown me in this matter, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your most obliged friend,

JOHN MILLER MURPHY.

WRITTEN TO BE READ AT FOUR MOUND PRAIRIE, CAMP WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 28, 1908.

Probably no man who ever came to Washington Territory with official duties to perform was hampered with more and greater responsibilities than Major Isaac I. Stevens. Crossing the Continent in 1853, as chief of an exploring commission for a great line of railroad, from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean, he had no sooner arrived on Puget Sound than he was immersed in the manifold duties required for instituting the Territorial Government from part of Oregon lying North of the Columbia River, as well as making treaties with the various Indian tribes and settlement of contentions existing between

themselves and those that had already sprung up with the few settlers scattered all over the wide expanse of country.

It required a man of will, determination, discretion and courage, to cope with these difficulties. They were found in the Major, now Governor Stevens, and he had left an enviable place in public affairs to assume the duties, hardships, not to say dangers, of a leader in frontier life. He resigned a commission of Lieutenant of Engineers and Brevet Major General in the United States Army. Governor Stevens wore no kid-gloves in official life. He had no time to devote to elegant leisure. A slouch hat, a woolen shirt and heavy boots were worn by him, and when his office was not in the saddle, it was in a small, one-story structure, at the foot of Main Street, at the Territorial Capital, nearly opposite where the Washington Hotel, then kept by Silas Galliher, now the New England, stands. His official labors seemed never to end. His office hours frequently extended from early dawn till midnight, when he was not engaged in still more arduous duties by land and water, then confined to the frontier methods of travel, by cayuse or canoe.

Governor Stevens arrived at Olympia November 25, 1853. Almost his first call was at the store of Mr. George A. Barnes, a pioneer merchant, to obtain the Territorial library and office fittings, shipped around the Horn previously to the starting of the exploring expedition, and which had preceded him a few days in arrival at destination, and had been stored with Mr. Barnes, occupying one side of his large salesroom. One of the party accompanying the Governor inquired of a lad of about fourteen, in charge of the store and the writer of these lines, for Mr. Barnes, and was told that he was in San Francisco, and would not be back for several weeks, as it then took about six weeks to visit the supply mart by sail vessel. The youth was then informed that the party had come to take possession of the Territorial supplies, there stored. They were curtly told that they could not be delivered till Mr. Barnes' return. "But we must have them," was the reply; "this is Governor Stevens and we need the office supplies along with the books, to set the wheels of Government in motion." "Can't help that," interposed the youngster, "you cannot pass off that little fel-

low on me for the Governor," and considering the garb of the Gubernatorial party and the very natural anticipation of the youthful imagination that Governors must from the fitness of things be men of abnormal growth, probably the course was warranted under the circumstances. "Well, isn't there anybody else in charge here?" was the next inquiry. "No; Mrs. Barnes lives up-stairs, but she don't count," was the reply. After some further parley, Mrs. Barnes was called and she at once counseled delivery of the articles stored. A vigorous protest was of no avail, and the youth dismissed the matter with, "Well, I want it distinctly understood that I never consented to this matter and if any trouble follows I am not responsible." The Governor afterwards alluded to the incident as characteristic of the West, where a youth afforded the remarkable instance of holding up those vested with authority when a sense of duty directed.

It was by no means respect for courtly dress that, in those days, commanded attention, but simply the traditional impression that Federal officers should be clothed in royal purple or at least should wear a "boiled rag," as the boys facetiously called a white and starched shirt bosom. A similar mistake was made by "Dick" Herrington, the only "chef" we had in those days, employed at the Washington Hotel to prepare a special dinner for the Governor and his party. Owing to some blunder of the Reception Committee, the Governor and his party entered the dining room unattended and asked "Dick" if he could furnish a meal. They were told that it was inconvenient, but that he would serve them in the cook's room off the kitchen, as the dining room was reserved for expected guests. A few moments afterward the reception committee appeared and on investigation found that the distinguished guest and his companions were being quietly served in a side-room.

Another amusing episode attended the enforcement of martial law in Pierce County to prevent the release of certain Hudson Bay men under *habeas corpus* proceedings, who had been guilty of harboring and giving information and "aid and comfort" to hostile Indians. Judge Lander was arrested and two of the prisoners, Charles Wren and John McLeod, were held for trial by a Military Commission. Judge Lander's district

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included Thurston County, and after his release from arrest, he opened Court there, and cited the Governor to appear and show cause why he should not be punished for suspending civil process in the adjoining county. The Governor simply ignored the service and extended martial law over Thurston County as a precautionary measure to maintain his stand. A writ of attachment was then issued and an attempt to serve it made by the United States Marshal which was futile, the officer and his posse being ejected from the Governor's office without much difficulty by supporters of the Executive. In these olden times there was always a humorous side to all public proceedings, no matter how grave their aspect. "Jack" Baldwin, the village wag, ever intent on having his joke, had an old salute cannon hauled from the Giddings wharf to the middle of the street, fronting the Executive Office, "to command the peace," as he said, with strict impartiality, the gun taking part with neither side in the controversy. Elwood Evans, an eminent lawyer, then mounted a drygoods box, harangued the crowd in the most violent string of invective. He began with: "There sits your bandy-legged little tyrant. There is the man who ruthlessly tramples on your rights as citizens," pointing at the Governor who sat at an open window, the calmest observer of the commotion on the street, where the whole populace had gathered, with Maxon's company of Volunteers lined up on the sidewalk to preserve peace if necessary. Mr. Evans began, it will be observed, at so high a key of excitement that it had a speedy reaction, and he fell from the box in a faint. B. F. Kendall, another lawyer, sprang to the box and resumed the line of thought just where it was interrupted, and finished that side of the controversy. Then Judge Monroe, one of the best and most courteous and dignified of the Federal Judges, stepped from the Executive Office, and in a few words of plain common sense presented the difference of procedure required in public service during times of war and of peace, when an example had so plainly shown, passions may be inflamed and judgment so impaired by excitement that the most learned and, under normal conditions, the most trustworthy men seem to be bereft of reason. He regarded the Governor's action as inspired by the highest impulse of patriotic duty.

That this was well nigh the unanimous belief of the people was shown by their loud plaudits at the close of Judge Monroe's address, when all danger—if any existed at any time—had happily passed.

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program will be a discussion of the character and the acts of Stevens, the soldier, as Governor here of the State of Washington, by His Excellency Albert E. Mead, the present Governor and successor to the line of Governors to this distinguished first Governor Stevens. I have the pleasure now to present to you the Governor of the Commonwealth of the State of Washington.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR ALBERT E. MEAD.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In connection with a little contribution on my part in commemorating the services of Governor Isaac I. Stevens, I not only had the pleasure of examining the history connected with the early development of the Northwest, the pleasure that is always incident to historical research, but believing that the school children ought to be interested in the early history of the Northwest as well as in the history of the country, I devised the plan of distributing pictures of Stevens in the different school houses throughout the State. (The picture you see upon the program.)

In connection with that work, it was not only a pleasure, as I say, to do this, but I had a splendid opportunity of getting in correspondence with several hundred school marms who are engaged in teaching nearly two hundred thousand school children in the State. I say it is a delightful occupation. I have several thousand of those pictures, and if there are any school teachers here who would like a few of them, I would like to conduct further correspondence.

There is another feature about this matter of commemorating the history of those who made the history. Some day, some time, one of the greatest statues that has ever been unveiled in this great Northwest will be unveiled some place, I trust, upon the soil of the State of Washington. And I trust also that the people, that the school children, everybody, will have an opportunity to contribute to the expense, to the cost and to the

building of such a monument, of such a statue representing, as it does, the beginning of organized government in the Northwest. And further, I hope very soon the State of Washington will have the opportunity of taking advantage of the Act of Congress that permits each State to install in the old hall of the House of Representatives at the Capitol of the Nation, at least two of the memorable characters connected with its history. And no one can dispute the fact, that when that work is done, when the State of Washington takes advantage of that opportunity, one of those characters will be Isaac I. Stevens.

Now, my friends, I appear here in a sort of double capacity. Just now I desire to be recognized, so far as the few remarks I will make, not as Governor Mead, but as General Hazard Stevens, because I received from him in connection with this work I have been conducting, a sketch of his father narrating several instances that in his judgment had not been portrayed in history. But as the ground has been covered by previous speakers, and as I have an idea the benches are not getting any softer, I will eliminate some of it, but presume that it will be perpetuated in the records by Mr. Gilstrap. I will therefore touch upon a few features that have not been referred to. But I will say before reading, that the first Governor of Washington was one of the brainiest and ablest men of his time in the United States, and without disparagement to his successors, I can truly say his figure towers above them all. He was a natural leader of men, magnetic, vigorous and resourceful. He was in every particular most eminently qualified to assume the task of organizing and setting in motion the machinery of government of this Territory.

Among the Federal documents in our State Library as well as at Washington, the record of General Stevens as a Surveyor, independent of his services politically, rank among the best in the way of engineering reports that have ever been submitted from the Pacific Coast, as I am told by men who are competent to judge.

I recently received from General Hazard Stevens of Boston, son of Governor Stevens, an excellent biographical sketch of his illustrious father, which he stated was out in pamphlet form but is now out of print. (Sketch read by Governor.)

Although he had this experience in the far Northwest, when he saw the integrity of the Nation assailed, when the effort of a good many years culminated in the firing upon Fort Sumter, I presume he recalled the oath that he took, the obligation that every officer of the regular army has taken who has graduated from West Point, and regarded it as a call to duty.

I congratulate the members of the Historical Society and the people of this community upon this eventful occasion. I know of no better method or opportunity of arousing in the minds of school children and the people generally the feeling of a broad, healthy patriotism and the inculcation of love of country than in connection with these exercises and these functions. I hope and trust that the rising generation, the young men and women of this period, will continue the work inaugurated by the State Historical Society and see to it that the memoranda, the history, and records not only of the individuals who are prominent in the early history of the country are preserved, but do as we are doing here today, mark these places that in the years to come will be looked upon as holy and sacred places of this Commonwealth of Washington. I thank you. (Applause.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program was assigned to the Hon. Miles S. Poindexter, who is not able to be present. In his absence, Judge L. B. Nash has kindly consented to respond to his number of "Stevens, the Statesman," and I have the pleasure now of introducing to you a gentleman who is well known to you, by reputation, with an Army record, and who has a record of the first Judgeship in the Territory here. I introduce to you Hon. L. B. Nash.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE NASH.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Yesterday the Secretary of the Society informed me that I was expected to make a two hours' speech in ten minutes, taking the place of Mr. Poindexter on this program.

You will remember, my fellow citizens, that it is a matter of history that during the Revolutionary War there was a character of patriots known as Minute Men. Randolph said

they were known as Minute Men because they were raised in a minute, they marched in a minute, they fought in a minute and vanished in a minute. We are now going by leaps and bounds in this matter, and I am very glad indeed to be in the column, and be designated as a Ten Minute Man.

The character of Stevens has been so eloquently and so truly and so kindly portrayed that I shall not dwell to any great extent upon it.

The character of the statesman is the part allotted to me. We have in this country two characters that are frequently spoken of interchangeably—the statesman and the politician, but they are indeed very different characters of men. The statesman is a man with very comprehensive views, who calls into requisition in the affairs of Government, capacity and ability to manage the affairs of State; he is always an honorable, high-minded and broad man of great capabilities.

The absence of statesmanship everywhere only brings fear, calamity, gloom and disaster. Take for instance the period of the French Revolution, during the reign of Louis XVI and the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette. All the disasters that befell that unhappy country were simply because neither the Queen nor King nor any Minister of France at that time possessed one single bit of statesmanship.

The United States has from the period of its existence, and in no period so prominently as the present, furnished splendid and excellent examples of the statesman and conspicuous and mortifying specimens of the politician. The career of General Stevens, or Governor Stevens, is certainly a very notable and prominent example of the statesman. He was fortunate in having a splendid, thorough and finished education; he was a graduate of West Point, standing among the first in his class, and in that branch of Army life known as the "Engineers." He at a very early age saw military service in the Mexican war, serving on the staff of General Scott in the Engineering Department.

In the Presidential campaign that followed between Scott and Pierce, he became actively engaged in advocating on the stump the claims of General Pierce for the Presidency. He was, therefore, known in politics as a "Democrat." In 1853 he was appointed by General Pierce Governor of the Territory of

Washington, and by virtue of that office was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and served in that capacity for four years. Among the first things that characterized the great comprehensive mind of Stevens was the building of a railroad from the headwaters of the Mississippi through to Puget Sound. He very early discovered not only the necessity of this great enterprise, but that it would be a binding link, a necessary chain, to the stability and preservation of the Union of the States, and to accomplish this purpose he eagerly and anxiously sought the services of George B. McClellan, who was then regarded as one of the ablest engineers in the United States Army, and one that had also been his fellow soldier in the Mexican War, also a graduate of West Point. By agreement these two parties very early met near this identical spot and the one north of here at Colville, for the purpose of exploiting this great enterprise. General McClellan very soon cast the weight of his long experience and scientific knowledge as an engineer against the feasibility of the enterprise. Indeed, he pronounced it a failure and almost impossible; but Stevens persisted, and continualy made investigations that convinced him of the entire feasibility of constructing railroads across the Cascade mountains, connecting the Mississippi with Puget Sound, and after a thorough investigation of the different routes, he made a long and arduous trip to Washington, to confer with the authorities concerning this much-desired enterprise. He visited Washington in 1854, and sought to have a conference with Jefferson Davis, who was then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce. It is only proper to remark that Jefferson Davis was of that class of purely politicians in the United States who could never rise and never did rise above the level of a narrow and intense Southern partisan. He believed in regard to the question of a trans-continental railroad, as he did in regard to everything else in the United States, that it could only be built through the Southern land, and upon the occasion of this conference with the said Secretary of War, he showed impatience and intimated that he had no time to hear the Governor upon such impracticable ideas as building a trans-continental railroad from the headwaters of the Mississippi to the waters of Puget Sound; but the intrepid Stevens remarked

to him: "I do not come here to talk with Jefferson Davis, but to confer with *the Secretary of War* upon the public business intrusted to my charge, and I demand his attention."

It was my good fortune, upon my advent to this Territory in 1873, to meet Angus McDonald, one of the old Hudson Bay factors stationed at Colville. It is a part of the history of that Company that Dr. McLaughlin, stationed at Vancouver, Washington, and Angus McDonald, stationed at Colville, had entire charge of the extensive Company's business throughout this entire Northwest. They had from very early ages been connected with the destinies of that great Company, and had been stationed at the respective places in the Territory since 1830. Among the first things that Angus McDonald said to me upon meeting him in Colville in 1873, was: "Did you know Governor Stevens?" I informed him that I did not, and he then he regarded Governor Stevens as one *of the greatest and brainiest men that this or any other country ever produced.* He said that he had known intimately and well the great men of England, or rather of Great Britain, and that he also knew the great men of Canada and of the United States, but that he had never seen or talked with a man of more profound judgment, of keener and more practical judgment, and a man who seemed to have such a clear and comprehensive grasp of the resources and the greatness and possibilities of the country as that entertained and clearly foretold, as Governor Stevens seemed to possess. And, in fact, in all my interviews with Angus McDonald, and they were numerous, the one great American that seemed to occupy a prominent place in his mind was Isaac I. Stevens. It is only proper to add that Angus McDonald was a man of very rare attainments and one of the ablest men in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. As another evidence of the wonderful power that he had even over the Indians, and in fact over all men with whom he came in contact, I very early upon my advent to this Territory had frequent occasion to talk with the older residents concerning the men of the Territory. From every man in the Territory of Washington at that time, came this unanimous utterance, that Governor Isaac I. Stevens was certainly one of the greatest of men. He seemed to impress all

with whom he came in contact with a peculiar sense of his greatness for any place in the gift of the Government.

Among the Indians that I met when I first came to this Territory was one known as Chief Gerry or Garry. The Spokane tribe of Indians was divided into three parts, known as the "Upper," the "Middle" and "Lower" tribes of Indians. Garry was chief of the "Middle" Spokanes, whose headquarters were at Spokane Falls. This same Garry was very well educated, speaking English and French fairly well. He, of course, was intimately acquainted with all of the Hudson Bay men, as well as all of the citizens of this Great Northwest. He was well acquainted with General Wright, with Steptoe, Major Lugenbele, and he told me among other things, that when the Indians came in contact, as they did very early, with Governor Stevens on his arrival in the Territory in 1853, that they were only too willing to join and unite in any treaty that Stevens might suggest; that even the very Indians, savage and uncultivated, coming in contact with this great and just man, were awed into submission, and even savage and barbarous as they were, they were thoroughly impressed with his keen sense of right and justice; so much so that they were not only eager and anxious to accept his exact terms of treaty, but they became ever after his warm and admiring friends.

Governor Stevens not only served the people of the Territory of Washington as Governor for four years, but was also a delegate from the Territory for four years. This was then a very sparsely settled country, and the opportunities for the exercise of great statesmanship were meagre, but all that he said and all that he did was the very best that could be said or done. It is among the fortunate things that have transpired in this world of ours that, connected with great military genius, are frequently united great qualities of statesmanship. Fortunately for the human race in all the past ages great Generals have also been great statesmen. It nowhere more shiningly appears than in the character of our own Washington. Indeed, what would have been the future of this country had not the great Washington been one of the purest as well as one of the greatest of statesmen. It is among the things memorable that there were many periods during the War of the Revolution, as it was at

the close of the war, when he could have had himself proclaimed Dictator, and the grandeur and glory of the great Republic would have sunk forever under the shadows of monarchy.

To General Stevens' varied excellent qualifications must be also added that of a great military genius. At the commencement of the Civil War he early wrote to Secretary Cameron the following letter:

"PORTLAND, Oregon, May 22, '61.

"I have the honor to offer my services in the great contest now taking place for the maintenance of the Union in whatever military position the Government may see fit to employ them. For my services in the war with Mexico I will respectfully refer you to General Scott, on whose staff I served as an Officer of Engineers during that war. For my services in the subsequent Indian wars of the country I will refer you to the Hon. J. W. Nesbith, one of the Senators from Oregon. I need not add that through this unhappy secession controversy I have been an unwavering and steadfast Union man."

His services were gladly accepted. After some little delay after he reached Washington, he was tendered the Colonelcy of the 79th Highlanders, a New York regiment, by the Secretary of War, whose brother, James Cameron, had commanded at the battle of Bull Run, where, gallantly leading his regiment, he was killed. Stevens was disappointed and stated to a personal friend: "I will show these men in Washington that I am worthy of something better than a regiment or I will lay my bones on the batlefield." He was also offered the Colonelcy of a regiment, by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, and by Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, but having accepted the offer of Secretary Cameron, was obliged to decline both.

The Highlanders were in open mutiny and had to be suppressed by the aid of the regulars into obedience to their new Colonel. However, their new Commander, through firmness and justice to these men, made of that regiment a most efficient one, their colors being restored to them after the affair at Lewisville, in person, by Gen. McClellan.

September 28, 1861, Stevens was commissioned Brigadier General, and on October 16th was ordered to turn over his brigade to the senior Colonel, and by daylight next morning to report to Gen. Thomas W. Sherman at Annapolis, Md. When he said good-bye to his Highlanders the universal cry of "Tak' us wi' ye, tak' us wi' ye," burst from end to end of the line, and he took them, and this against the strenuous protest of General McClellan, who was over-ruled in the matter by President Lincoln.

General Thomas W. Sherman, in command in connection with the Navy, was dispatched to secure a harbor on the Southern coast, which was to serve as a base for the blockading fleet. This was known as the Port Royal expedition. The objective point, near Hilton Head, midway between Charlestown and Savannah. The expedition was a success, and General Stevens did his full part in that, as well as in all other duties assigned to him. There he remained until the following July, when with his command he was ordered back to Virginia to aid General Pope in his unfortunate campaign. General Pope had been outmaneuvered, his army flanked and beaten back towards Washington City in the last days of August by the Confederates under command of Stonewall Jackson. At this juncture Pope ordered Stevens to take his division and act as rear guard to the demoralized and retreating troops. This was the most important and responsible position at that time in the whole army. September 1 he took his position in the vicinity of Chantilly to stay the victorious enemy. All day long the battle raged until the shadow of night threw its mantle over the combatants, and how well he did his duty that day and at what cost, let the following account show:

The troops under the withering hail of bullets were now wavering and almost at a standstill. Five color bearers of the Highlanders had fallen in succession, and the colors again fell to the ground. At this crisis Stevens pushed to the front, seized the fallen colors from the wounded bearer, unheeding his cry, "For God's sake don't take the colors, General, they'll shoot you if you do," and calling aloud upon his old regiment, "Highlanders, my Highlanders, follow your general," rushed forward with the uplifted flag. The regiment responded nobly;

they rushed forward, reached the edge of the woods, hurled themselves upon the fence and the rebel line behind, and the enemy broke and fled in disorder.

The 28th Massachusetts joined gallantly in the charge, and the other brigades as gallantly supported the first. At this moment a sudden and severe thunder storm with a furious gale, burst over the field, and the rain fell in torrents, while the flash of lightning and the peals of thunder seemed to rebuke man's bloody fratricidal strife.

General Stevens fell dead in the moment of victory; a bullet entered at the temple and pierced his brain; he still firmly grasped the flagstaff and the colors lay fallen upon his head and shoulders; his noble, brave and gentle spirit freed at last from the petty jealousies of earth had flown to his Creator. He was not only highly admired, but deeply loved by Lincoln. He was appointed and confirmed a Major-General to rank from July 4, 1862, and it is said that at the moment of his death President Lincoln and advisers were considering his appointment to the command of the armies in Virginia. He is buried in Island Cemetery, Newport, R. I. A massive granite obelisk marks the spot of earth holding his ashes.

As before stated, his means and opportunity, considering the then sparsely settled condition of this country, afforded but slight opportunity for the great qualities which this deserving man possessed, but it can truly be said of him, as it has been said of the great Washington, "Who said all things, as he did all things, well," and it can also be said of Stevens, as it was also said of Washington, that he carried to his tomb a fame whiter than it was brilliant.

It was said of Washington, by a Senator of the United States, that whatever he did he did well. The same can be said of Stevens. It was also said in regard to Washington that he carried to his tomb a white rather than a brilliant flame; which can also be said of Governor Stevens.

Now in conclusion, Fellow Citizens, I verily believe the State of Washington has been characterized by more lofty, energetic and fruitful enterprise than any State in this Union. I believe she has accomplished more in the same length of time than any State ever has accomplished, but there is one thing

in this State in which its citizens have been lacking. That is in keeping up the historical evidences that surround us all over this country and I am glad to see the interest already taken in this matter. Why, my friend, every acre, every mile, every bit of this whole country is full of interesting and not infrequently stirring incidents, which should be treasured to the future of this country, and I am glad that these men have become so enthusiastic in this work. Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention.

MR. MCCORMICK:—We have very little more in the way of formal exercises. I wish to thank all these people who have contributed in any way toward making the observance the success to which it is entitled.

We will ask Governor Mead to be ready to take part in the closing observance, but before that we have a couple of letters that we wish to present to you, and then the formal exercise of unveiling the monument will occur.

MR. GILSTRAP:—Mr. Wolfe wants me to read a little communication that he has for us. We had hoped to have Mr. Hains with us; he was with the McClellan party, but he is sick and cannot be here. I will read his letter:

REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER OF THE EARLY 50'S.

BY FRANCIS J. D. WOLFF

I am proud to be here with you today at the unveiling of the monument erected here in honor of Governor Isaac I. Stevens. No one has ever shown, in the history of this country, such bravery, energy, statesmanship and courage as did our highly honored and esteemed Governor Stevens. He never knew what the words danger and hardship meant. He received his appointment as Governor of Washington in the early spring of 1853. Instead of putting his little old commission in his pocket and going on the "Palace Steamer" by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, he petitioned the government to give him the right to pack a company of men and a surveying stall, to protect his interests in order to make a survey for a practicable route for a Northern railroad, the construction of which would increase the population of his Territory and the advancement of the people there in Washington. Under his instruc-

tion also, an expedition was equipped, commanded by First Lieutenant Saxon, (better known as General Saxon of the Civil War) at Dalles, Oregon, and met him with commissary supplied at some place on the Missouri River. I was in that expedition, known as "The Saxon Supply Expedition." At that same time we were also to make surveys while on the way toward meeting Governor Stevens and his men.

The Saxon expedition met Governor Stevens at Fort Benton on the Missouri River, then known as "The Indian Territory." After a few days' rest both parties joined and returned to the Pacific Coast. At the summit of the Rocky Mountains the Governor pulled out his commission proclaiming him as "The Governor of this Territory."

Going to the mouth of what is known as "Hell's Gate," where now stands the City of Missoula, Governor Stevens saw that there was not enough provisions sufficient to allow them to linger along the road, so he appointed "Captain John Mullen," and called for 25 volunteers to stay with Captain Mullen and finish the work of survey. Out of the total command there was only sixteen (out of 460 men) who responded. There, my Fellow Citizens, now you can imagine the dangers and hardships that stared in the faces of these men.

That was the last time I saw Governor Stevens until the fall of 1858. I was in the employ of the Government, camping on the Umatilla River on my way to the new gold discoveries made at the 49th parallel at the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille. Some time late in the evening I heard shouting across the river. I went to the river bank and I discovered a rider shouting for the trail. He was in the river and the river was swollen with the rains that had fallen, and the rider got off at the crossing of the river and was floundering in one of the pot holes in the river bed. I directed him to shallower water. To my great surprise it was Governor Stevens. I took him to my camping place, and I assure you he was no fit subject to be presented in a lady's drawing room. I supplied him with some dry wearing apparel. He had on an old dragoon overcoat that must have weighed a ton, his footgear was a pair of moccasins. The Governor took them off and squeezed out all the water he could and laid them before the fire to dry. We began talking, and

after a few minutes we discovered the Governor's moccasins turned into two little baseballs. So the Governor of this Territory in those days sat barefooted by my campfire. As fortune would have it, I had a pair of new moccasins and I supplied the Governor with them.

Once more I saw him, later on in the Fall. I think it was in the middle of December of 1855. I was at that time a volunteer in Oregon's First Regiment of Volunteers. It was after the three days' fight in what was then known as "the Kameaccian War." The Regiment was camped close to the Whitman Mission in the Walla Walla Valley. Governor Stevens had been amongst the Flat Heads and Nezperce Indians regarding a treaty on which he had set his heart to make with them. He came into the camp escorted by about fifteen Nezperce Indians. I suppose there never had been a white man beloved by them as was Governor Stevens. It would have been impossible for any other American, not knowing the language, to have gone unmolested amongst them.

I feel very much honored to have partaken in all those hardships.

I have not told you how he braved the American Fur Company in '53, (who were the rulers of the Indian Territory) to stop the liquor traffic with the Indians. I have not said anything about when he was on the ocean steamer between the Sound and San Francisco, on his way to the seat of war, when the steamer was nearly foundered, how he cared for the helpless women and children. I will leave that for the historians to tell.

I want to tell you some other time of the hardships and dangers of Captain John A. Mullen with his little band of sixteen volunteers, cut off from civilization during a period of fifteen months, amongst the different Indian tribes.

I am going now on my 77th year, and feel very thankful to our Government for giving me a pension of $8.00 a month. That is enough to make me live the rest of my days in ease and comfort.

MR. MCCORMICK:—I have one more letter that I will read which is from the only son of Governor Stevens, living in Boston. He was Brevet Brigadier-General during the Civil War and

was with his father in his campaign. He has gotten into questionable business now, according to his letterheads; he is running for Congress. I do not know on what party ticket and I do not care, but I hope he will be elected. (Applause.)

LETTER FROM GENERAL HAZARD STEVENS.

Professor W. H. Gilstrap;

DEAR SIR:—I regret that a duty I have undertaken here precludes my presence at the dedication of the monument in commemoration of Camp Washington on the 28th, the fifty-fifth anniversary of the junction of the main party under Lieutenant Donelson and the Western detachment under Captain George B. McClellan, thereby completing an unbroken line of the survey and exploration of the Northern route under my father, General Isaac I. Stevens.

We can fancy with what pride and gratification at the achievement of their task the united party sat down to the hunter's supper by the campfire as related by General Stevens. They had in fact accomplished in one brief season an immense work and without any of the fatalities and misfortunes which so often accompany explorations in new and untried fields. To General Stevens' sound judgment, foresight and energy, was due this remarkable success of the exploration. He appreciated, too, with prophetic vision, the fertility, resources and capabilities of the country, and proclaimed them in his reports and writings.

In erecting this monument, your Society is performing not only an act of gratitude to General Stevens and his party, but one of historical value. Please convey to the Society my thanks for their invitation and also the thanks of General Stevens' widow and children that his services in the Pacific Northwest are so well appreciated and recognized by your Society.

Very truly yours,

HAZARD STEVENS.

MR. MCCORMICK:—We had hoped to have with us this afternoon one of the representatives of the Stevens family—Richard Stevens Eskridge, a resident of Seattle and a grandson of Governor Stevens. He is a talented young lawyer, a man of high character, but owing to sickness he is not able to be

here today, much to our regret as well as to his own, which he has expressed to us.

As a final close to these exercises over which Nature herself has smiled, Governor Mead will read the address of Mr. Eskridge and then unveil the monument.

GOVERNOR MEAD: This is a short address written by the young man who intended to be present and take part in the unveiling ceremony.

BY RICHARD STEVENS ESKRIDGE.

The Washington State Historical Society and to W. H. Gilstrap, its Secretary:

The honor having been conferred upon me of unveiling the monument on the site of Camp Washington in commemoration of the meeting there of Governor Isaac I. Stevens and George B. McClellan, I had looked forward with the greatest pleasure and the feeling of being distinctly honored. Unluckily, on Monday, October 19, while hunting for bear in a part of the forest which was truly primeval, a decayed log broke under my weight and I fell some six feet, presumably breaking three ribs. Since then some internal complication, in the vicinity of the liver, has so complicated my injury that it will be absolutely impossible for me to avail myself of the high privilege extended me, as I am about to leave my home on my way to the Minor Hospital of this city.

From the program so kindly sent me by Mr. Gilstrap I notice that there is nothing in regard to the distinguished son who accompanied Governor Stevens on some of his hard campaigns, and would like to give a very brief sketch of what he has accomplished, showing him to be a worthy son of a worthy sire.

General Hazard Stevens, the only son of Governor Isaac I. Stevens, was born at Newport, R. I., in 1842. His early childhood was spent in sailing, swimming and farm work, so that at the age of barely 13, when he accompanied his father on his expedition from Puget Sound to the Missouri River, he was in good physical condition for the trip. He crossed the Rocky Mountains twice on this trip, the last time in mid-winter. A volunteer in the Indian War of 1855-56 resulted in a pension awarded by the

United States Government; this pension, however, General Stevens has never drawn.

He returned East with his father in '57 and entered Harvard College in 1860. The Civil War having broken out he enlisted in the 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers, and was appointed Adjutant of the regiment on September 26, 1861. From then on his promotion was rapid. He took part and was highly commended for bravery in the battle of Port Royal Ferry. He saw continuous and active service with his father until Gov. Stevens, then a Major General, was killed at Chantilly. At this battle Hazard Stevens was wounded in the wrist and in the hip, both very severe. Upon his recovery from these wounds he joined the Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps commanded by Gen. George W. Getty.

For distinguished gallantry and continuous bravery on the battlefield during the war, and especially for the storming and capture of Fort Huger, Virginia, on April 19, 1863, Congress of the United States awarded him a medal of honor. At the Battle of the Wilderness he was wounded but did not leave the battlefield, and served continuously until the termination of the war. When the Sixth Corps formed a solid wedge and burst through the rebel lines at Petersburg Gen. Stevens' bravery brought him the rank of Brevet Brigadier General, he then being the youngest General serving in the war, not quite 23 years of age.

Upon the termination of the war he was offered an appointment as Major in the regular army, but having still fresh in his mind the tremendous possibilities of the State of Washington, he determined to return here, where the opportunities were greater for his acquiring sufficient to support his mother and three sisters and he started in as agent for the Oregon Steam Navigation Company at Wallula. He read law while Collector of Internal Revenue for Washington Territory, and was admitted to practice, and was afterward attorney for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Later, he was Commissioner on the part of the United States to investigate the claims of British subjects on the San Juan Archipelago. He and P. B. Van Trump ascended Mt. Rainier and stood upon its highest pinnacle, August 17, 1870.

The severe illness of his sister, Maude, made it necessary for the family to return to the East, which all did in 1874, General Stevens going in '75. He had been active in politics; was nominated for Congress by the Tariff Reform League in 1886.

As an author he wrote the life of his father, entitled "Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens," and has written many historical treatises upon different battles of the war, and one on "The Reform of the Militia System," which has been largely adopted by Congress and the War Department.

He has many interests in the State of Washington and his mind is ever turning here as the home of his declining years. It is difficult for a nephew to sing the praises of his uncle, but in this particular case I feel that you will excuse me for so doing, on account of the very remarkable record for bravery, perseverance and ability shown, especially when his youth is considered in connection with his military career.

Standing above all accomplishments, however, related above, is a beautiful disposition, and a generosity and self abnegation seldom seen. He has devoted his entire life to his mother, sisters, nephews and nieces, and those who know him well are enthusiastic friends. Gov. Stevens has but two other male descendants, Richard Stevens Eskridge, a lawyer, and Oliver Stevens Eskridge, a Captain in the Eleventh United States Infantry, both sons of his eldest daughter.

This is far from the subject matter upon which my address upon unveiling the monument was to be based, but I thought this more appropriate as it is to be read by some one other than myself.

Gen. Stevens is now running for Congress in Boston, Mass., on the Tariff Reform ticket.

R. S. ESKRIDGE.

Followed by the unveiling of the monument by the Governor, (Applause), music by the Drum Corps and salute by the Regulars.

Exercises closed.

CHAPTER IV.

MONUMENT NO. 4—COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES AT TSHIMAKAIN.

Walker's Prairie, Stevens County, Washington, October 28, 1908.

Meeting called to order 12:30 p. m. by the Hon. R. L. McCormick, President of the State Historical Society.

Opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Edwards of Springdale.

OPENING REMARKS BY MR. MCCORMICK.

I presume it would be proper for an announcement to be made of the purposes of the meeting, although I have no doubt every one present here knows what this occasion is to celebrate.

Some seventy years ago there was a location made here by some Christian Missionaries coming to this then unoccupied and uncivilized land; and they lived here in this location, and it is to celebrate, to commemorate the work that they did, the trials through which they passed, and the results that were attained either locally or generally in civilizing and building up this Western part of the State of Washington, begun at this Eells and Walker Mission.

I heard a gentleman yesterday give an illustration in a speech that he made, that if I had the language and ability I would like to repeat today, and through it contrast our proceedings here with the celebration that we held yesterday down at Four Mound Prairie, where we had all the adjuncts of a wonderfully pleasing and forcibly presented recognition of the time when Governor Stevens first touched this section of the country on his march across from St. Paul to the Pacific Ocean when he occupied this Commonwealth which he was later to govern as a Territory. We had present, the Governor of the State of Washington, a distinguished Judge of the Federal Court, and other distinguished gentlemen, and the Government very kindly sent four Companies of Regulars over to add to the display that we had on that occasion. But there are victories in Peace as well as in War; there are permanent results flowing from work of this character as well as work done by Governor Stevens and General McClellan and the distinguished

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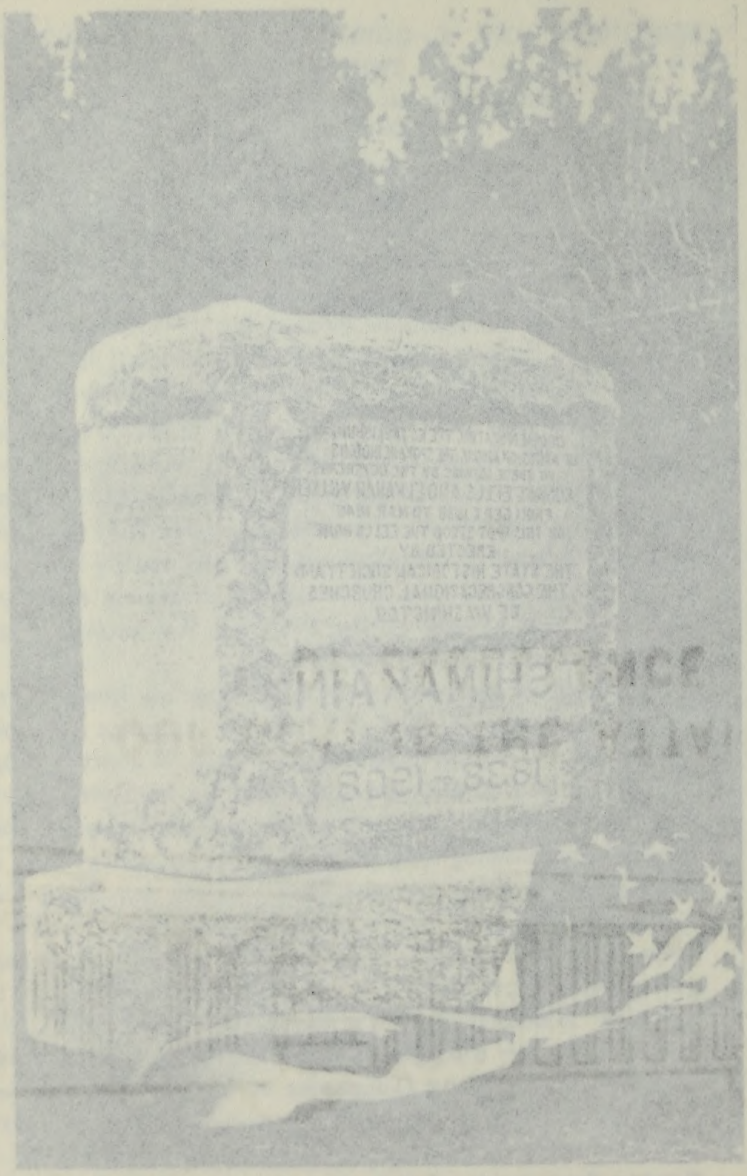
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MONUMENT AT TSHIMAKAIN, Stevens County



MONUMENT AT TSHIMAKAIN, Slavonia County

parties who were with them on this first entrance and occupation of the State of Washington in that direction. This gentleman that I refer to as making this illustration did it with another purpose in view, but it strikes me as pertinent on this occasion. He told of a trip he had made to a city where there was an art gallery filled with the finest works of art. There was one piece of statuary that struck him very forcibly among the others; it was the statue of the great Napoleon. As he looked upon that marble he thought of the wonderful career of that General and followed him in his notable campaign in Europe and down to Egypt where under the shadows of the Pyramids, in addressing his soldiers, he made use of that celebrated sentence in which he told them that forty centuries looked down upon them to nerve them to do their duty. And then followed him in thought to Moscow over the bloody plains as he returned with his remnant, draggled and despairing, and then at Waterloo, where he lost the trust he had held.

Now what did Napoleon ever do for the world? His efforts were merely to bring the world into subjugation. Contrast that with the work done here by these noble missionaries who came without the panoply of war, who came under the guise of peace and shed their blessings over this country and over every section of the country to which missionaries have ever come, and have left their fruits and the results are with us today; not with the surroundings of military pomp, or of Governors, Judges and stages to add effect to the celebration as they had yesterday, but we here, the plain people, the participants in this locality and in the benefits that have come to it, we come to honor, to revere the names of Eells and Walker as we do the names of Stevens and McClellan, who shone in a different light but the results of whose work are no more patent than the results of the work of these first missionaries. (Applause.)

We will take up our program. The first number will be "Welcome Address" by the Rev. W. J. Hindley.

ADDRESS OF REV. HINDLEY.

Mr. President and Friends:

When I associate myself in thought with the men who for

over a quarter of a century have been closely identified with the work that was begun near here, seventy years ago, by Eells and Walker, and think of my recent coming to the State, I am reminded of the counsel of a maiden aunt who was a member of our family when I was boy and who used to put a quietus on my spirit once in a while when company came, by reminding me that little boys should be seen and not heard. And I remember that on one occasion when she enjoined this sage advice that there was a rather irreverent member of the family present who replied, "It may be that little boys are to be seen and not heard, but there are some people who ought neither to be seen nor heard." That is not the case, however, with any of those present here today. We are here, some of us to be seen and others to be heard and some to be both seen and heard.

It is my privilege as Moderator of the State Association of Congregational Churches to voice in a few words our appreciation of the movement on the part of the State Historical Society to mark this site as one of the great beginnings of the work which our churches have done for the Commonwealth of the State of Washington. I represent in this sense at least 10,000 members of Congregational Churches of this State, and probably not less than between three and four thousand of whom owe their allegiance to these churches directly or indirectly to the churches that have been founded by him whose name we revere and whose name we honor today, and it is thus a distinctive honor that is placed upon me in the name of these 10,000 Congregationalists to welcome you to this gathering. I welcome you here not for what you see as you look around you but for what you see as you measure the things that are making this State a great State. We have, it is true, a State with remarkable natural resources, perhaps not exceeded by any State in the Union, and yet we are priding ourselves more and more in the recent years, not upon our prairies, our mines, our forests and the great wealth that nature has endowed us with, but more than all upon the freer and higher and nobler spirit that is coming to us as a people, and the recognition that our birthright is not after all to be measured by what we take from the soil, the hills or the plains, but rather in the production of that form of citizenship and that expression of national

ideals which upon this Western Coast we often approach as near as any people. And let me say that it is due to the memory of such men as we honor today; and those who have caught this vision should in that sense bear their tribute of respect to the men who made it possible at its inception. We have honored, as our President has said, the Army, the service of the men who wore the uniform of our nation and who have followed the flag in the days when this country was unamed and unknown. We honor today the memory of the men who followed that flag which has floated above every flag of civilization, the blood stained banner of the Cross. We honor today men who did not wear the garb of their nation in the form of the soldier's uniform, but who were clothed in the armor of the Christian warrior, who had upon them the Helmet of Salvation, the Breast-plate of Righteousness, and in their hands the Word of God which is the sword of the Spirit. And we honor the memory of these men who came as representatives of the Eastern civilization, of the Christian experience of the East, and laid the foundation of the great work of Christian Missions in this then untamed and unknown land.

It is a pleasure for me thus as the Moderator of the State Association of Congregational Churches to bear my word of tribute to the State Historical Society, in that they are measuring the lines of civilization, not merely from the standard of those pioneers who represented the United States Government and the United States Army, but as well the pioneers who laid the foundation of the spiritual, intellectual and social interest of this great country. I trust the program today will be inspirational with its reminiscences brought out by these grizzled veterans whose hairs have whitened in the service of this country; that their inspiration will bring to us younger men recognition of the great fact that if we are to be worthy representatives of the men who laid these foundations, and lay upon these foundations a superstructure worthy of the investment of their lives, we shall have to apply ourselves to our task. * *

MR. MCCORMICK:—You will appreciate that this is not a local celebration, not a local commemoration, but it takes in the whole sweep of the great State of Washington. You have heard this welcoming address from Brother Hindley from Spo-

kane, on the Eastern border, and we will now have a response from the Rev. E. T. Ford, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, Washington, from the Western border on Puget Sound. I introduce to you Doctor E. T. Ford, of Tacoma.

RESPONSE OF DR. FORD.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have listened with pleasure to the words of welcome spoken by our presiding officer, and by the Moderator of the Congregational Churches of the State of Washington, and I am happy to say that I know that we one and all reciprocate with equal fervor these noble sentiments. The entire State, the religious and historical, is represented here in these services. One tie unites us all. A mutual sense of a duty which presses—the consciousness of a noble present privilege—these are the inspirations of the service which we come hither with enthusiasm to perform. We are the fortunate citizens of a State of well-nigh unrivalled material resources. They envy us on every side. But conspicuous among our ample treasure we should ever hold our splendid heritage of an honorable and heroic past. Not forests, nor mines, nor smiling and fertile valleys can avail to make a great or glorious State. Every State must ultimately be estimated by its men.

We will not disparage or dis-esteem our material sources of greatness, but we dare not ignore or minimize the moral elements thereof. For man is the ultimate product of the State. Thank God for the sterling integrity, for the consummate manhood and womanhood which were built into the foundations of this growing Commonwealth.

And it is because we believe in the supreme significance of such a historic origin, it is because we prize our sacred birthright, it is because we would perpetuate and transmit these hallowed memories of the past, that we together join with enthusiasm in this sincere tribute of a grateful people.

It is, then, a noble enterprise in which we are now engaged.

The monument which we are here to dedicate is most worthily bestowed.

Simple, substantial, solemn, serviceable, it assumes its most appropriate form.

Let it stand forever the fitting emblem of those sturdy frontier heroes whose lives it seeks to commemorate.

And so long as this granite block shall endure may its mute appeal ever bring to each beholder the royal challenge of the best that was, for the best that waits to be.

Again we thank you for your hearty greeting.

And we gladly, yea reverently, co-operate in the further exercises of this hour.

MR. MCCORMICK:—All the participants in these exercises are not ministers of the Gospel. We have representing the Historical Society, a Secretary who looks up facts and makes a report and gives you a story of the incident connected with whatever event we are commemorating. We believe he is sufficiently pains-taking to tell you nothing but what is a fact and we recommend to you that you listen patiently to all he has to say and carry it away with you as a part of the story of this particular neighborhood, as well as the story of the heroic men who founded this mission.

(This paper cannot be found.)—Editor.

MR. MCCORMICK:—We have with us today a gentleman who was on this site 60 years ago; he came here with a party to rescue the people in this mission from the Indians. * * * *

I have pleasure now in introducing to you to speak on the subject of the rescuing party, the Rev. C. S. Pringle, now living at Spokane.

ADRESS OF REV. PRINGLE.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have not written a speech for this occasion and have no such thing with me. I am like the chaplain who was appointed to deliver a prayer on the occasion of "breaking ground" for a railroad. He had prepared and written out in very elaborate form a prayer which he read at the proper time. When he got through, a negro who was present, remarked that he reck-

oned that was the first time the Lord had been written to on the subject of a railroad. I have heard this anecdote told of different preachers. Now, I am a Methodist. It is said the Presbyterian will write his sermon; as he does so the Devil will look over his shoulder and see the paragraphs as they are written and will say, "I will catch him on that." But when the Methodist goes into the pulpit, the Devil himself does not know what he is going to say. That is probably the way with me now, but I will make it brief. I simply want to narrate my experience here 60 years ago. We came up here pretty much by the route that we came today and camped out quite near where this orchard is. About noon we discovered across in that timber—although some of it has been cut away—three horsemen dodging here and there and hesitating. Our flag bearer climbed on top of the house and planted the flag on the chimney, and the horsemen immediately came over. At that distance they had not been able to tell whether we were Indians, and they did not know but they would find the place burned down, but when they saw the flag they rode over immediately and then, of course, hastened back to get their families. We camped here a week, and I might tell of some of the sports and games we had out there on that common. When the settlers got back with their families, they brought three women with them, Mrs. Eells, Mrs. Walker and a widow lady from Umatilla River who had wintered with them, and I thought I never saw such pretty women in my life. I want to say that the introduction of those women in our camp reduced the ruffianism and had a very wholesome effect on the men, and as we marched across the plains those ladies had a gallant every day; when one would retire, another would take his place. Little Myron Eells, then about four years old, rode a little fat pony, and the boy's legs stuck out almost at right angles. As he rode along, he would drop to sleep and his father would ride by his side and catch him to keep him from falling.

In those days this plain was a waving field of grass as far as the eye could reach, but if there was a thought in the minds of any of the men belonging to our Regiment that this country would ever be inhabited or productive, I never heard it whispered. But I remember reading the journal of Doctor Brooks,

who was here even earlier, and he put it down as productive. He was a scholar with a diplomaed education. The Indians who guided him through here stood over him as he noted down the conditions of soil, the flora and the fauna, and they said, "He knows everything about the stars, the soil, the trees and everything." He put this country down as very productive; we thought it was a barren waste and that the Willamette Valley was Oregon and that was all there was of it—although it was all Oregon in those days. Our situation here was peculiar; we were not the United States; we had organized a company of our own and elected officers, and were with the Oregon Volunteers. When we became a Territory and were under the United States jurisdiction and the boundary question had been settled, then the United States took us in, acknowledged our service, paid our wages and gave us each a land warrant and a pension. I have often said that I ought to turn anarchist. In the first place I received my education in the Willamette Valley, and then this land warrant, and since then, a homestead, and now I am drawing a pension. I think the United States has done enough for me to cause me to turn anarchist.

I was surprised when I came back here forty years afterwards. It was a vision to me to find farm against farm, homes, school houses, churches, academies, telegraphs, railroads and telephones.

Before closing, I must speak of Whitman and his wife. I never saw them, but my wife has given me an account of them, and to my mind Mrs. Whitman is the type of the noble Christian womanhood. The doctor lived a decade ahead of the best statesmen of the United States at the time. He saw in prospective what we are enjoying in reality, and who saw it as he did?

In conclusion I will allude to the flag again. When we returned to the Willamette Valley, Mr. Eells got a position in the Oregon Institute, which has now grown into the Willamette University. I was one of the students. One Sunday evening he was riding to a country appointment, and my father and I were riding home. I introduced them. He narrated this incident about the flag which I have referred to and said to my father, "I never saw the flag look so good as it did then, waving over my house."

Why is it? That flag stands for peace, home, protection. Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. (Applause.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—The next number on the program will be by a gentleman who will talk to us of Father Eells in his particular work of founding churches. He was a man of many attainments but in his founding of churches he laid the foundation of Congregational Churches of this Commonwealth.

I now introduce to you the Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARDS.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I am expected to talk ten or fifteen minutes on a subject that I would rather take an hour to, I always feel like the Irishman, when Pat asked him, "Look here, Mike, supposing you were to be buried in a Protestant Cemetery," and he said, "I would rather die first." But I will do the best I can.

I am a thorough believer that the pioneer missionaries of the Pacific Northwest deserve a place among the memories of history. Their achievements entitle them to the honor, the admiration and the gratitude of successive generations. They were the builders of empires and the instruments of civilization to the land of the setting sun. It was for them to lay deep, solid, broad foundations on which others were to erect a magnificent superstructure. Though dead they yet live, and we have entered into their labors. It is therefore only reasonable that we should endeavor to commemorate their memories as well as to learn the lessons illuminated by their strenuous and self-sacrificing life.

I have been impressed that the earlier missionaries, Catholic as well as Protestant, were of similar stamp and character, but it is only reasonable that our thoughts today should be centered on certain ones—Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., and Rev. Elkanah Walker, unadulterated New Englanders, simon pure Puritants, that made them what they were.

I will speak a word of Mr. Walker. I have read the memorial address of that great missionary statesman, Doctor S. H. Atkinson, who wrote of him as a man of most excellent qualities, similar in spirits to Father Eells, with his intense

convictions and loyalty to truth. He (Walker) was a man of stature that impressed the Indians and it is possible and perhaps probable that that had something to do in giving his name to this beautiful prairie, which, by the way, is in itself a pretty fine monument to him. It was my privilege to receive my theological education in the same Institution that he did, in the State of Maine, and I know he was a bosom friend of the great missionary, one of the greatest missionaries that the American Board or any other Board ever sent out—the great Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of Roberts College, Constantinople. Dr. Hamlin returned to Bangor after forty years of service and I listened to his lectures and heard him speak with such authority of the old Greek church that I have never been able to learn anything more ever since in that direction. I deem it one of the privileges of my life that I became on intimate terms with Cyrus Hamlin, and I can easily imagine what sort of a man Elkanah Walker was, being an intimate friend of his, the only two while they were there pursuing their course who were intending to give themselves as foreign missionaries. But I have to confine myself to Cushing Eells as the builder of churches.

He began his remarkable career as a builder of churches on this particular spot, although it was not their privilege to organize any regular form and church in this place. I believe that when they went around these hills and when those Indians aided them in cutting down some of the logs about a foot in diameter and fourteen feet in length, and erected these buildings here and some down there, that they founded the Christian work in this great State of Washington. Another minister preceded them in this State. It has been referred to and I believe it is very fitting that reference should be made to him. Two years previous to them, the Rev. Samuel Parker went to the Spokane Valley and I believe to this valley, and I want to say here that of all the early writers on this country, he gave evidence of a better conception of it than any other, from a botanical, geographical and certainly from a geological standpoint. No other minister of the Gospel of any name ever went through this country before these men came here, and here as elsewhere they builded much better than they knew. When they were

driven away from here we find him again in the Willamette Valley as earnestly engaged in the missionary work among the settlers there, in the organizing of the Congregational Church at Forest Grove, and in connection with other things, contributing the site as he did afterwards in so many places, for the church building, and contributing thousands of dollars. That church stands today in Oregon a monument to him, second to no other church in its influence in that State.

As soon as he heard of this country up here being opened to settlement, we find him hastening to the Walla Walla Valley in 1859, and there again beginning to preach to the early settlers. One of the most impressive things in my life was to stand with him over the grave of the great Whitman and as he recited to me the conviction which he had there when he felt as if Heaven touched Earth, when he got the thought that near there he would establish an institution of learning in memory of his martyred associate.

And after that we find him hastening back to the Willamette Valley to have the approval of his associates, and they also in addition to the approval that he should establish the seminary of learning thought he should become a home missionary, and it was not his fault that he did not have a commission from the Home Missionary Society, but is one of the most deplorable things in the history of the Society that they never had his name as a home missionary. But that made no difference with him. He labored as strenuously, he sacrificed as much as if he had been under a commission of any Society, and wherever there was an opportunity in a house or in a school house or anywhere in the early days of the Walla Walla Valley he improved it in preaching the Gospel, and there in 1860 he delivered the first Fourth of July oration ever delivered in what is now known as the Inland Empire. He labored there and his wife also, for a decade, but I will not refer to that. After laboring there more than a decade, Providence seemed to call them across the mountains and we find him preaching to the Indians and utilizing his spare time by preparing and organizing a church on the Skokomish Indian Reservation. And so he continued for two or three years, but when he heard of the great work of Christ going on among the Spokane Indians here,

and that over two hundred had been baptized and many of them hopefully converted, he felt that his prayers had been answered and he hastened across the mountains again and his heart was made glad when he was able to see as many as three hundred Spokane Indians worshipping together and a goodly number of them partaking of the Lord's Supper. Rev. Cowley, now of Colman, who I believe is the only survivor of the missionaries who came to this region as a foreign missionary, described afterwards in the Spokane Review how these Indians, although having been without missionary work for years and influence brought to bear upon them to unite with the Catholic Church, how they kept loyally to their Protestantism and to the early missionaries to whom they were so much indebted and he called special attention in that article to the fact that the people of Spokane and the region around here ought to realize that they were particularly indebted for the possession of this magnificent country to the aims of the early missionaries and the missions of Eells and Walker and Spaulding.

When Cushing Eells came here in 1873 and the prayers of the early missionaries were answered, the Indians were responsive and over 262, I believe, were baptized in recognition of their fidelity to the faith of the early missionary. He preached on the Spokane River and about here during the summer season of 1874, 1875 and 1876, and up here delivered on the Centennial of American Independence the first Fourth of July oration delivered in this upper country. As early as 1879 he organized the church at Chavekah, the first Congregational Church in this upper country, and had offered the people $1,000 for the church building, but for some reason no church was erected until 1892, and it was his privilege on his last visit to this part of the country to participate in the dedicatory service of that church and to offer the dedicatory prayer just fifty years to a day from the time on which he first camped on that ground, as has been referred to here.

During the same year he advised and participated in the organization of the first church at Spokane, gave it four or five hundred dollars for church building, gave the bell that is now ringing out in clarion tones from the tower of the Westminster Church; and in the following year we find him or-

ganizing the church at the Prairie, and there he labored and sacrificed to the very last of his earthly career.

The year following that, in 1883, we find him hastening down to where Sprague is now, and before the railroads came there, purchasing lots for the church. We find that on their trip they camped every time at the big lake two miles west of Sprague, that to me now as I go there fishing almost every week is a sacred spot, because of the association of it with Father Eells.

The year following we find him organizing a church in Medical Lake and making his home there, and after he had done that, offering the people one thousand dollars toward the erection of the church building.

I want to speak parenthetically here and I do not think I am going out of the way when I say that some theological party came in from the East and thought, doubtless, that he was doing God's work, by going around and collecting about two hundred dollars and saying that his Bishop would give one or two more, and there building a cheap shanty for the worship of God, which stands there today as a monument of folly. Such a thing as that caused more heartache to Father Eells than anything in this life, I believe. I understand that Biblical scholars find it difficult to establish what was Apostle Paul's thorn in the flesh, but I think if Father Eells had any such experience in his life, it was caused by such contemptible conduct of narrow minded sectarianism, and that is not the only case. The very spot where Father Eells purchased those lots there stands today a very substantial church building, worthy of any town in this country, and also a creditable parsonage alongside of it, and they have had a minister worthy of any town all through these years, while the other has long gone out of existence and has been dead and buried without any prospects of resurrection.

We find him again very soon working and making his home in Medical Lake, taking this whole country as his mission; taking trips up as far as Colville, tying his horse beside the streams, sleeping under the trees with his saddle as a pillow, and preaching in every home and in every schoolhouse where it was possible or where he was welcome.

He was no ordinary preacher. With all that I have heard

and read about him, I have never heard of any one or known of any one making an attempt to analyze him as a preacher. He was entirely different from the early pioneer preacher as you understand them and as I found them a quarter of a century ago. His preaching was of the old great Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davis, Hawkins and Taylor types of the Puritan days. It was theological, substantial, carefully prepared, thoroughly written. He was no orator; he was no ranter, but he was an earnest, intense and impressive preacher, and there are not many others even in these days that can compare with him in that respect. I deem it a great honor to have known him, and one instance in particular.. On a visit to Medical Lake he said to me, "I have to preach a sermon such as I have never preached before to these people," and he asked me if I would listen to it, and I said that I would. He stood there and preached to me probably the most vehement sermon he had ever preached, because he had been hurt by some of those people who had come there and thought it was God's work for them to labor and to undermine the work of that old man. And as he looked out upon that lake he asked me this question at one time, which I have never forgotten. He said, "Do you know the difference; is it any less idolatry to worship water than wood?" It was very significant to him and it was to me.

During these years, as I have said, he continued to make this whole country, his missionary field, including four counties at the time, three hundred miles North and South. It is something remarkable. I know of no place where he had anything to do in planting a branch of the vineyard of the Lord that has not developed. We see all round us the result of his labors and of his sacrifices. Although those churches that he organized on an average had not over a half a dozen members at the time, but today these churches have grown into a parish of three thousand members, and with a church property estimated at over a quarter of a million, giving sixty thousand dollars toward home expenses during the last year; and that does not begin to count the results. One of the results which is significant is the strength of Congregationalism, and conservative Congregationalism on this road up to the Colville country, with which I had something to do in organizing. The reason is that

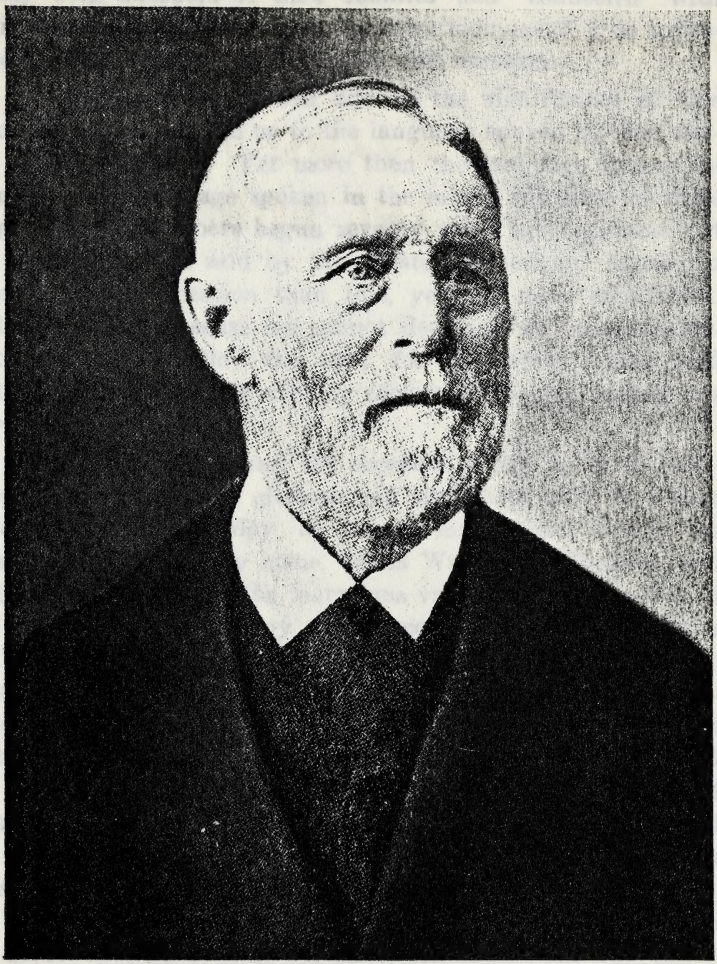
at the foundation of all we find the influence of his life and example, and the impression which it made on the early settlers. I have only given to you a glimpse of the work which he accomplished as a church builder. I know it is not phenomenal from a numerical standpoint as compared with the results of laborers who have worked in cities and centers of population, but when we consider that it was the seed sowing time, that it was the day of small things, that he was a John, the Baptist, crying in the wilderness and that it was a time when he was drawing away the stones from the highway, as the prophet says, I believe his work will compare with that of the best and greatest in the land and on the great day of Judgment that he will have the Divine approval, equal to any one who has labored or filled a conspicuous place. He has immortalized his name, but the results as we see them today are nothing as compared with what will be in the future. And here we have the great lesson of the man that did not profess to have phenomenal mental caliber, a man whose opportunities had been circumscribed, but a man who did the very best and made the most of his opportunities, and who because of his fidelity to duties, because of his loyalty to truth and his consecration to God, has inscribed his name in innumerable places and the influence of whose life will continue eternally. (Applause.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—Father Eells covers a range seldom permitted to one individual; missionary, church builder, and in addition to that in the realms of literature and learning and other vocations, he has a record which was equal to his record in the other line, and we will be pleased now to hear of Father Eells as an educator from Professor W. D. Lyman of the Department of History of Whitman College, Walla Walla.

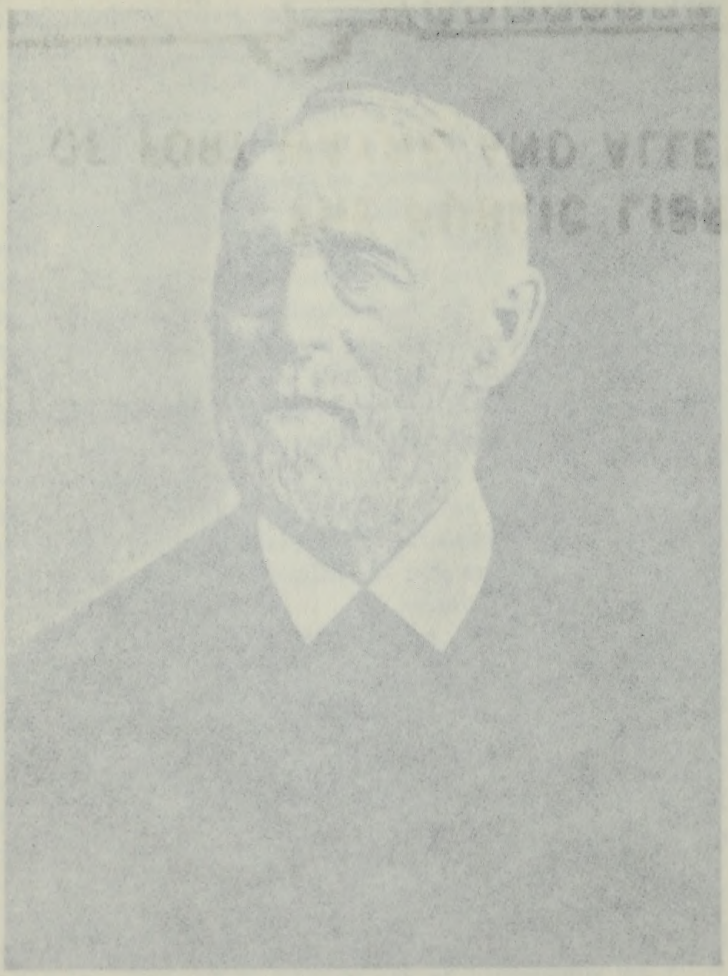
PROFESSOR LYMAN'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am admonished by the lateness of the hour and possibly on account of the muddy roads that our auto may run up a tree on the way back, that I must be brief, and that many things that might be said will have to be left unsaid, and yet I am sure I deem it both an honor and also fitting that I should say a



REV. CUSHING EELLS



word on this occasion about Father Eells. I presume I am the only one here, unless possibly a son, who was a pupil of his in the early days and as having known him and Father Walker from my earliest recollection, and having been associated intimately with members of their families and connected with Whitman College, Father Eells' greatest monument, I do appreciate the opportunity offered me on this occasion.

I suppose no words can add to the significance of this commemorative occasion or to the language spoken by that simple block of granite. Yet more than the language spoken by granite is the language spoken in the minds and lives of those people whom the labors begun seventy years ago represent. It can be said as was said by the greatest American statesman upon a greater occasion than this, yet not more significant, that in the larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this spot, for the liberty loving dead that struggled here have already consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract.

So this monument and the occasion brings up to us memories. Serious, sad, yet glorious and significant, and, as I have traversed in the last day, as I have many times before, the broad space between my home, Walla Walla, and Spokane, and as I see and wonder at the marvelous valley, and as a native of the State, I almost rub my eyes to comprehend how the cities and farms and other manifestations of progress have sprung up in such a short time, it seems to me as though all the past history of American civilization in the Northwest unfolds in a great panorama before us, and we can see again those days of the pioneers as they crossed the plains and reached the land of promise; the log cabins and rude surroundings, the laying of the foundations of another of those great monumental examples of American enterprise and Christian civilization—a new State, the greatest epoch ever wrought by man; and as we consider the forces that have made the American States, the new American States, with all that that means, we ask what were the greatest influences that laid those foundations right, and I believe we can unite in saying that the greatest influences were after all represented not by armies, not by statesmen even, but by the missionaries who themselves were indeed statesmen, and

who indeed represented armies but not to fight, but rather to build. They came not to seek the Golden Fleece, but to bring the Golden Messages.

To turn from the general thought and speak upon the subject assigned to me, I would consider Father Eells' character as an educator from two standards; his work as a preacher and as a founder of educational institutions.

Father Eells had experience, a long career as a practical teacher. We think of him as a builder of churches but many years were devoted to teaching in the school room. He seems to have gained the reputation of a thorough, enthusiastic and an honest teacher. After the massacre took place in 1847 he went to Willamette Valley and there his work was as a teacher in the old Oregon Institute, near Salem. There his work was considered to be of the best and he assisted materially during that one year in laying the foundations of that Institution.

He went from there to Forest Grove, where was made the beginning of Pacific University; then to a Donation Land Claim for five years near Hillsboro, Oregon, there teaching again, returning to Pacific University in 1857, continuing there over a year, engaged in work in the Academy; then in 1859, after the Indian Wars were over, and when it became possible again to take up the broken thread east of the Mountains, Father Eells returned to Walla Walla and was as has been referred to by Mr. Edwards, there standing upon that great grave where the sacred bones of the martyrs rested; there he felt the power of the Most High descend upon him and resolved that he would try to found a Christian College for the use of both sexes. The vision was fair and beautiful, but hard and painstaking were the years that followed during his life in Walla Walla. He himself during intervals, did the most laborious work on his farm and in raising money. He devoted himself to teaching in Whitman College and was most painstaking and thorough. During that time also he was Superintendent of the Schools for a time in Walla Walla County, then of course a pioneer county, and the labor which he performed, as laboring upon the farm, cutting the wood, tending to stock, doing the most laborious work, and at the same time going to Whitman Seminary and carrying on his work there and then on Saturdays giving

his time to the interests of the public schools, and uniting together the work of the Seminary and of the County School. It makes one almost tired in these times even to think of the labors he carried on.

A word as to his characteristics as a teacher.

The very first teacher I ever submitted myself to was Father Eells. I can just remember I was a boy of six when I first went to school. He was the teacher. With him as with some men whose goodness has been so marked a trait, he himself had a disposition to underrate his mental gifts. It was with the most simple, candid sincerity on the part of himself to speak as though he were not gifted mentally, yet he had gifts of a high order as a teacher. While perhaps not a great natural gift of originality and imagination, yet he had one of the most clear minds and accurate memories and a capacity of forming a conception of the topic and a clear grasp of the theme and a power of forcing his thought upon his pupils and he enforced that thought in various ways. He was bred in New England where it was believed that children ought to have some of the Cain taken out of them, and even in the maxim "spare the rod and spoil the child," and while kind hearted, he felt it his duty to be tolerably free with the rod in his teachings. He used in his method some of this characteristic shrewd common sense. He was a most remarkable combination of religious fervor and at the same time shrewd common sense. So that when he corrected a boy he would always offer prayer before beginning the ceremony and as his prayers were sometimes long and fervent, the feelings of the boy can be readily imagined. The point I am making is that he would pray on such occasions with eyes open. He had shrewd human nature enough to comprehend the necessity of watchfulness and spiritual fervor. Strict as he had to be under those conditions, I suppose his great heart of love and devotion was never surpassed anywhere. It would be gratifying to us if we could devote more time to consider his career as a practical educator, but I cannot. Therefore I will speak briefly to you of him as a founder of Institutions and especially as the founder of Whitman College.

We have noticed something of the actual labor he did as a teacher; but over and beyond any teachings that he himself

could do in that age, was the broad foundations looking forward to the great age which we now see is beginning. He devoted life, and time and thought and prayer, and money, to that purpose.

I suppose we may say that the greatest conditions in the laying of the foundation of the great college are a clear and intelligent plan of the conditions existing and bound to exist and also of an eye single to the purpose, a consecration, a devotion, patience and persistence which can be comparable only with the work of a great statesman, and so in laying the foundation of what is becoming and is destined, as we believe, to become a great factor in the social, intellectual and religious life here, he showed the grasp of a true statesman. He saw at that point in the great center of the Columbia Basin, the possibility of settlement, the pasture, agriculture, mining and almost every phase of the development of a great State. To lay the foundation of a great Christian Institution there was a test of statesmanship. His patience, consecration and the devotion which he gave to that great purpose were beyond all praise. Words are too feeble to express his devotion to that great purpose and that of his wife. As one reads his biography and goes lovingly and reverentially over the records which he preserved and sees there the record of almost agonizing prayer for Whitman College, the joys of anticipation of what it should signify, and of his thoughts, money and devotion to the great purpose, one sees that here indeed is one truly called the St. Peter of the Columbia Valley; one who had in his sphere that same abiding and devoted consecration to a great, real, tangible purpose. That is where he was statesman and idealist. He had a solid, substantial foundation. He had something to build upon; a shrewd, clean natural business sense, enabling him to grasp real elements, commercial, geographical, for the foundation of a successful Institution. And we now see Whitman College, the fruit of his toil, labor and money.

It is wonderful how he could save enough out of his scanty earnings, of his own means to lay a foundation of a college, besides contributing large amounts of money to the laying of the foundations of churches. So now, fair and beautiful Whitman College rises before the vision of the people of this great

Northwest as the fruition of the labors of this devoted man. Just to think, for a moment, of how seventy years ago there were only four white women in the entire portion of Oregon East of the Cascade Mountains, and scarcely a larger number on the Western side. There were, aside from the Hudson's Bay employes, a few trappers, practically no white men even in this vast region which now counts its two million inhabitants.

What that seventy years has wrought! If the eyes of Father Eells and Father Walker could look down now on this significant scene and see all of the destinies, and opportunities, represented by these thousands upon thousands of school children and young people all over these states, they would indeed realize that though dead they yet speak.

There is a beautiful little poem by Joaquin Miller which always seemed to apply with peculiar fitness to these foundation builders of our Western civilization:

> **An Arab Shiek in deserts wild,**
> **Sorrowed so for thirsting men,**
> **And digging wells, he thirsting, died.**
> **He died of thirst; the wells remain!**

So, dear friends, Father Eells and Father Walker and those like them dug the wells of Christian truth, the wells of Christian love from which if a man drink he shall never thirst, and though they did not live in this life to see the fruition of their work, we may well believe that those wells which they dug will be for all this vast region, wells of water springing up to eternal life. (Applause.)

MR. MCCORMICK:—We have heard of Father Eells from the standpoint of public life and various situations, but we have one with us who had a more intimate acquaintance—a member of his family and probably the first white child born in the State of Washington now living. He was born in a room directly over where this monument stands, and he will give us, as a fitting termination of these exercises, personal reminiscences, reminiscences of Father Eells from personal reminiscences of him and of this locality.

I have pleasure in introducing Mr. Edwin Eells of Tacoma.

MR. EELL'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Friends and Neighbors, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with profound emotion that I stand here today on the spot where I first saw the light of day, where my infancy was spent and my young boyhood, and call to mind the scenes and persons and events that occurred many, many years ago.

Although but a small child, the intensity of the events of those days has produced upon my mind a vivid remembrance of what occurred. But before saying very much on that point I wish to say on behalf of those present who were members of the families that were here at that time, and also representing seventy-five others, descendants of the two families which lived here then and are now scattered about in various parts of the country, I wish to express to you, Mr. President and to the Secretary, as officers of and representing the Historical Society, our profound appreciation of the honors that you are bestowing upon our parents at this time. You have our heartfelt gratitude and sincere thanks for coming away out here and for saying the pleasant things you have said and for honoring the sacred memories of our fathers and mothers who came here seventy years ago. I wish to be understood as expressing our feeling appreciation of the honors of this occasion.

The homes which our parents lived in seventy years ago were humble; two little cabins fourteen feet square with not a board nor a nail in them. They were built of pine logs, the roof made of split logs with dry grass and dirt on top. The ground floor was covered with pine needles, and the walls lined with Indian mats. The one window was a hole in the wall covered with a deer skin scraped very thin. In that they commenced housekeeping. During the first winter after they had become thoroughly settled in their homes in January, 1840, when the ground was covered with snow about one or two feet deep and the thermometer was at about eight degrees below zero; a spark flew out on the pine needle carpet in my father's house and like tinder it was all in a blaze almost instantly. Many of our goods were destroyed, the fire running all around the walls and floors in an incredible space of time. They got water from this spring and put it out after a while, but they were left homeless in the dead of winter, and had to go to

their neighbors who were occupying a small cabin at a little distance. Then Chief Factor McDonald at Fort Colville, seventy miles distant, immediately sent four men to repair the house and put it in a comfortable condition. Those men camped out in tents when the thermometer was from eight to ten degrees below zero and helped in the work. That was the way our people were treated by the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1840, the very same year, the first child was born on this spot. Abigail B. Walker, whose two daughters are with us today. The following year the speaker saw the light of day at this place. There were not many events. Life was pretty even. In 1842 Dr. Joseph Elkanah Walker, who has since been a missionary to China for thirty-five years, was born. In 1843 Doctor Myron Eells, who has been a missionary for many years, and has since passed to his rest, was born here.

In 1845 Jeremiah Walker, and in 1847 John Walker, making seven children, of the two families, who were born at this place.

I have not the time to recount many instances that I remember, but I will call to mind what was the most impressive and which occurred about the close of the time we lived here. In November, 1847, Doctor Marcus Whitman and wife and several members of their family and other Americans at Walla Walla were murdered by the Cayuse Indians, and about fifty women and children were taken prisoners, being all of the Americans living East of the Cascade Mountains except the two families here, and for the time being, Mr. Spaulding's family living near what is now Lewiston. We had no mails of course and knew nothing of this for some time. It happened that an artist by the name of Stanley, who was here at the time making portraits of some of the most influential Indians, wished to go down to what was called the lower country. He was furnished with horses and an Indian guide. He went as far as Touchet, where he met an old couple who informed him of the rumor that a massacre had occurred at Walla Walla. They did not seem to be very bright and he hardly credited it. The next day he met quite a band of Indians and among others one of the murderers. They corroborated what he had heard. At that time the Indians were killing off the Americans whom they

called the "Bostons," and sparing the Hudson's Bay Company people and the English, whom they called "King George's men." After a little conversation this Indian who was a burly fellow, stepped up to Stanley and said, "Are you not a Boston?" For him to have said yes would have cost him his life. His wit was quickened by his sense of danger and he said, "I am a Buckeye." The Indian did not know what a Buckeye was, and he saved his life by that answer. Leaving them, he immediately went down to Fort Walla Walla, which is now Walula, and from there the Indian guide who had accompanied him took back letters containing details of the massacre and such other information as he could give. I remember the day when that Indian came here with the letters. It was Saturday afternoon. My father had gone across these mountains about seven miles to spend the Sabbath and my mother and her two little boys were about 100 yards away at the Walker's house, visiting. The Indian came, the letter was opened, and as soon as its contents were known there was such a pall of thick darkness that seemed to settle all over us, that I will never forget it. We little children were almost too young to know the full import of the news, but we were terribly frightened. Our parents did not know what to do. Our friends were dead, the only other white American settlement wiped out, and we alone away up here in the country, the hostile Indians only 180 miles away, and the only white people within reach at Fort Colville, which was seventy miles distant. What should we do? On Monday my father returned; they talked long and thought hard what to do. At length they decided to invite three or four of the leading Indians, and the old Chief, and advise with them what was best to do. The question was whether to go to Fort Colville or remain here. Various things were proposed and the old Chief, whom I remember, maintained a dignified silence. His eyebrows were long, and his hair hung over his shoulders, never having been combed with anything except his fingers; but his eye was keen. He made a speech, the substance of which is about like this:

"My children, you are in trouble and your friends are dead, and you are afraid you will be killed also. Do I have to tell you that I am your *friend;* have we lived together all these many

years and you do not know that our hearts are one? Believe me, the Spokane Indians will never kill their teachers. Do you want to go away? It is not good for your wives and little children to travel at this season of the year. They might catch cold and die. You are here with comfortable homes and plenty of provisions and wood. Remain here and we will protect you. Are you afraid that the Cayuse Indians will come? They live a long way from here. Their country is warm; ours is cold. They speak a different language from ours and between them and us are other Indians which speak a still different language. This makes it difficult for them to come up here and murder you. My young men will be out looking and keeping a sharp look-out for any strangers coming to the country. We will protect you; but you must be careful; put up shutters to your windows and doors, so that anyone passing cannot shoot an arrow through at you. Never go away alone and never after nightfall. Take good care of yourselves and we will take care of you, and you will be safe."

Our parents heeded the advice and remained here all winter, three months, and were entirely safe.

In the spring, when the provisional Governor of Oregon had called out those volunteers and the Cayuse Indians were sending out lying rumors to induce other Indians to combine, it was thought best for the families to go to Fort Colville. After being quartered there as comfortably as possible, Mr. Walker and my father returned to this place to look after the property and watch the progress of events, and see what to do. Although but a very little boy, my father allowed me to accompany him. We arrived here the latter part of the week. On Sabbath, they had services as usual with some of the Indians; the old Chief and part of the tribe being away about twenty-five miles fishing on the Spokane River. In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, we heard an unusual noise. My father stepped to the door, opened it and listened. It was something so very different from anything he had heard before that he shut the door and went out into the back yard, which was very much like that shown on this picture, made of pickets, to keep away the Indian dogs and protect the children. We went out and got onto a table to look, and there it was—the Indian war whoop. The longer we listened the

louder it seemed, and the cold chills ran down my back and my hair felt as though it was raising up under my cap. I said: "What is it?" My father did not answer. Finally the Indians came out into the edge of the prairie. As soon as they came in sight my father recognized the horses as belonging to the friendly Indians, and he knew *they* were not going to kill us, but he did not know what it all meant. After cutting many circles out on the prairie, their faces being painted and feathers in their hair, riding bareback and shrieking and yelling, they made a bee line for Mr. Walker's house. Reaching the house they all stopped with a shriek that rent the air, and then everything was still. Mr. Walker was frozen to his chair with terror. My father led me down. He walked so fast I had to trot in order to keep up. I said: "Father, what makes you walk so fast?" but he did not tell me. We got there and found the old Chief's son and they said they had heard a rumor that the Cayuse Indians were coming to kill us, and some of them had seen a trail that they thought was their tracks, and one had walked all night to give the alarm to the old Chief. The Chief said to them: "Run to Tshimakain and protect your teachers," and they had come there suspecting danger, and for the purpose of protecting our lives. That night they rode out onto the prairie, and drove up our horses. They kept fires burning all night, and the next morning that whole band of twenty Indians was our bodyguard across this prairie, so that if any of the enemy were looking on the hills, they could see that we were properly protected. After entering the timber one or two dropped out and later on some more, so that gradually the guard lessened as the danger decreased, one or two going with us clear over to the Fort. These are some of the ways in which our Indians treated us at the time. After that incident, no one attempted to live here for the next three months, but my father spent the time traveling amongst the Indians to counteract the lying rumors which the Cayuse Indians were spreading. Among others was this: About sixty Spokane Indians had gone into the Willamette Valley to spend the winter and work. The Cayuse Indians spread the rumor that the settlers had murdered the whole band. My father, in order to counteract these rumors, sent a runner carrying letters from here to Walla Walla. From Fort Colville he swam

the Columbia River and then went down to what is now Wallula, then to Waiilatpu, where the troops were stationed. This Indian walked along and came in sight of the fort where the guard had orders to shoot every Indian. As he came in sight they leveled their guns, but he looked so innocent that they thought it would be murder to shoot him and they let him in and got his message. After that he was told to bring his white flag. He traveled back and forth carrying letters so that my father was able to counteract and explain any lying rumors that they circulated, and so prevented them from joining the hostilities or sending anybody to assist them.

Most of the time he traveled alone and never carried any arms. While traveling he had a fast horse that no Indian could overtake, and a trusty mule. He would ride until after dark and then turn from the trail to some secluded spot and there lay down to rest. That mule had such a keen scent that she would indicate if there were any Indians within a mile. That is the way he traveled. He went to all the Indian bands in this section of the country carrying his pocket Testament, on which they put their hands and took an oath of fealty to the whites which they never broke, and this band of Spokane Indians were never hostile after that.

Mr. Gilstrap has asked me to mention some of the children who were born at this place. When Mr. Walker and his wife came here they brought a little boy, Cyrus Hamlin Walker; the first white child born here was his sister, Abigail B. Walker, the mother of the two young ladies who will appear before you today. The next white child born was the speaker, and he has a daughter who will help unveil the monument. That was in 1841. In 1842 Joseph Elkahah Walker, who has been a missionary to China; next year, Myron Eells, who has been a missionary among the Skokomish Indians for a long time, and who passed away last year; Jeremiah Walker, in 1845; John Walker, in 1847.

I am admonished that you have been here a long time and that I should not talk very long. I remember this spot keenly and vividly, and although I was only 6 or 7 years of age when I went away, when I came back a few years ago, the whole place came back to me just exactly as I remembered it; this prairie

down here, these timbers; that spot where the Indian village was located and a log chapel was built—it all came to me as naturally as possible. I am thankful I am here today and that these people have honored the memory of our parents.

I thank you for your attention.

MRS. RUTH KARR MCKEE, daughter of Abigail Walker Karr. spoke as follows:

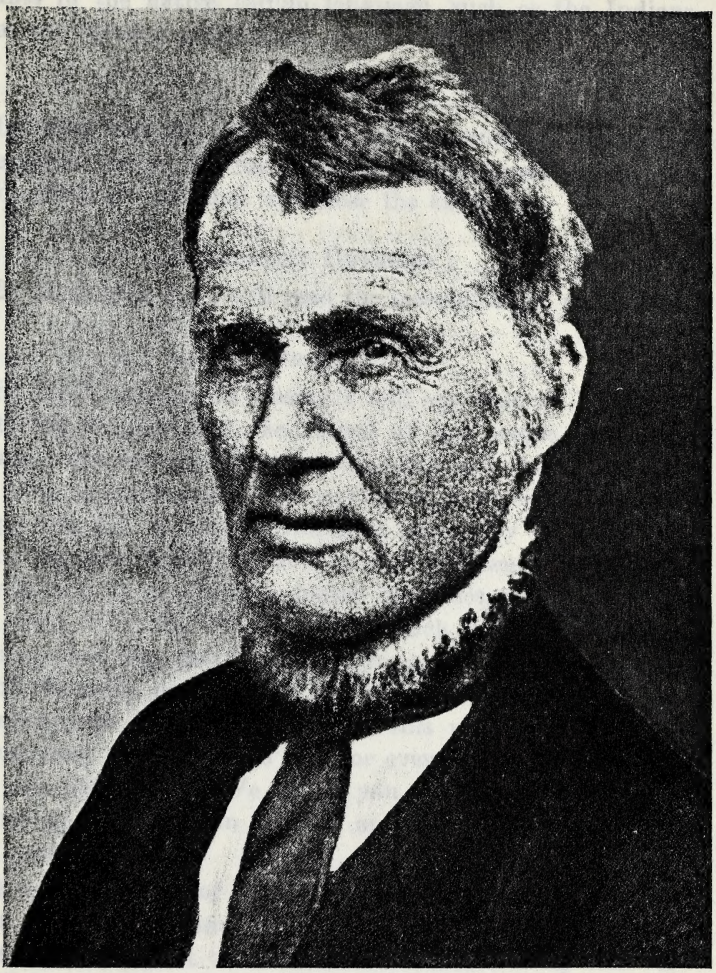
It is needless for me to tell you what a privilege it is to be here on such an occasion as this and for the first time to look out upon this prairie and these hills that first met the gaze of my mother. As we think of those women here, we can but wonder what their thoughts must have been.

Sixty years ago and more there played along this prairie a band of little children and as their mothers stood in the doorway and looked upon them we know that there must have been a great deal of anxiety in their thoughts with regard to the future of those children. That seemingly so uncertain has now become past for us, and whatever of good these passing years have brought to these missionary descendants, I want to say for one, for the one I represent here as well as others, the only little girl that played among that band of children, the thing we prize most, the greatest thing that life has brought or can bring is the memory we share and the occasion we celebrate today, and when that parting look took place of which we have heard, the eldest of this band of children was only nine. It seemed to those mothers that those minds were too youthful and hearts too tender to appreciate the event themselves, so one of the mothers attempted to write a little poem for those children, so that they might gather up a few impressions of their early home, and although simple and childish the lines are, we should look back upon the past and catch here and there a little glimpse of the pathos that surrounded the lives of these early missionaries. (Poem read.)

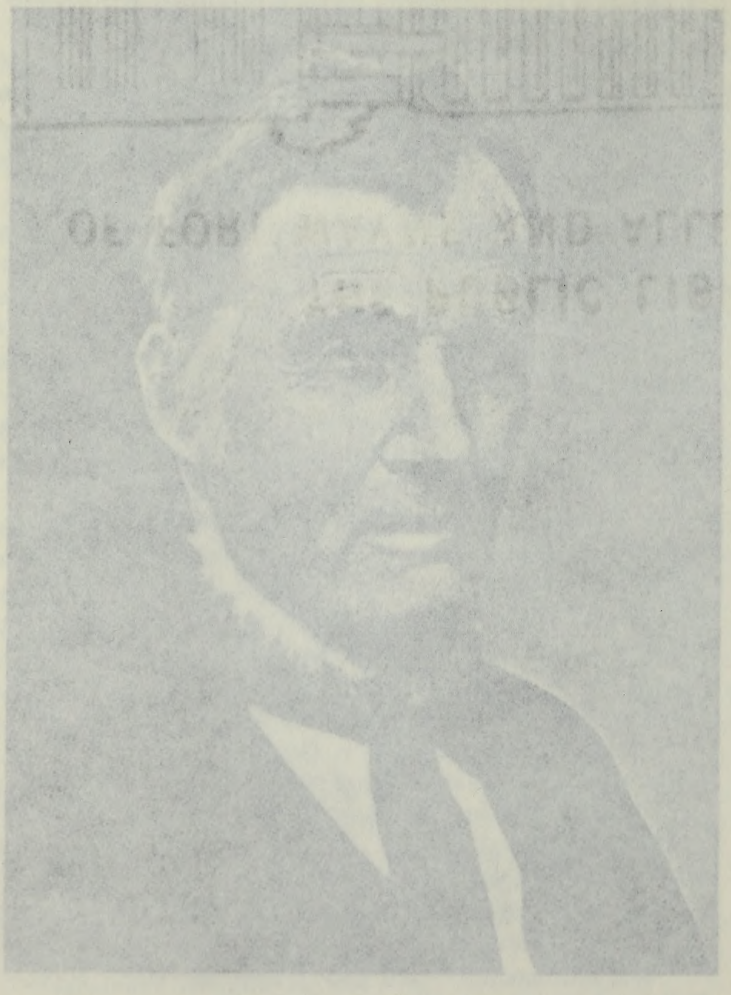
(Mrs. McKee is now, 1914-15, the honored President of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Washington).—Editor.

MR. MCCORMICK: We now present the descendants of the Eells and Walker families who are here with us today. Mr. Eells will give the names.

MR. EELLS: The first representative is Miss Ida M. Eells,



REV. ELKANAH WALKER



my eldest daughter; the next is Mrs. Ruth K. McKee, daughter of Mrs. Karr, who was Abigail B. Walker; the next is Miss Eunice V. Karr, her sister, and the third is Walter C. Eells, the son of my brother, Rev. Myron Eells.

MR. MCCORMICK: We will now have a song by these descendants in the native Indian language, such as the Indians sung at the Mission years ago.

(SONG.)

MR. MCCORMICK: The other and culminating feature of this occasion will be the unveiling of the monument by two of these descendants and that will close the exercises.

(MONUMENT UNVEILED.)

MR. MCCORMICK: I will read the inscription on the statue:

(READS)

MR. MCCORMICK: In closing I will say that we believe as a Historical Society that the record of the people who have lived and suffered and have worked in the early history of this State, gives us an example well worthy of commemorating, and we hope this will be an inspiration to everybody who sees and hears of this monument, to strive to do better work, to live better lives, and to accomplish better purposes, and ever have before them this one characteristic which was prominent in these men, that they sacrificed everything to duty. Do this and you will succeed; do this and the people who live after you will honor your memories, if not in this way, in other ways they will erect monuments to you for every kind work and act, which you have done. We thank you all and trust that the memories of this occasion will be an inspiration through the rest of your life.

At the conclusion of the foregoing exercises many of those present went to Spokane, where that evening a banquet was held at the Davenport in celebration of the birthday anniversary of the President, Hon. R. L. McCormick. Secretary Gilstrap acted as toastmaster and toasts were responded to by Prof. Lyman of Whitman College, Mr. Cook, Prof. Walter C. Eells, Miss Eunice V. Karr, Mrs. Ruth Karr McKee, Miss Ida

Eells, W. P. Bonney, Rev. Edward Torrington Ford of Tacoma, and a response by The President.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES AT DINNER AT THE DAVENPORT, SPOKANE, OCTOBER, 29, 1908.

TOASTMASTER, MR. W. H. GILSTRAP.

MR. GILSTRAP said:

We thought it would be nice to close this Historical event with a banquet in honor of our President, and this being his birthday, we thought it appropriate that those of us who have attended the historical meetings should gather here on this occasion.

We are sorry Brother Eells could not be with us on account of being ill this evening, and I am sure he would enjoy being here at this time as will those who are present.

I have assumed to take the President's place this evening and will call upon you to respond to toasts. We hope that each will respond with a three-minute talk. I will first call upon Professor Lyman to speak on the subject of "The Historical Society and the Business Man."

MR. LYMAN:

Mr. Toastmaster and Brothers and Sisters:

In view of the larger ministerial representation among the members of this company and the company that dedicated the monument today, I am reminded of a story you have probably already heard, of the old lady who had a fine brood of chickens, but they were all pullets except one rooster. The old lady thought a great deal of him, but at one time when she was away the minister called at the house and the children thought it incumbent upon them to make a sacrifice of the rooster. On her return in reply to her earnest inquiry, one of the children explained that they were justified as the minister was hungry. She thought it over and then said, "Well perhaps it was better on the whole that he should enter the ministry rather than to remain with the lay members."

Now a good many children have gone into the ministry but we have some exceedingly excellent lay members of churches and societies like this, and I notice the fact that to a considerable extent in the course of events the minds of the edu-

cators and perhaps of the ministers are turning more toward such things as we have had today and yesterday. I think it is a matter of the profoundest interest that there are here and there those men who though engaged in business affairs, nevertheless take such a deep and abiding interest in the history of the country that they devote time, money, energy, thought and life to this vitally interesting and important subject, and particularly I feel so with respect to the President of this Washington State Historical Association, connected as he is and has been for many years in the conduct of large business affairs. It certainly represents in a way a sacrifice; it represents a sacrifice of pecuniary interest, and to his generosity we all know this Society owes a vast deal, and I desire to express for this Society therefore the profound respect that the people of this State must have for the noble and sacrificing and intelligent expenditure of time and money which our honored President has devoted to this subject.

I do not believe it is possible for a person to be thoroughly interested in history, as our President is, and devote as much time to it, without being a lover of his kind, a true philanthropist; and so we today pay this tribute of respect to the President of this Society who yesterday and today so gracefully presided over these two occasions.

The Toastmaster warned me not to speak over three minutes, so that I must pause abruptly. I will heed the request made of a fleshy old lady who was coming down a steep street to catch a car, by an old gentleman not so fleshy, trying to make time in the same direction, and slipping, fell and were tangled up. He tried to disengage himself gradually, but she did not seem inclined to move, so he finally said, "Madam, I guess you will have to get off here; this is as far as I go," and so I will say this is as far as I go. (Applause.)

MR. GILSTRAP:—We will call on Mr. Cook to respond to the toast, "The Historical Society and the Inland Empire."

RESPONSE OF MR. COOK.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I had the good fortune to be a resident of Western Washington for a number of years when it was a Territory, in the

early seventies, and while now I have the better fortune of living in Eastern Washington, I think with due respect to those who live in the West, I think a great deal of Western Washington; my old mother and brothers live there and lots of good friends.

I have known a great many, quite a number of historical characters who have passed away. I have known and now know a good many who soon will pass away. I have seen buildings, landmarks, that ought to have been preserved, crumble away to give room to what we call civilization and improvements. I have seen events which should have been recorded and preserved by letter that have not been preserved as matter of history. I have learned more in the last week than I had learned in years before the value of the Historical Society. We need the Historical Society, both local and State; we want our County Societies; we have our Inland Society well officered, but I feel today that we should take a greater interest in the Historical Society of the State—the Society which has State officers as ex-officio officers; a Society that can act with authority, which we would all like to support. We want to preserve these landmarks; we want to preserve the history of the State, both past and present, so that we can let our children and our children's children know authoritatively the things which have been, and the things which were and which existed at the time of their parents and grandfathers, and the transactions of those who came first.

I want to say as an individual citizen of the Inland Empire that we are all proud of the work and energy displayed by the members of the State Historical Society. You have come to our Inland Empire to erect enduring marble, which will last, we hope, forever. We want that work to go on both East and West until all historical points are marked with marble of endurance, so that it will be a credit to this Society and the State. (Applause.)

MR. GILSTRAP:—We would like to hear now from young Mr. Eells, on the subject, "Our Young Men."

RESPONSE OF MR. EELLS.

Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is hard for me to express the great pleasure it has been for me to be here today at these exercises. Sometimes I think I have been almost a little bit sorry that my name was Eells, and that my college course should begin in a college so closely connected with the name—Whitman College. Sometimes I have felt that I was shown attention and that things were expected of me because I was an Eells. I have felt that I wanted to stand or fall, sink or swim on my own merits and not on the power of the name; but today I think undoubtedly I can say I have been proud that I have the privilege of bearing that historic name.

As I listened to the speeches today, sometimes my thoughts wandered back those sixty years to that mission station as it was then, and think of the little boy who was there at the time and who two-score years later I should learn to call father; so there were reasons why I should be proud. There is also a strange mixture of sadness and gladness. Of sadness to think that those days were all gone; of sadness to think that those opportunities were gone; that I and others like me living in this Northwest today have no opportunities to show themselves and distinguish themselves, by doing anything worthy of the name, such as those of our ancestors whom you of the State Historical Society and you of the Congregational Churches of the State have gathered here today to honor.

But is it true that those opportunities are gone, and has the necessity for the same spirit gone; is there not a place for us grandchildren and coming great-grandchildren of those noble missionaries for whom the monument was dedicated today; is there not still a place for us to put our lives, by the building up of what is still to be built? We are told that those early Missionaries laid the foundation for the development of the civilization of the Northwest. But what is the use of a foundation unless there is an appropriate superstructure built upon that foundation. Since those times what a great change has come over this vast country! Today there are tremendous opportunities in a financial line for our young men and young women, and in other ways there are still opportunities for us

who would be, if possible, imbued with the spirit which inspired those who have gone before; that we can have a part in building up this great Northwest which though it may not be commemorated, nevertheless a part for us to do; and that there is a place which should be filled by me and by other young men exactly like me in the State of Washington, who are eager and anxious to put their young strength into the best that there is for the development of this country, which has had such a noble beginning. (Applause.)

MISS EUNICE V. KARR:—I am very much more of a Walker than a talker, so that I will ask my sister to talk for me.

MRS. RUTH KARR MCKEE:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I cannot resist the temptation to talk to so many men at once, although I can always command an audience of one. I can only say like Mr. Eells, that I wish to express my deep interest and pleasure in being present. I came against the doctor's protest, but I determined to attend these exercises and, if need be, can see the doctor afterwards. This was an opportunity not to be missed. I want to carry back to my friends as much as I can of the splendid talks that we have heard today and to describe to them these events; and after all the events of the day it is a double pleasure for me to be here and enjoy this occasion tonight. I thank you.

MISS IDA EELLS:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As you were talking today of my grandfather as missionary, preacher and teacher, my mind went back and I thought of a kind old gentleman who used to carry a little girl upstairs to bed, and as he went up he would say "Up, up, up."

Then there was the old horse on which he used to take me to ride and he instructed me to say, "God willing, will you take me to ride," and also "If it does not rain." It was characteristic of him that he would not make an absolute promise; there was always a condition to the promise so that he would not break it.

I remember also the way in which we children counted the time between the visits which my grandfather paid us

when he would leave his work and come across the mountains. He would write us that he would be there about or at a certain time and we would be waiting to hear his call and we never had to wait long after the time. In that as in other things he gave us lessons in promptness.

These are some of the things that have been in my mind today, rather than some others although I have very much enjoyed the kind things that have been said.

MR. BONNEY responded to the toast "Birthdays" as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With you permission I will not take the time to talk in general, but will simply address my few remarks to our President, Mr. McCormick, in this way:

(Reads little poem.)

MR. GILSTRAP:—We will now hear from Doctor Ford on the toast "President of the Historical Society."

MR. FORD responded as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I think we have all of us experienced in our lives the fact that some subjects become wearisome to us with increasing familiarity; on the other hand I think we have experienced subjects which grow in increasing interest in proportion to our familiarity; and I am happy to say that my subject in its personal application belongs to this latter.

My subject is intensely personal and although all have spoken to the toast which has been given me, yet I am sure our friend will bear with me if I say some things of a personal nature even. I have just asked my friend how many years he has been a resident of Tacoma, and he says about five years. I very well remember the first impression which our honored President of this Society made upon me, the pastor of the church into whose congregation he came. He always makes that impression wherever he goes. He is an impressive gentleman and I remember clearly, without speaking words of flattery, the distinct personal impression which was made upon me as I came face to face with him and had the honor of shaking his hand and claiming an acquaintance with him, and I want to say, if I may be pardoned for the personal ref-

erence, that that impression has continually been a growing one with me as I have come to know more about him and his life and his interests and more about his world. As you come to know our honored President more and more, I think you will be impressed with three or four things which are conspicuously true.

First of all I want to speak of that winsomeness which is after all perhaps the greatest of all personal charms; a winsomeness, a way of meeting every person with whom he comes in touch, which you cannot describe but can readily feel; the gentleman, the courteous gentleman, who meets all with the same urbane manner.

The second personal word; more and more as I have come to know him I have been impressed with the fact of his versatility. Not a man that moves in a groove; not a man who lives a one-sided life. Our Brother McCormick is a man whose interests are broad, whose sentiments are generous, whose purposes seem to compass large areas; able to hold such a position as that of the secretaryship of the great Weyerhaeuser Timber Corporation; yet, a man who seems in some way to find time to think out problems concerning church life, concerning historical studies and interests and if you come to know him in his various walks of life, local, social and civic, political and commercial and, may I say in a broad sense, religiously, you will find, as I have found, our President a man of versatile mind, who understands how to live truly not only in one but in many spheres.

That leads up to the first characteristic which is allied to the last; that is, it results in a life which is a broad gauge life.

How frequently it is to hear men of large business interests make such a remark as this, "My business makes a slave of me; consumes my time, engages my energies, and I have no time left either of interest or of opportunity for engaging in anything outside of that line." It has been my great pleasure to note more and more during these years of my acquaintance that somehow or other our business friend finds time for a larger life. I know why, and that is because he knows that business alone is not worth while. There are a great many things better than being the secretary of a large corporation;

there are other interests that claim attention of the man; spirit, sentiment, heart; and they are the real things, and our President by his very attitude toward such things is making testimony without cant, without much pretense, but is giving his testimony, a valuable and impressive testimony, that the best things in life are not timber.

Therefore we must testify to our convictions that this life of our honored and beloved President is no narrow one; no superficial; no merely nominal life, but one that reaches down deep into the roots of things, goes aloft and spreads abroad.

So I want to congratulate this Society upon the President, who is now so gracefully and efficiently filling the chair of honor.

I want to say to you, my Brother, that we congratulate you upon the coming of this birthday. We hope that God in His good favor, mercy and love, will grant you many more. You are a useful man in society and we want you to live many useful years. You are a welcome man in society and we want you to grace your position for many years, and we wish you many, many happy returns of this day.

It is sometimes customary and we have felt it proper and agreeable to follow that custom of presenting some little slight token as a testimonial of the regard which we have toward you, and although I am not personally responsible for that which is to take place, yet I am very happy to say I have no objection to doing what I have been asked to do. Just why a cane was provided I cannot say; I am sure none of us felt you had been doing wrong and needed to be trotted out in the rear of the barn and also I am sure none of us felt that you needed a cane and could not buy it. I have been wondering just what these men did have in mind in presenting you a cane, and this is the explanation which occurs to me. Somehow or other a man of your dignified presence, a man of your distinguished and magnificent personality, always looks well with a stick under his arm, thus, and a silk hat upon his head. One of the well known things of Mr. McCormick is that he is a "mixer." He has the means of wearing a good silk hat, but you find him with such a hat as you and I wear; but at the same time we give you this cane, because we believe you are a man who can

carry dignity and some day we should be pleased to see you on the street of this or any other city carrying this stick and remembering that it represents the respect and the esteem, and, may I say, the love of those who would honor you.

So on this occasion it becomes my happy pleasure, perhaps because I am the pastor of the church where your life is being lived, to present you this cane in the name and on the behalf of these, your brethren of the Historical Society. We present it as a token, slight but true and sincere of the respect in which you are held by this fellowship. May God give to you many, many happy days; may you never need a cane, but may you live many years in the enjoyment of that and of other joys; and may the ministries to which you have given your years become thereby more fruitful and more glorious in your hand and heart. May God give you many happy returns.

RESPONSE TO PRESENTATION OF CANE BY MR. MCCORMICK.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I believe I have never had an occasion of this sort present itself to me and I never have been presented with a cane; and I know I have never been the recipient of so much attention and eulogy as I have been tonight. There seems to be a suggestion through it all that there are some lines in life that are unimportant in which I have made a success but, further, that however unimportant they may be, they were not all of life, and that I have not confined myself exclusively to these, but have taken some enjoyment in other and broader lines, as opportunity came to me as an individual. Still it is a little queer for me to talk under these circumstances as it is under any other, but I think it is probably a fact that if a man is successful in some one direction, especially if it is in sordid business affairs, someone will call him gifted as a man; someone will suggest that he is a poet, a literary gentleman or an author; something that he is not, in a line that he has not succeeded and the suggestion is that he appreciates compliments as to his attainments in those lines more than in the direction in which he has a real and recognized standing. The only regreat I have so far as this broadening life is concerned, is that it is not broader than it is. I do have sympathy with my fel-

low men. I think that is a just and merited comment on my life. Many men call on me and women, too, for they come to my office as frequently as any one with their little suggestions of aid in various directions; (I know that I am popular with the ladies in that line) and in many of those instances it gives me great pleasure to recognize them and I do it willingly as far as my ability goes.

I feel as though this line of historical thought, the story of any section of the country, is one worthy to engage the attention of the best minds of the locality. I feel that it is a liberal education in itself along the lines of higher education. It brings to the individual indulging in the work a return that is very valuable and the one that amply repays him for all the time he spends on it. I think one reason for that is that a work along this line is one that is truly voluntary and is taken up from a love of the work. No one indulges in this work for the emoluments connected with it but we work at it possibly to the neglect of our other business. And so I have found it in other places. I was President of the State Historical Society in Wisconsin, one that is recognized throughout the whole United States, in any center where American history is talked of, with the largest library in the United States on Western history.

I am glad to say that instead of having some other things to divert my attention and time, I found time to put one shelf to the use of history.

I found out here the jumping-off place, and thought that it might be there was no history here. The country was not discovered until three hundred years after Columbus discovered America. It was three hundred years after that before Gray discovered your Gray's Harbor. But I found that out on Puget Sound things had been happening—things out of which grew incidents of international importance, about which I would like to speak at length; incidents which make history different from a mere collection of dry facts and figures; and many incidents which would be an inspiration for young people and old to listen to. But I realize that I have not got the whole evening to myself. My wife says I will talk all night on history if anyone will listen, and I do hope that in time my

library will be sufficiently extensive so that I may be able to turn in my own home to a reference on any topic in which this country is interested, and I want it to be based on facts. I want all our Society's records to be a guarantee that they have been investigated and will stand criticism and examination.

I can only say in reference to this handsome gift by which you have remembered by birthday anniversary, that I shall retain it and treasure it. While it is a little gay for me, yet it will be a great pleasure to remember that I received it at the hands of those associated with me in what I believe to be an enterprise that is worthy of the attention of any of us, and one of the steps, as I think, toward a higher education and as such is becoming and will be more and more recognized in the future.

I thank you very much.

ON THIS LOT STOOD THE BUILDING WHERE
GOV. ISAAC I. STEVENS, THE FIRST TERRITORIAL
GOVERNOR, CONVENED THE FIRST TERRITORIAL
LEGISLATURE OF WASHINGTON,
FEBRUARY 28, 1854.
MARKED BY THE WASHINGTON STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND FRIENDS
ON THE 59th ANNIVERSARY OF GOV. STEVENS'
ARRIVAL IN OLYMPIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1912.

Inscription on Bronze Tablet at Olympia, marking the site of the First Territorial Legislative Hall.

CHAPTER V.

DEDICATION OF A TABLET AT OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1912, COMMEMORATING THE FIRST ARRIVAL OF GOV. STEVENS.

ADDRESS BY SECRETARY GILSTRAP.

In speaking for the Washington State Historical Society on this occasion, I desire first to speak of its organization, its objects and its duties.

The Society has, by the assistance of pioneers and old Indians, located many historical sites. We now have a bill pending in Congress asking for the site of old Fort Okanogan, where the first American establishment was erected in what is now the State of Washington. On all of these with many others, we hope in the near future to be able to assist the various localities in which they are located in placing monuments and permanent markers.

We, as officers and members of the State Historical Society, take great pleasure in meeting with you here today. We

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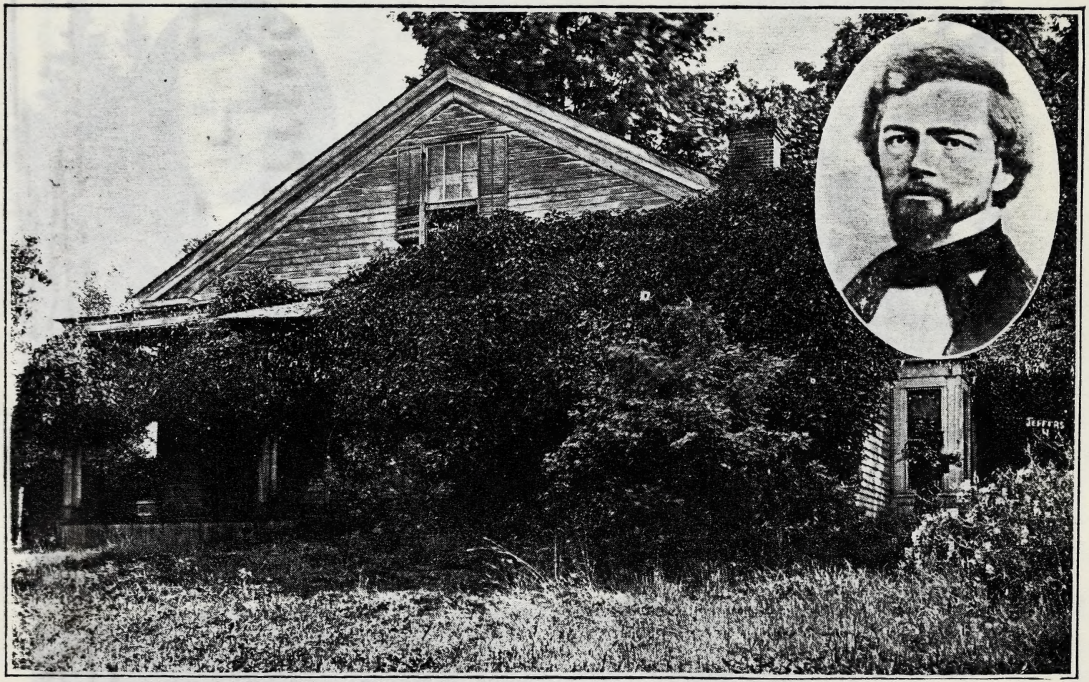
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rejoice that we have the opportunity to co-operate with the pioneers and citizens of Olympia in commemorating this anniversary day and in marking this important historical place, for this meeting and the marking of this spot commemorates an important event in the history of the beginning of our Territorial Government and in the life of our first Governor.

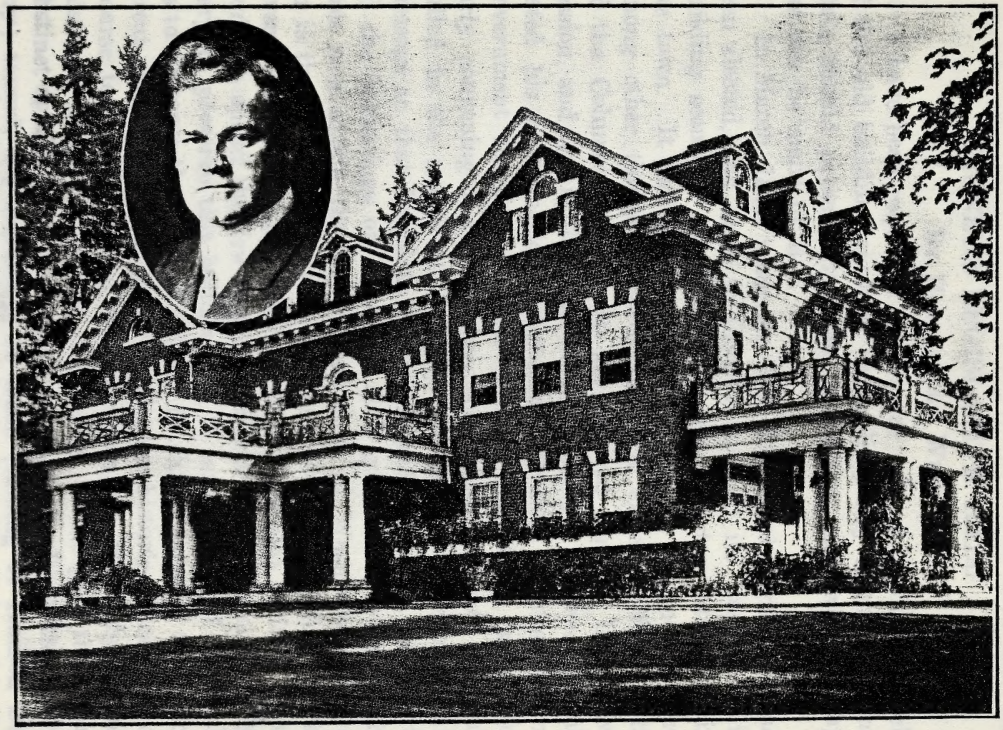
Governor Isaac I. Stevens was a most remarkable man. In those early days we had many brave and patriotic men, but none surpassed Governor Stevens in energy, patriotism and heroism. From the time he crossed the line of the Eastern border of our Territory where he took out his commission as Governor and read to his company taking possession and assuming his office as Governor, until he arrived at this spot, he displayed an unusual amount of energy. His famous ride from Camp Washington to Fort Colville on October 18, 1853, a distance that but few men have covered in a day. On October 28, 1908, the State Historical Society, citizens and school children of Four Mound Prairie and vicinity, unveiled a granite monument on the site of Camp Washington, where Governor Stevens and General George B. McClellan and their parties met and camped for about two weeks, where their survey of the Northern Pacific route was completed, and where Governor Stevens began his work as Governor of this great Territory, where I claim, he was really inaugurated, although he had selected this place as his capital.

There are at least five other places made famous by Governor Stevens which the Historical Society expects to eventually mark. They are the five great treaties. The first, known as the "Medicine Creek Treaty," held on McAllister Creek about a mile and a half west of Sherlock in this county, and was signed December 26, 1854. The Point Elliott Treaty was signed at Muckilteo, January 22, 1855. The Point-no-Point Treaty was signed January 26, 1855. The Neah Bay Treaty was signed January 31, 1855. The Indian council at Walla Walla, sometimes known as the "Mill Creek Treaty," was the greatest spectacular scene of its kind ever held in the Old Oregon Country. There were about 5,000 Indians gathered together, a greater number than has ever been gathered together before or since on this Coast, so far as known to civil-



WASHINGTON'S FIRST TERRITORIAL EXECUTIVE MANSION
Courtesy Mrs. G. E. Blankenship, Author "Tillicum Tales Thurston County."

WASHINGTON'S FIRST TERRITORIAL EXECUTIVE MANSION
Courtesy Mrs. C. E. Bremner, Vancouver, Washington



THE PRESENT EXECUTIVE MANSION

Courtesy Mrs. G. E. Blankenship, Author "Tillicum Tales Thurston County."

THE ARSENAL, EXECUTIVE MANSION

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ized man. The council was begun on May 24, 1855, and the treaty was signed June 11.

The Washington State Historical Society is always ready to take part in commemorating or marking any historical event or spot in connection with the life and history of our first, our great and heroic Governor.

PIONEER LEGISLATIVE HALL

By Hon. Allen Weir

I have been requested to prepare a brief historical sketch of this old building, showing particularly any reason why the State should preserve it from destruction, and what if any use can be made of it.

In March, 1854, when the first Territorial Legislature had been elected, and came to Olympia to hold its session, this building seems to have been the only two-story structure in the town. It had been built for mercantile purposes, and among other things sheltered the first express office North of the Columbia River. It was secured for the Legislative session, and within its walls Governor Isaac I. Stevens promulgated his proclamation designating Olympia as the seat of government for the new Territory of Washington, and regularly convening the Legislature for whose election he had called in the month of January previous; and delivered his message to that Legislature after it had organized, and started the beginnings of organized civil government over all the area now within the magnificent State of Washington. Therein is the gist of sentiment connected with the building. The average person, or late comer to this State asks: "Is it worth while to spend the few hundred dollars of State money necessary to preserve this building?" It certainly is, if the State is to preserve that sort of relics. In older States of the Union great care is taken to preserve all such historic relics. Such course teaches patriotism, and increases the knowledge of our history. There are certain happenings in the past that mark distinct epochs in the history of the country. First, the discovery; second, the beginnings of trade (coming of Hudson Bay trappers and traders); third, the coming of missionaries, followed by actual settlers, with families, establishing homes, the

ized man. The council was begun on May 24, 1855, and the treaty was signed June 11.

The Washington State Historical Society is always ready to take part in commemorating or marking any historical event or spot in connection with the life and history of our first, our great and heroic Governor.

PIONNEER LEGISLATIVE HALL.

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real beginning of civilization; fourth, the establishing of government under National authority with a responsible head. The object of historical societies is to perpetuate knowledge of these matters; and in no way can this be done better than by preserving object lessons.

The building here in question was long used and occupied by the merchandise store of the late Thomas Macleay. A few years ago, when it was about to be torn down, the attention of a pioneer was attracted to it, and it was preserved temporarily, mainly by raising small subscriptions among the old-timers of the State. In response to a circular letter, copies of which were sent out asking for $1 subscriptions for the purpose, about $100 was raised (practically every one appealed to responded) and this fund was spent in raising and moving the building, and putting in new foundation timbers and supports under it. It stands there, vacant, today. Two years ago the Olympia City Council, in a general crusade against old, empty wooden buildings as a menace on account of fire, declared this building a nuisance, and ordered it destroyed. Governor Mead interceded for it and succeeded in getting the order abated. A short time afterward it was formally turned over to him, free of all charges, to be preserved by the State. Last July, during the warm, dry weather, the city authorities ordered the roof cleaned of moss, as a guard against fire. The State Board of Control, under executive direction, had this done at State expense. It has been planned to move the building to the State Capitol grounds, where it with the capitol building that was erected in 1856, and served through Territorial days and some years after statehood can be preserved for all who care about our beginnings. It would cost $400 or $500 to move this old building, and something more to put on a new roof, and doors and windows. Then it might be turned over to the State Historical Society, or to the State Pioneer Association, or, to a Thurston County Pioneer Society or Native Sons and Daughters, for them to take care of and in which to hold their meetings or any meetings attended by those who enjoy historic surroundings.

Of course there may be some to whom appeals of this sort would carry but little weight. But if the question were

to be settled by the old pioneers of the State, or their descendants, the sentiment for preserving the relic would be practically unanimous. This is a matter that concerns the whole State, if it concerns anyone. Unless this Legislature shall provide for preserving this old building, the City authorities of Olympia will destroy it. It belongs to the State. Just now the country is putting forth extraordinary efforts to collect and preserve historical relics and historical data for use at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition, but there will be other years and other times, and other peoples who will highly enjoy what is now in our power to preserve, if we preserve the landmarks.

Oregon has a collection of relics under the care of its Historical Society, under State aid, that is a liberal education in itself to those who care to learn of pioneer ways and the memories of other days. It is idle to suppose that such things do not make for patriotism and love of country.

To the Officers and Members of Pierce County Pioneers' Society, Greetings:

Your committee to whom was referred the question of the desirability of preserving the old assembly hall in Olympia beg to report:

That Thursday morning following the April meeting we saw in the Morning Ledger a telegram from Olympia to the effect that if the committee appointed by you expected to do anything, "they would have to hurry, as the Commissioner was going to tear the building down that day."

Acting on this "tip" we telephoned to the City Attorney at Olympia and requested a stay of proceedings until we, your committee, could reach his city the next day.

We then asked for and secured a meeting of the Curators of the State Historical Society, put the matter before them and they, on motion of Mr. L. L. Benbow, agreed to appropriate $100 towards helping to take care of the old building.

On Friday morning we went to Olympia, called on Mayor Mitchell. He called a meeting of the Council Finance Committee, and they, upon learning our object, agreed to appropriate $100, as had the Historical Society.

We then visited the building, found it to be a frame building in a very dilapidated condition and decayed beyond re-

pair. The building was 28 feet wide and 60 feet long, two stories high. The stairway had been on the outside but was all gone.

Acting for the Historical Society we arranged for a carpenter to be there when the building was torn down and directed him to save enough of the lumber to make a model of the building.

This model is now on exhibition at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition and may be seen in the Historical Exhibit, top floor of the Forestry Building.

Respectfully submitted,

W. P. BONNEY,
W. A. STEWART,
Committee.

Tacoma, Wash., 1909.

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NATCHES EMIGRANT MONUMENT

NATCHEZ EMIGRANT MONUMENT

CHAPTER VI.

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT AT THE LAST CAMPING GROUND OF THE NATCHES EMIGRANT TRAIN.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY W. H. GILSTRAP,
Secretary of the State Historical Society, October 8, 1913.

Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Sixty or seventy or more years ago there was a call for men in this great Northwest country. The poet has very fittingly put it in the following lines:

THE CALL FOR MEN

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ample destinies;
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands
And to cleanse old error's fens,
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men.

Bring me men to match my forests,
Strong to fight the storm and blast,
Blanching toward the skyey future,
Rooted in the fertile past:
Bring me men to match my valleys,
Tolerant of sun and snow,
Men with whose fruitful purpose
Time's consummate blossoms shall grow;
Men who feel the strong pulsation
Of the central sea, and then
Time their currents to its earth throb—
Give me men.

I am sure you will all agree with me that these lines portray the character of the men and women, the pioneers whose memory we are commemorating at this time; the pioneers who ended here their long and weary journey sixty years ago today. These, with the pioneers who preceded this famous party,

and those who followed, were men to match our plains, our mountains, our prairies and our inland seas.

In studying the history of this, the first emigrant train to come direct to Puget Sound, and in personally investigating a portion of the route over which they came, I still claim the facts I have stated on former occasions, that in some respects this was one of the most unique bands of pioneers who came to the Old Oregon Country in the pioneer days. Their trials and hardships on the plains, and until they reached Fort Walla Walla were very similar to other emigrant trains, but from the Columbia River on the obstacles they overcame are not equaled in history.

Being impressed by these facts, your Secretary of the State Historical Society determined several years ago to pass over the worst portion of the original trail to locate the last camping place, and to mark the place with a suitable monument.

With this end in view, he and Mr. George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, conferred together seven years ago last July in regard to this matter, and decided to carry out this enterprise as soon as practicable. Owing to the great amount of work we each have to do in our respective fields, we did not find time until the summer of 1910.

On July 14, 1910, in company with Messrs. Van Ogle of Orting, George H. Himes of Portland, David Longmire of Yakima County and William Lane of Tacoma, all members of that famous train, your Secretary drove out and located the site where the last camp was made, October 8, 1853. We there and then raised $40 towards the erection of a monument, and arranged with David Longmire to take Mr. Himes and myself over the old trail from North Yakima to Buckley.

Mr. Longmire met us in North Yakima and drove us out to his home on the Wenas River. His home sets across the old trail, and is situated a few hundred yards from where Chief Ow-hi lived at the time the emigrants passed through. They stopped there to recuperate and did their washing before starting over the mountains. There was good pasture for their stock. It was from Chief Ow-hi they got their first potatoes after crossing the plains, which many of the emigrants claimed

to be the best potatoes they ever ate. It was probably this incident that gave the Yakima potatoes their fame.

It was only two years from this time until Chief Ow-hi and his tribe took up arms against the settlers.

In September, 1910, with Mr. Longmire and his four sons we started to retrace the old emigrant trail across the mountains. We had three pack horses and each a saddle horse. History does not record the fact as to how long this trail had been used by the Indians. Tradition tells us for many generations.

The first white men known to have crossed over this trail was Lieutenant Johnson and party of the Wilkes expedition when they made their exploring tour to Forts Okanogan, Colville, Lapwai, Walla Walla and return in 1841. They crossed in May going, and in July returning. They were guided by two Indians of Muckleshoot, one of whom was Lashmere.

The next account of crossing was by Theodore Winthrop in the early Fall of 1853.

Captain McClellan sent a party over to Steilacoom for supplies about the middle of September, 1853.

Our party crossed from David Longmire's place to Buckley in four and one-half days, or five days from the Yakima River to Buckley. It took the emigrants almost one month to cover the same distance.

Mr. Longmire had crossed over the trail from two to four times each year during the years of 1860 to 1884 in driving cattle to and from the Yakima country, and was therefore able to point out most all of the camping places and the places where the river had been crossed, the Natches River having been crossed sixty-eight times by the emigrants. We were able to count some thirty-eight crossing places made by the emigrants. Stevens' report on the Government road was that they had crossed forty-four times. Lieutenant Arnold completed the military road across the mountains in 1854 and 1855. It had been commenced by the citizens in 1853.

From this last camping place to the summit is sixty-two miles, and from the summit to the Yakima River, where the last crossing was made, is sixty-four miles, making a total of one hundred and twenty-six miles from the crossing of the Yakima River to this place, their last camping place.

The Government road grade on the summit and for a few miles to the East is in very good condition unto this day.

The Natches Hill, or precipice, over which the emigrants passed, is more than one thousand feet from top to the foot of the cliff, which was at an angle of from thirty-three to forty-five degrees, and in some places at that time was greater. The crossing of this bluff seems almost an impossible feat.

Mr. Himes and I made many notes and photographs of the trail on the way over, that will be of inestimable value to the historian when coupled with other written history.

Much more could be said of this trail, of the what now seems to be almost impenetrable forest and heavy timber, but time will not permit me to extend my remarks. Other speakers will tell of other phases of the subject. I will close by giving a few lines that will further illustrate the character of the pioneers of this party and of the times, as in contrast with those who had occupied this country prior to them.

The hunter may traverse the forest for game,
The fisherman follows the stream,
But the axeman opens to golden grain
The glades where their campfires gleam;
To the settlers' huts and the emigrant's home,
To the cities yet to be,
To those who are not as thistledown blown,
But firm as the rooted tree.

—*Brewerton.*

And again:

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of a commonwealth yet to be;
The first faint wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

—*Whittier.*

And still later on the call was:

Come from your pine shaded cabins,
From the anvil, the mill and the plow;
From felling trees in the forests,
You are needed as law-makers now,
To sit in the Governor's Council,
Or represent old pioneers;
To lay with wise thoughts firm foundations,
And plan for the oncoming years.

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ADDRESS BY CHARLES ROSS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Washington Historical Society and Fellow Pioneers:

I feel deeply sensible of the honor conferred in asking me to speak a few words in regard to the characteristics and accomplishments of that courageous body of men and women who crossed the continent by way of the Natches trail with their wagons and teams in 1853, some sixty years ago, and first rested their weary bodies and homesick souls on this sacred spot.

In erecting this monument to the memory of that splendid body of men and women—a division of the vanguard of civilization—the Historical Society is performing an act of gratitude and respect which will entitle them to the admiration of our best citizenship. Their stories of hardship and disappointment, of sorrow and joy, will always move the stoutest heart.

I would like to say many things in honor of the pioneer, but time forbids. While others were braving the dangers of those perilous times I was a babe in my mother's arms—too young to take part in this history. It is a splendid thing to perform an heroic act, and who would not be proud to be a participant in some act for the betterment of the race.

It is my part to say a few words about the personnel of this party. I have a part of the names of this brave band and I only wish I had them all that I might insert them here. Many have passed to the great beyond, but many of the worthy sons are with us today. The following is the list I have secured:

Aiken, A. G. ..... Marshfield, Oregon.
Austen, Mrs. Desdamona (Dodge) ..... Marshfield, Oregon.
Baker, John Wesley, 801 Clackamas St. ..... Portland, Oregon.
Baker, Leander H. ..... Portland, Oregon.
Baker, Joseph N. ..... Portland, Oregon.
Baker, William L. ..... Olympia, Wash.
Bartlett, Mrs. L. B., 573 Broadway St. ..... Portland, Oregon.
DeLin, Mrs. Gertrude Meller, 386 Hall St. .... Portland, Oregon.
Downey, John M., and Annis Wright, his wife (At or near Steilacoom)
Downey, R. M. ..... Steilacoom, Wash.
Byles, Mrs. Mary J. (Hill) ..... Elma, Wash.
Himes, Geo. H., 207 Second St. ..... Portland, Oregon.
Himes, J. W. ..... Elma, Wash.
Judson, Stephen ..... Steilacoom, Wash.
Kandle, Mrs. Tillathi (Longmire) ..... Yakima, Wash.

Address by Charles Hess.

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Judson, Stephen ..... Stellacoom, Wash.
Kendle, Mrs. Tillatti (Longmire) ..... Yakima, Wash.

Longmire, David ..... Selah, Wash.
Longmire, Elcaine ..... Longmire Spr'gs, Wn.
Longmire, John A. ..... Yelm, Wash.
Drew, Mrs. Belle (Biles) ..... Seattle, Wash.
Knapp, Mrs. Euphemia (Biles) ..... Portland, Oregon.
Lane, Wm. ..... Tacoma, Wash.
Lane, Mrs. Elizabeth (Whitesel) ..... Tacoma, Wash.
Laman, Mrs. Agnes (Woolery) ..... Walla Walla, Wash.
Kincaid, Mrs. Nancy (Wright) ..... Sumner, Wash.
Moore, Mrs. Rebecca (Wright) ..... Puyallup, Wash.
Ogle, Van ..... Orting, Wash.
Ruddell, Mrs. Helen Z. (Himes) ..... Elma, Wash.
Sarjent, E. N. ..... Rochester, Wash.
Sarjent, Mrs. Kate (Biles) ..... Seattle, Wash.
Ward, Mrs. Belle (Biles) ..... Seattle, Wash.
Mitchell, Wm. H. ..... Olympia, Wash.
Kincaid, Wm., and family of seven children... Olympia, Wash.
Holmes, Frederick ..... Olympia, Wash.
Wright, Mrs. Jane ..... Spanaway, Wash.
Longmire, Frank, Hotel Sterling ..... Tacoma, Wash.
Longmire, Laura Ann ..... No. Yakima, Wash.
Longmire, George ..... Selah, Wash.
Rice, Mrs. Melissa ..... Yelm, Wash.
Longmire, Robert, Hotel Sterling ..... Tacoma, Wash.

I have known personally a few of them and have learned to love and respect them. I only wish that I knew more of them. I am proud to say that they have as a rule stood at the forefront of our best citizenship and many have served both County and State in a public capacity. As a rule they have possessed deep religious convictions. The most beautiful example of Christian faith and resignation comes from the lives and pens of these early pioneers. Many of them felt that it was a part of their duty to extend the Gospel to frontier life as well as to the Indian tribes.

The Woolerys were nearly all members of the Baptist church, and Uncle Abe and Aunt Pop Woolery, the parents of our genial President, were members of that body. They located in Puyallup Valley. They were hospitable and ever ready to aid those in distress. Their son bears the distinction of being the fourth white child born in Pierce County.

The Longmires were members of the Christian church. They located out South of Steilacoom on the prairie. They reared a family of respectable citizens. Their son, Bob Long-

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mire, served acceptably as Sheriff of Pierce County for two years.

Honest Van Ogle, a veteran of the Indian War, located on a farm near Sumner. Stephen Judson and Paul, both good citizens. Paul Judson was a good lawyer and Stephen Judson a good politician. As the latter he served acceptably both as State Representative and as Sheriff of Pierce County. He was a Democrat and known as the "Democratic War Horse," who was always ready to fight for honesty and the rights of the common people.

The Downeys located at Steilacoom.

Father Himes located near Olympia. George H. Himes and J. W. Himes, his sons, and his daughter, Helen Z. Himes Ruddell, are all esteemed citizen and have reared esteemed families. George H. Himes has held many positions of trust and is now Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society.

Father W. M. Kincade and his respected family located at Puyallup.

The Lanes and Whitesells located near Orting. Many others which time and space forbid mentioning, but who proved to be men and women of affairs and lived a credit to their esteemed sires.

Two leading objects of commercial gain have given birth to wide and daring enterprise among Americans—the gold fields of the South and the rich peltries of the North. But this band left their homes and penetrated in defiance of difficulties and dangers to the very heart of a savage country, leading the way to this remote region of beauty and fertility. These people had a vision—one of the prophets has said that a nation without a vision must perish.

A story is told of an eminent statesman (Henry Clay) who was once walking with a friend through a fertile but thinly populated valley of Pennsylvania. All at once he stopped and assumed a listening attitude as though listening to the sounds of music in the distance. His friend inquired into his strange conduct. He straightened up and said, "I have a vision; I am listening to the down-tread of the oncoming millions whose feet shall press this valley and whose

labor and enterprise will transform it into an earthly paradise."

The past rises like a dream. I see this brave band after it has rested from its awful experiences, leave the families well cared for and start to spy out the new found land. They invite the leaders of other companies to join them. I see them climb to an eminence whence looking down they can take in the whole country at a glance. As they gaze upon this new found land with its splendid bays, lakes and rivers, its mighty mountains, its extending forests, the leading spirit of this party turns and says, "I see a vision! The future opens up before me. I look to the West and I see the great Pacific extending into space. On her bosom rests the ships that carry the commerce of the sea. I look to the North and see those splendid forests being cut and converted into lumber for the markets of the world. I look to the East and see that mighty mountain tunneled so that rails can meet sails. I look to the South and see those fertile valleys cleared for the habitation of man. I see beautiful homes surrounding these lakes and bays—surely we have entered the promised land."

Today we climb the mountain a little higher and see a little farther. We look to the West and view the commerce of the world passing through the Panama Canal, we look to the North and see the coastwise vessels freighted with the pelts and precious metals of that region. We look to the East beyond the mountains and see the cattle on a thousand hills. We see the sagebrush flats converted into fruitful gardens. We come a little nearer home and we see the waterfalls as they dash down precipitous mountains being harnessed as they speed to the sea. We look to the South and see churches and school houses being erected in these fertile valleys. We see the children as they go to and fro, mingling their voices with the songs of birds. We look down in front of us and see two mighty cities carrying on the commerce of the world. We look up and we see men flying in the air like birds. We hear them talking across the waters without the use of wires.

When we contemplate the conquest of the West and the wonderful inventions of man we are lost in admiration and can only raise our voices toward Heaven and exclaim: "Behold, (through his people) what God hath wrought."

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN ARTHUR OF SEATTLE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Here on the Southern border of a giant young city named after that monarch of mountains whose "diadem of snow" sheds a perennial radiance over this beautiful Steilacoom Prairie, in a rich and thriving county named for a President of the United States, and in a superbly endowed Commonwealth proudly bearing the world-honored surname of him who was the Father of his Country and the first President of the Republic—the Pioneers of Pierce County and the Washington State Historical Society. have jointly assembled to commemorate, by speech and by monument, an event of great local interest and value in the march of our race from the plains of Central Asia to the wooded shores of the North Pacific Ocean. At this place on the tenth of October, 1853, the first immigrant train which came direct to Puget Sound made its last camp. It had crossed the Cascade range of mountains through the Natchess Pass. It had attained its goal. Its arduous travels of many months were over. It had reached that Oregon country which had for nearly half a century appealed to far-sighted American statesmen as a region first discovered and made known by adventurous Americans and which, according to the law of nations, thereby became a part of the American Republic and should be occupied, settled and formally placed under the protection of the American flag. What was then known and claimed by the United States as the Oregon Country extended from the Rocky Mountains to the boundaries of Alaska. Thomas Jefferson sent Lewis and Clarke to explore it. Three counties in our State bear, respectively, the names of the great President and of the intrepid explorers. From the days of Jefferson to those of John Tyler the American mind dwelt increasingly on the Oregon country; but it was much slower and more difficult and dangerous to reach Oregon then than it is today for a citizen of Massachusetts to start from Boston and penetrate to the heart of Siberia.

In his second annual message to Congress on December 6, 1842, President Tyler congratulated that body on the conclusion of a treaty with Great Britain settling the boundaries be-

tween Canada and the New England States, commonly known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty; and then he said:

"It would have furnished additional cause for congratulation if the treaty could have embraced all subjects calculated in future to lead to a misunderstanding between the two Governments. The Territory of the United States commonly called the Oregon Territory, lying on the Pacific Ocean north of the forty-second degree of latitude, to a portion of which Great Britain lays claim, begins to attract the attention of our fellow citizens, and the tide of population which has reclaimed what was so lately an unbroken wilderness in more contiguous regions is preparing to flow over those vast districts which stretch from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In advance of the acquirements of individual rights to these lands, sound policy dictates that every effort should be resorted to by the two Governments to settle their respective claims. It became manifest at an early hour of the late negotiations that any attempt for the time being satisfactorily to determine those rights would lead to a protracted discussion, which might embrace in its failure other more pressing matters, and the Executive did not regard it as proper to waive all the advantages of an honorable adjustment of other difficulties of great magnitude and importance because this, not so immediately pressing, stood in the way. Although the difficulty referred to may not for several years to come involve the peace of the two countries, yet I shall not delay to urge on Great Britain the importance of its early settlement. Nor will other matters of commercial importance to the two countries be overlooked, and I have good reason to believe that it will comport with the policy of England, as it does with that of the United States, to seize upon this moment, when most of the causes of irritation have passed away, to cement the peace and amity of the two countries by wisely removing all grounds of probable future collision."

The anxiety in Congress upon the unsettled question of our rights in the Oregon country is evidenced by President Tyler's response, on December 23, 1842, to a request from the United States Senate, in which he said:

"I have received the resolution of the 22nd instant, re-

questing me 'to inform the Senate of the nature and extent of' the informal communications which took place between the American Secretary of State and the British special minister during the late negotiations in Washington City upon the subject of the claims of the United States and Great Britain to the territory West of the Rocky Mountains, and also to inform the Senate what were the reasons which prevented 'any agreement upon the subject at present' and which made it 'expedient to include that subject among the subjects of formal negotiation.'

"In my message to Congress at the commencement of the present session, in adverting to the Territory of the United States on the Pacific Ocean North of the forty-second degree of North Latitude, a part of which is claimed by Great Britain, I remarked that 'in advance of the acquirement of individual rights to these lands sound policy dictates that every effort should be resorted to by the two Governments to settle their respective claims,' and also stated that I should not delay to urge on Great Britain the importance of an early settlement. Measures have been already taken in pursuance of the purpose thus expressed, and under these circumstances I do not deem it consistent with the public interest to make any communication on the subject."

In the next succeeding presidential campaign in 1844 the Democratic party, with James K. Polk of Tennessee as its candidate, took its stand emphatically on our exclusive right to the entire Oregon Country and on its readiness to go to war with Great Britain in the maintenance of that right; a stand which was popularly expressed in the campaign by the stirring slogan, "Fifty-four-forty, or Fight." Polk was triumphantly elected. In his first annual message to Congress, on December 2, 1845, he gave large space to the controversy with Great Britain on the question and to the abortive attempts previously made to effect a settlement of it, and said of the pending proposal of negotiation:

"Though entertaining the settled conviction that the British pretensions of title could not be maintained to any portion of the Oregon Territory upon any principle of public law recognized by nations, yet in deference to what had been

done by my predecessors, and especially in consideration that a proposition of compromise had been thrice made by two preceding administrations to adjust the question on the parallel of 49°, and in two of them yielding to Great Britain the free navigation of the Columbia, and that the pending negotiation had been commenced on the basis of compromise, I deemed it to be my duty not abruptly to break it off."

Of the international navigation of the Columbia he said:

"The right of any foreign power to the free navigation of any of our rivers through the heart of our country was one which I was unwilling to concede. It also embraced a provision to make free to Great Britain any port or ports on the cap of Quadra and Vancouver Island south of this parallel. Had this been a new question, coming under discussion for the first time, this proposition would not have been made. The extraordinary and wholly inadmissible demands of the British Government and the rejection of the proposition made in deference alone to what had been done by my predecessors and the implied obligation which their acts seemed to impose afford satisfactory evidence that no compromise which the United States ought to accept can be effected. With this conviction the proposition of compromise which had been made and rejected was by my direction subsequently withdrawn and our title to the whole Oregon Territory asserted, and, as is believed, maintained by irrefragible facts and arguments.

"The civilized world will see in these proceedings a spirit of liberal concessions on the part of the United States, and this Government will be relieved from all responsibility which may follow the failure to settle the controversy.

"All attempts at compromise having failed, it becomes the duty of Congress to consider what measures it may be proper to adopt for the security and protection of our citizens now inhabiting or who may hereafter inhabit Oregon, and for the maintenance of our just title to that Territory. In adopting measures for this purpose care should be taken that nothing be done to violate the stipulations of the convention of 1827, which is still in force. The faith of treaties, in their letter and spirit, has ever been, and, I trust, will ever be, scrupulously observed by the United States. Under that convention a

year's notice is required to be given by either party to the other before the joint occupancy shall terminate and before either can rightfully assert or exercise exclusive jurisdiction over any portion of the territory. This notice it would, in my judgment, be proper to give, and I recommend that provision be made by law for giving it accordingly, and terminating in this manner the convention of the 6th of August, 1827.

"It will become proper for Congress to determine what legislation they can in the meantime adopt without violating this convention. Beyond all question the protection of our laws and our jurisdiction, civil and criminal, ought to be immediately extended over our citizens in Oregon. They have had just cause to complain of our long neglect in this particular, and have in consequence been compelled for their own security and protection to establish a provisional government for themselves. Strong in their allegiance and ardent in their attachment to the United States, they have been thus cast upon their own resources. They are anxious that our laws should be extended over them, and I recommend that this be done by Congress with as little delay as possible in the full extent to which the British Parliament have proceeded in regard to British subjects in that Territory by their act of July 2, 1821, 'for regulating the fur trade and establishing a criminal and civil jurisdiction within certain parts of North America.' By this act Great Britain extended her laws and jurisdiction, civil and criminal, over her subjects engaged in the fur trade in that Territory. By it the courts of the Province of Upper Canada were empowered to take cognizance of causes civil and criminal. Justices of the peace and other judicial officers were authorized to be appointed in Oregon with power to execute all process issuing from the courts of that Province, and to 'sit and hold courts of record for the trial of criminal offenses and misdemeanors' not made subject to capital punishment, and also of civil cases where the causes of action shall not 'exceed in value the amount or sum of $200.'

"Subsequent to the date of this act of Parliament a grant was made from the 'British Crown' to the Hudson's Bay Company of the exclusive trade with the Indian tribes in the Oregon Territory, subject to a reservation that it shall not operate to

the exclusion 'of the subjects of any foreign states who, under or by force of any convention for the time being between us and such foreign states, respectively, may be entitled to and shall be engaged in the said trade.' It is much to be regretted that while under this act British subjects have enjoyed the protection of British laws and British judicial tribunals throughout the whole of Oregon, American citizens in the same Territory have enjoyed no such protection from their Government. At the same time, the result illustrates the character of our people and their institutions. In spite of this neglect they have multiplied, and their number is rapidly increasing in that Territory. They have made no appeal to arms, but have peacefully fortified themselves in their new homes by the adoption of republican institutions for themselves, furnishing another example of the truth that self-government is inherent in the American breast and must prevail. It is due to them that they should be embraced and protected by our laws. It is deemed important that our laws regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes East of the Rocky Mountains should be extended to such tribes as dwell beyond them. The increasing emigration to Oregon and the care and protection which is due from the Government to its citizens in that distant region make it our duty, as it is our interest, to cultivate amicable relations with the Indian tribes of that Territory. For this purpose I recommend that provision be made for establishing an Indian agency and such sub-agencies as may be deemed necessary beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"For the protection of emigrants whilst on their way to Oregon against the attacks of the Indian tribes occupying the country through which they pass, I recommend that a suitable number of stockades and blockhouse forts be erected along the usual route between our frontier settlements on the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and that an adequate force of mounted riflemen be raised to guard and protect them on their journey. The immediate adoption of these recommendations by Congress will not violate the provisions of the existing treaty. It will be doing nothing more for American citizens than British laws have long since done for British subjects in the same territory.

"It requires several months to perform the voyage by sea from the Atlantic States to Oregon, and although we have a

large number of whale ships in the Pacific, but few of them afford an opportunity of interchanging intelligence without great delay between our settlements in that distant region and the United States. An overland mail is believed to be entirely practicable, and the importance of establishing such a mail at least once a month is submitted to the favorable consideration of Congress.

"It is submitted to the wisdom of Congress to determine whether at their present session, and until after the expiration of the year's notice, any other measures may be adopted consistently with the convention of 1827 for the security of our rights and the government and protection of our citizens in Oregon. That it will ultimately be wise and proper to make liberal grants of land to the patriotic pioneers who amidst privations and dangers lead the way through savage tribes inhabiting the vast wilderness intervening between our frontier settlements and Oregon, and who cultivate and are ever ready to defend the soil, I am fully satisfied. To doubt whether they will obtain such grants as soon as the convention between the United States and Great Britain shall have ceased to exist would be to doubt the justice of Congress; but, pending the year's notice, it is worthy of consideration whether a stipulation to this effect may be made consistently with the spirit of that convention.

"The recommendations which I have made as to the best manner of securing our rights in Oregon are submitted to Congress with great deference. Should they in their wisdom devise any other mode better calculated to accomplish the same object, it shall meet with my hearty concurrence.

"At the end of the year's notice, should Congress think it proper to make provision for giving that notice, we shall have reached a period when the national rights in Oregon must either be abandoned or firmly maintained. That they cannot be abandoned without sacrifice of both national honor and interest is too clear to admit of doubt.

"Oregon is a part of the North American continent, to which, it is confidently affirmed, the title of the United States is the best now in existence. For the grounds on which that title rests I refer you to the correspondence of the late and present Secretary of State with the British plenipotentiary during the

negotiation. The British proposition of compromise, which would make the Columbia the line south of 49 degrees, with a trifling addition of detached territory to the United States north of that river, and would leave on the British side two-thirds of the whole Oregon Territory, including the free navigation of the Columbia and all the valuable harbors on the Pacific, can never for a moment be entertained by the United States without an abandonment of their just and clear territorial rights, their own self respect and the national honor."

Until the House of Representatives in Congress adopted a resolution that negro slavery should not be extended into the Oregon country the South was ardent in demanding our exclusive occupancy of the entire Oregon country; the North was lukewarm. The South then cooled off and the North did not warm up. This condition of public sentiment led to the abandonment of our just claim to the territory now known as British Columbia. A concurring reason, potent with the North was, that Great Britain had a strong fleet of war vessels on the North Pacific and that the United States had not a solitary warship there. As the extent of our sacrifice has dawned upon us with the settlement of the Puget Sound country and the ascertainment of the vast natural resources and the splendid position of British Columbia, our writers on the subject are unable to discuss it without hot indignation; but we must pass on and accept the situation as it is.

It is our duty and our pleasure to do honor to the brave men and noble women who undertook and bore the hardships and the privations of the long journey to Puget Sound and who assisted in laying the foundations of this Commonwealth. Less than six years after the arrival of the Naches Pass immigrant train at this place, the Southern part of the Oregon Country was admitted into the Union of States. It took thirty-six years for the Northern part, as reduced by our ignorance, indifference, sectional narrowness and want of large patriotism, to be similarly admitted as the State of Washington. The arid sagebrush plains of Eastern Washington traversed in 1853 by that train of hardy pioneers yielded last year 36,238,000 bushels of wheat and 18,000,000 bushels of other grains, of an aggregate value

of $38,000,000; figures which in their day would have staggered the leading financiers of the country. Those very plains yielded last year hay, fruit, farm products, dairy and poultry output which realized more than double that vast sum. In that year the timber products of Western Washington exceeded in value $100,000,000; its fisheries yielded $15,000,000; its coal, $12,250,000, and its agricultural products probably amounted in value to $50,000,000. The property valuation of the State in 1912 was $2,344,153,469; and its population of 1,141,990 showed a per capita wealth of $2.050.

The golden fleece which Jason set out in his good ship Argo to recover for his usurping uncle as the price of being restored to his father's throne was secured by the invaluable and indispensable aid of the young woman whom he loved and wedded. So it was with our American Argonauts; without the care, help and encouragement of their faithful women they would never have ranked among the founders of a great State. To perpetuate the memories of those men and women the Washington State Historical Society was formed. During more than two-thirds of its lifetime it was supported entirely by the private contributions of those who valued the sacrifices and the services of the pioneers of Washington and who desired to rescue their achievements from oblivion.

With devotion, zeal, intelligence and industry beyond all praise, Professor William H. Gilstrap, the Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, has accomplished wonders with the meager funds at the Society's disposal. The other officers, as well as the Board of Curators, will heartily join me in awarding him almost all the credit for the good work done, and in expressing the hope that many years of such self-denying usefulness in a noble and patriotic cause yet remain for him. By his untiring efforts fourteen places in Pierce County worthy of memorial markers or tablets have been located, together with twelve such places in Thurston County, and perhaps half-a-dozen or more in the latter County which he is looking up. Similar work and researches throughout the State are planned by the Society, and there will be no relaxation of the diligence to which we are already indebted for the preservation of much valuable history. Every pioneer in the State should get in communica-

tion with Professor Gilstrap and aid him in saving for future generations every item of interest affecting the careers and fortunes of the men and women who made it possible to establish a free American Commonwealth on this disputed ground and to crown it with the immortal name of Washington.

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CHAPTER VII.

DISPUTED POINTS IN HISTORY

By Secretary Gilstrap.

There are some points in history which historians, it seems, cannot agree on. Some relate to the spots where historical events occurred, others relate to who were the principal characters. We do not propose to try to settle any of these debatable questions today; time will not permit us to enter into the discussion of any one of them. However, my attention has been called to the fact that there are parties who contend that Camp Washington, where Generals Isaac I. Stevens and George B. McClellan, and their parties met and camped some two weeks in 1853; where Governor Stevens began and planned some of his work as Governor of Washington Territory, is not where the Historical Society erected a monument in 1908 to commemorate that great event.

According to Governor Stevens' report his party went about eight miles beyond, or West of Spokane House to where there was plenty of water and grass, and six miles South of the winding ford on the Spokane River, which would make the spot at a small lake and spring on Four Mound Prairie. Indians who were there claim that was the place; they even go into details telling how the camp was laid off. Those who claim it was at another place, point out a spot fourteen or fifteen miles from Spokane House, and about nine miles from the winding ford. The former place is the only site in that neighborhood where there was plenty of both water and grass, which was necessary for the large party of both men and horses connected with the expedition.

There are other parties who now come forward and make the claim that the site where Commodore Wilkes and his marines celebrated is not where the monument was erected in 1906 by the various patriotic organizations of this County and State.

The Pierce County Pioneer Society took the lead in the location of the site and the erection of that monument; they ap-

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pointed a committee to, if possible, locate this site which the pioneers of this region all claim, according to tradition, was located on American Lake.

The late Edward Huggins being the best informed man on the history of this locality was visited by the committee. He said he could not point out the exact place where the celebration was held, but said he always understood that it was on the borders of American Lake. He also informed the committee that there was perhaps only one Indian now living who could locate the spot, and that was old Slugamus, who at the time of the celebration was employed by the Hudsons Bay Company, and who was present at the celebration; that he was an honest, reliable Indian; that we could depend on what he said as being true.

The committee finally located Slugamus Koquilton, who informed us just where the site was located, which was near a large spring on Sequalitchew Lake. He afterwards made a visit to the site with the committee and pointed out the various places where the events of that memorable occasion occurred.

It is now claimed by some that the site is nearer to Nisqually Landing on the site where Dupont is now located.

Our attention has been called to another monument which was erected in 1905 at Al-ki Point, Seattle, on or near the spot where the first house was built in what is now the city of Seattle. There are parties both here and in Seattle who do not accept the inscription on that monument as correct according to the historical facts. The inscription says on one face of the monument, "Birthplace of Seattle. At this place on November 13, 1851, there landed from the schooner Exact, Captain Folger, the little colony which developed the City of Seattle." On another face of the monument is this inscription, "New York, Al-ki."

"Adults, A. A. Denny and wife, John Low and wife, Carson Boren and wife, Louise Boren, David T. Denny, Charles C. Terry, Leander Terry." On the third face is inscribed who donated the monument and who erected it. On the fourth face the names of the children of the little colony.

The historical facts are that on September 25th, 1851, Leander Terry, John Low and David T. Denny landed on Al-ki

Point, being the first settlers in King County. A townsite was located and named New York, which was afterwards changed. On September 29, 1851, J. N. Low left D. T. Denny and Lee Terry to complete the cabin and take care of the townsite. Mr. Low returned to Olympia and footed it over the trail to the Columbia. After a few weeks Terry went to Olympia, leaving David T. Denny alone with "New York," his unfinished cabin, and the Indians, and for three weeks he was alone until that eventful morning, November 13, 1851, when the schooner Exact landed with A. A. Denny and family, C. D. Boren and family, J. N. Low and family and William N. Bell and family, Miss Louisa Boren, afterwards Mrs. D. T. Denny.

D. T. Denny did not come on the Exact; he was at Al-ki forty-eight days prior to the arrival of the Exact, and had remained there all the time, and while he did not saw wood, for his only tools were an axe and hammer, yet he was busy and used the tools he had. It was D. T. Denny who received the colony when it arrived.

While all acknowledge there were pioneer heroes in that party, yet there are many who believe D. T. Denny should head the list, at least the monumental records should record the facts as they were, instead of placing him away down the line with other members of the colony who came later.

D. T. Denny was a great character. He it was who gave Denny Park to the City of Seattle; Denny Way, Denny School, and other public places bear his name.

I became acquainted with him about twenty years ago, and had the pleasure of working and co-operating with him in the temperance and prohibition work of this State. I found him to be a faithful worker, a liberal supporter, a modest, unassuming man, in all that he believed was for the upbuilding of the City and State.

Again, there is that much debated and debatable question, who saved Oregon? Whitman or Lee? The missionaries or the statesmen? The Whitman myth, so-called, etc.

As an individual and a member of the Historical Society, and also as a mediator, I have taken a great interest in this subject. It is well known that our late President, the Hon. R. L. McCormick, and myself were warm and intimate friends, espe-

cially along historical lines. We were appealed to for moral support and financial aid in the publication of various manuscripts and data pro and con on this important subject.

We, after thoroughly canvassing the matter, agreed to encourage and aid all who came for assistance, from whatever side of the question they may be on, even though it may seem against our pre-conceived ideas or conclusions; provided all statements should be backed up by historical data, and that harsh and acrimonious criticisms should be eliminated from all manuscripts. That grand, good man, Mr. McCormick, proposed in his magnanimity that he would furnish the money for such publications provided I would read the manuscript and look after such details as might be necessary.

On that basis he furnished several hundred dollars to publish "The Conquerors," by Rev. A. Atwood, or Lee's part in saving Oregon. Mr. McCormick furnished the prize money on the series of debates held between the colleges of the State on "Who Saved Oregon, the Missionaries or the Statesmen?" and on the final contest held in the Holy Name's Academy and Normal School, Capitol Hill, Seattle, in the absence of Mr. McCormick from the State it was my privilege and pleasure to represent Mr. McCormick on that occasion and to present the money to the Debating Club of that Institution, which represented the statesmen.

Those having in charge the publication of "Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot," by Reverend Myron Eells, appealed to us for aid, and Mr. McCormick furnished several hundred dollars toward that work. We were also appealed to for assistance in the publication of Professor Marshall's manuscripts on the "Whitman Myth Exploded," but because of so much harsh and undue criticism we could not assist in that work. If he and his supporters had simply given the facts and let the public and the historian draw their own conclusions, Mr. McCormick as well as myself would gladly have aided in the publication of Marshall's work.

We believed that Marshall's work had its serious faults. In trying to demolish the Whitman Myth, Marshall injected repeated doses of Whitman Myth acrimony. He quarrels with

authors, and does not show enough of the spirit of the true historian.

I am convinced that no one man can claim the honor of saving Oregon. Hall J. Kelley played a very important part; beginning soon after the war of 1812, he persistently kept up his agitation with circulars, booklets and petitions to Congress for twenty years or more.

Thomas H. Benton and others of his colleagues in Congress from 1820 to 1840 did much in solving the question. The missionaries, the pioneers and early settlers all had their part in settling that great question. There was no class of citizens who took more interest and were more concerned in the Oregon question than the missionary, the pioneer and even the American trapper.

In the light of all the records on that great subject it seems to me that it is a very narrow conception of the events as they occurred during a period of over thirty years, for any one to make the broad assertion that occupation of Oregon by American pioneers played no part whatever in the retaining or establishing the United States title.

The fact remains that Dr. Whitman did make the famous ride; that he did go to Washington, D. C.; that he went there before he went to New England; that he was a patriot and a hero.

Now in view of the fact that there are doubts in the minds of some in regard to some of these historical events and inasmuch as the Pierce County Pioneer Society officially took part in one of these disputed historical events and as the Society has always stood with the State Historical Society for a full and free investigation of all historical subjects, I would therefore recommend that this Society appoint a committee of three to co-operate with a like committee from the Historical Society, to look into the above named and other subjects, for the purpose of bringing out all facts obtainable and to make them known to the public.

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PART III

Exercises at the Unveiling of Statues of Hon. Francis W. Cushman and Prest. R. L. McCormick

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FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

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CHAPTER I.

THE UNVEILING OF THE CUSHMAN STATUE AT THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TACOMA, JANUARY 16, 1912.

MR. HENRY HEWITT, JR.:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here for the purpose of unveiling the statue of our beloved townsman and Congressman, Francis W. Cushman. We are also here to carry along the interests of this Institution, the State Historical Society, and we are glad that you all turned out to help us. This building is only the commencement, the lighthouse, of the whole building that we are founding. We expect to build the bigger one with your help.

I do not know very much about the history of the State of Washington, but we have gentlemen here who do know, and we will listen to them to tell us something about it and what we are going to do.

We find unexpectedly with us tonight Mr. John Arthur of Seattle, one of our best citizens and friends of the Institution. He will favor us with a few remarks.

MR. JOHN ARTHUR:

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

My time is so limited that you are to be congratulated, because if I were not restrained in that way I would be strongly tempted on an occasion like this to say a good deal about my love for Francis W. Cushman, my interest in this Association and its work from the very beginning, and my confident belief that in the future and in the near future, too, within a decade, you will have here on these grounds the splendid building already outlined at the instance of our good friend, Gilstrap, who has been all along the life and soul of the Washington State Historical Society. (Applause.) He took hold of it when hardly anybody, even in Tacoma, believed that it was possible to make anything out of it, because the times were hard, people's minds were set entirely on business; they cared little for those who had passed away and who had founded this Commonwealth,

CHAPTER I.

THE UNVEILING OF THE CUSHMAN STATUE AT THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TACOMA, JANUARY 16, 1913.

and they did not feel disposed to give of their small savings for the building up of an Institution which was to most of them an apparent ideality. But Mr. Gilstrap had faith; he was a dreamer of dreams, and as I said to someone a few moments ago, the poet has truly said the dreamer lives forever; the toiler dies in a day. It is the men who dream great dreams and plan great things who are the fathers of the Commonwealth, and Professor Gilstrap is the father of this Institution, and I want him to live until he receives here a million-dollar building on these grounds dedicated to and possessed by the Washington State Historical Society. (Applause.)

I came over to testify in my humble way to the love which I feel, and the admiration which I cherished for Francis W. Cushman. His life is a strong illustration of the greatness of opportunity in this country of ours for a young man of spirit, talent and industry. It was but a few years from being a cowboy in Nebraska until he was a national character, every word of his wired from one end of the country to the other as those of a brilliant man in the Halls of Congress. In no other country of the world could such a career have taken place. We are so accustomed to it here that we do not realize the wonderful blessings showered upon us by Providence in having been placed in such a land, in such an age. In every relation of life he made good, to use the language of the street. He was a loving and devoted son; he was a true and noble husband; he was a good friend; he was a faithful public servant. In his short career he made such a mark on this nation that the Federal Government names one of its schools after him.[1] You in Tacoma followed that up, as you should have preceded it, by placing in your historic hall a bust to his memory. I am glad that you have shown such an appreciation of a really remarkable young man; I am glad that his home people who sent him to Congress can see today after he has left us that they thus did well, and that he reflected honor upon them, and credit upon his country. (Applause.)

MR. HEWITT:—We will next hear from Mr. Herbert Hunt of the Tacoma News on behalf of the citizens of Tacoma.

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[1]The Cushman Indian School at Tacoma.

MR. HUNT:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here tonight to pay a tribute to an old friend and to further reward in a small way the services of a valuable public servant. We have come to commit the bust of the late Francis W. Cushman to the custody of the State Historical Society, in whose keeping it shall remain, not alone as an earnest of the respect and affection we have for the man whose face it reflects, but as a spur to honorable public service by our grandchildren and theirs.

Mr. Cushman was a rare character. The son of a stronghold of democracy, the Commonwealth of Iowa, it was natural that his sympathies should be broad. And they were not narrowed by the economic exigencies of his earlier years—exigencies that compelled him to earn his living first as a waterboy, then as a railroad section hand, cowboy and lumber-jack. His months as master of a school room after that, taught him the self-restraint that fitted well into his later career. He loved to laugh over those youthful days when under the beating sun of the Middle West he ministered to the thirst of labor or tamped the hot gravel beneath the ties. He learned the meaning of the calloused hand and he never forgot it. He had a deep compassion for dissatisfied men who, because of missed or lacking opportunities or by reason of the various weaknesses that beset mankind, are compelled always to "tamp the hot gravel," and he had a great admiration for satisfied and thrifty manual labor.

What a broadening of vision he underwent when as a boy he came Westward to the boundless ranges of Wyoming; what dreams he dreamed as he slept beneath the stars, and how his ambitions stirred within him as he watched the herds through the long dark hours, he often told his friends. Those ambitions and dreams were in the main realized.

He began his public career in a little law office in Nebraska, where he learned that great patience is often its own reward. Twenty-one years ago he came to Washington and began to gather about him the friendships that finally led to his elevation to the high office he ably filled for years. Those early days in Tacoma were not by any means without their conflicts

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with penury and other difficulties, and there were enough idle days in his office to afford the time for formulating the philosophizings with which he delighted his friends and confounded his enemies in the political arena.

It is not unfair nor unkind now to say that when Mr. Cushman entered Congress twelve years ago a great many persons predicted his failure there. But they did not give him the credit of knowing how to combine and centralize his talents. Some of these talents were a gaunt figure—"I'm just six feet of bone, that's all," he used to say—a warm heart, a ready mind, a wonderfully good humor, a fidelity to friends, the capacity for long and tedious work, and forcefulness in speech and manner.

Much of his work as a public man has found an abiding place in history. Much of his humor will be echoing about this country for many years. Humor saves many a serious situation in politics and public affairs; it unhorses many an enemy, and it sweetens life. Our friend knew how to use it, and that was in a manner not unlike the great Lincoln's. One of his stories that all well remember—the story of how when hard times overtook this country in the early nineties, he ate clams until his stomach rose and fell with the tides, has had an international vogue and has been told and retold in probably every county in the United States, and it served at the right time to direct the attention of Congress and the nation to the resources and needs of Puget Sound, which was the aim Mr. Cushman had in telling it. Humor was merely a channel through which he conveyed his logic.

His genial attributes alone might never have carried him far had he not been indefatigable in his labors. There are literally thousands of men in this State for whom he was able, in spite of a frail body, to perform favors; there is a large investment in harbor work here in Tacoma; there is the handsome Federal building; more than that, there is the Cushman Trades School for Indians, the only one of its kind in the United States, and Mr. Cushman never tired in its behalf and never stopped until he had accomplished the task of procuring the appropriations to make it the remarkable Institution it is. His proudest achievement was the acquisition for his home

City, after exceptional labors, of the Government land which we now call Point Defiance Park, and which has a national reputation for its wonderful beauty.

Mr. Cushman served in the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Congresses, and died in the harness, July 6, 1909, at the age of 42. He departed young but he had accomplished much. He left enduring monuments of his industry; he left examples of an oratory unique in Congress during his service there; he set an example of filial affection worthy of emulation; he impressed upon us, his friends, the imprint of a personality we never can forget and it is to perpetuate this personality as far as we can that this bronze Cushman is given into the care of this Historical Society.

The movement to memoralize Mr. Cushman in bronze or stone began shortly after his death. There were many delays and difficulties, as there usually are in such enterprises. The selection of the sculptor was a matter for long consideration. After the plaster cast was completed there was protracted discussion as to whether it would fit the ideals of the contributors to the fund. Messrs. Frank B. Cole, W. H. Gilstrap, George S. Long, Everett G. Griggs, J. H. Dloedel and others gave much of their time and study to the matter.

The sculptor, Mr. M. T. Neilson, finally worked out a figure, the committeemen believed, as nearly perfect as was possible under the circumstances, and the order to cast it in bronze was given. Among the contributors were the G. A. R. Posts, the Relief Corps, the Independent Carpenters' Association, George W. Tibbets, for the veterans in the Orting Home; the Pacific Coast Lumbermen's Association, and many business houses and individuals in Tacoma and Southwestern Washington.

Let the bronze stand for the rugged character who hated shams and demagogy, who fought squarely and hard, who loved the outdoors and all nature, and whose heart and soul were wrapped in that finest of human attributes, devotion to duty.

MR. HEWITT:—We will now hear from Mr. George S. Long, for the lumbermen. The lumbermen will long remember Mr. Cushman and his hard labor in their behalf.

MR. LONG:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first time I ever met Mr. Cushman was on the train between here and Portland about seven years ago, and when we reached about ten miles this side of Castle Rock we were told that the Cowlitz River had washed away the tracks and we would have to transfer to another train about a quarter of a mile distant. It was unexpected notice to all the passengers, and I soon discovered a tall, peculiar looking man assisting a family of emigrants in moving their baggage. We had to cross the river in a boat and had to walk about a thousand feet beyond that place to the other train. He was not only assisting them himself but was calling on every able bodied man in reach who was not busy to help carry the baggage and the little tots to the train waiting below. I was told upon inquiry that that was Mr. Francis W. Cushman. I made his acquaintance between there and Portland. I was charmed with his personality and I was sincerely touched with his kindliness of heart. At that particular time he was on his way to Washington just prior to the session of Congress. That memory of him was typical of not only his kindness but his willingness to help the humble or anyone in distress, and has always stayed with me as being one of the marked attributes of Mr. Cushman.

Prior to his death some two or three months he delivered what is generally recognized not only by the lumbermen of the United States but also by every member of Congress who heard the speech, as the best speech that has ever been delivered in the Halls of Congress pertaining to the lumber industry. It showed more knowledge of the business, more breadth of thought, more conception of what the lumber business was and what it meant to the United States, than any speech that was delivered in that session of Congress. It is quite an unusual thing for the ordinary Congressman to thoroughly size up a great business and understand it completely. Mr. Cushman's speech showed that he was a lumberman in all that pertained to a knowledge of the business. It has been often intimated that the effort and labor that he put upon that speech, and study upon the tariff plank, had much to do with the early breaking down of his health during that session of Congress.

At any rate that event, that speech, brought more prominently to the minds of the lumbermen of this State and the Nation than ever before the strength of Francis W. Cushman.

To me has been delegated the privilege of expressing on this occasion the appreciation and regard in which the lumbermen of our State hold the career and life and memory of Francis W. Cushman. I am sure, however, that it is as his compatriots, rather than as lumbermen, that we can best express in fitting sentiment the tribute which comes most naturally to the lip and springs from the heart of all who knew him.

What he, in his public service, has done for the lumbermen of Washington and for the Nation, earnest, courageous and potent as it was, is but an incident in the career, always devoted to any worthy cause, and never to the detriment of his country or his fellow men. May we not then join in the broader appreciation of his noble parts, and noble career, his old-fashioned love of his country and his country's honor, his profound sense of public duty, the charm of his kindliness and geniality, the inspiration of heart and mind expressed with an eloquent tongue, that played no tricks with truth nor public weal?

True to his country, to his friends and to himself, he embodied in his personality the rare type of a public servant who is at once politic in statesmanship and a statesman in politics, always a patriot, full of wisdom, approachable, patient, courageous and dependable. Such men are the best leaders in our form of government. Comparatively few we have had of such characters in public life, and no better nor more effective type has yet been developed to meet successfully the requirements of American statecraft.

Francis W. Cushman richly deserved the honors which came to him, and honored us all by his career in the Halls of Congress. His, too, was a personality which won every worthy man as a friend, and worthily will he be remembered as a patriotic statesman, a noble citizen and a gracious and loyal friend. (Applause.)

MR. HEWITT:—We will next hear from Mr. A. A. Knight, for the Grand Army of the Republic.

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Mr. Hewitt.—We will next hear from Mr. A. A. Knight, for the Grand Army of the Republic.

MR. KNIGHT:

Mr. President, Friends and Fellow Citizens:

Selected by my comrades of the Custer Post of the G. A. R., to be present and voice their tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Cushman, I realize how inadequate will be the words I am to speak on an occasion like this. The eulogies to our departed friend and fellow citizen have long since passed into history and no word of mine can add or detract from the honor thus paid his memory. Yet it is fitting that the organization I represent should have some part in these ceremonies.

From the time Mr. Cushman commenced his public career until its close, he was our steadfast and constant friend. More than once he was the chosen orator for our Decoration Day Services, and we can recall even now how we were moved and thrilled by his eloquent and patriotic address. Often also was he a welcome guest at our campfires and public gatherings.

I recall his last appearance before us, when at the Logan Circle he told us of a recent visit he had made to the battlefield of Balls Bluff, where the gallant Baker, the friend and companion of Lincoln and Douglas, with many others, in the fullness of his life and usefulness, died for Flag and Country.

In Cushman our comrades found not only a friend but a helper. In Congress and out of Congress he labored diligently for their welfare, so when the end came, our words of sympathy and condolence went to the beloved wife and mother, and among the cherished mementoes of our Post are the beautiful and appreciative letters from his loved ones in return.

It was meet that the Flag which my comrades followed in the advance and retreat of McClellan from the Peninsula, which went down in the storms of defeat at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Chickamauga, to rise again when, on the bloody field of Gettysburg, Mead "Plucked success from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger," that climbed with Hooker the mountain buttresses of Old Lookout, that marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea, and rose again to its zenith at Appamatox, where it waved at last over a Union to be forever free and indivisible, should now be lifted from this piece of bronze.

Of the Flag, Senator Hoar has said: "I have seen the

glories of art and architecture and of river and mountain. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mount Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the Flag of my Country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans." And it was this Flag that Cushman loved and honored that doubly endeared him to our comrades.

Although Cushman had achieved much, life was but opening for him when the Destroyer came. Yet as we look upon those silent lips we cannot say that for him life is ended. Victor Hugo wrote: "The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others—'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."

The closing of the twilight was to Cushman the opening of the dawn and his voice is still eloquent beyond the stars.

In his public and private life, Cushman well measured up to the ideal of J. G. Holland, who wrote:

"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!"

Our Hall of Fame. Perhaps at no distant day this hall will become our Temple of Fame, for over yonder we look into

the sad and patient features of our martyred President, and up above, Seward, the great Commoner, whose voice like that of Cushman, was ever eloquent for the poor and oppressed, looks down upon us, and between these two immortals, let us place this memorial of our Cushman.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his Clemantha asks if they should meet again, to which he replies:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

And so, as Ion replied to his beloved Clemantha, through the twilight into Heaven's eternal dawn, I send the voice of my comrades again and say, Cushman, we shall meet again.

Mr. Hewitt:—We will now hear from Judge W. O. Chapman, for the Bar.

Address of Judge Chapman.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the State Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As I entered the hall this evening it seemed most appropriate to me that this bust which we are gathered this evening to unveil, should have been hidden by the American flag, the flag Mr. Cushman loved so well, the flag we all honor and respect, the emblem of the country to which Mr. Cushman gave his best service, and his active life.

It is an honor and a distinctive pleasure which you have committed to the Bar and to me as its representative to unveil this evening this bust of Mr. Cushman. If I may be pardoned a word: When Mr. Cushman first came to Tacoma, I was for-

tunate enough to meet him and to enter upon an acquaintance which endured between us until his death. In those days there were some members of the Bar who were not very actively engaged in the practice. Mr. Cushman has at different times humorously referred to some of his experiences during that period. But he and the rest of us were engaged in attending to what business we had before the court and it was there that I first encountered him, encountered him as a friendly antagonist, encountered him as a friend, and began to find out and to see those qualities of mind and heart which afterward endeared him to this community and made him famous throughout this land. He was an honest antagonist; he was true as steel; he did not use any underhanded trick or work that he might compass his success or the defeat of his antagonist. His word could be relied upon. What he said you could depend upon. He was keen of mind, alert for the interests of his client, and in speech before the jury or the court, eloquent and convincing. These many genial qualities of his mind and heart endeared him to the members of the Bar and gave great promise of future greatness, a promise which was partially eclipsed by his attainments later in civic life and service of the Government, because we remember him now rather for what he did as a member of Congress, and in the service of his State in Congress, than by his attainments or achievements as a member of the Bar. But still, as a member of the Bar, he was loved and respected by all and his memory remains dear.

The story of his life it is unnecessary to repeat. It has been told here this evening. It is not necessary that we erect any storied urn to perpetuate his memory, nor inanimate bust that we may gaze upon, as it were his picture, although it is most appropriate that in these halls a bust of Mr. Cushman be erected, where the young from the neighboring school may gaze upon that countenance and learn the story which has been repeated here this evening, of how a young man may rise from the surroundings of poverty to the highest places within the gift of the American people; and where the citizens of this community as they pass through these corridors may gaze upon the countenance of him who was so dear to us all that honored

memories will ever remain strong and tender, the kind and cherished memory of Francis W. Cushman.

(Unveils bust.)

(Suppressed applause.)

MR. HEWITT:—We will now hear from the Right Reverend Frederic W. Keator on behalf of the Governor, who was unable to be with us.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP KEATOR.

Mr. President and Members of the Washington State Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is indeed a misfortune which we all share that the Governor of the State was unable to be here tonight. It is certainly an honor highly appreciated, although wholly undeserved, that brings me here to stand in his stead, and to speak a word of acceptance of this memorial which has been placed here; this bust of Francis W. Cushman, honored among us as a citizen, beloved as a friend and valued as a public servant.

It is not for me tonight to attempt to say much of Mr. Cushman personally, for there have been splendid words spoken tonight, words which I am sure have gone straight to the hearts of all who have listened to them. I want in just a word to speak of what seems to me to be the propriety of placing this bust within this building of the Washington State Historical Society.

This Institution was organized for the purpose of gathering, of formulating and preserving the written records and objects of history of this State, as much as possible as pertains to all its early history, to its discovery, and to the trials through which those who first came here had to pass, to all the different vicissitudes which were undergone in the founding and launching of this young State. And in keeping with that object, already there have been gathered many of such memorials and already this building is not sufficient to contain those things which have been gathered. How important it is that there should be just such a place as this, just such an organization as this, of persons interested in this subject, to begin and to carry forward this work of collecting the historical memorials of all that pertains to the making of this State, and I am

sure that our good friend, Mr. Arthur, touched a sympathetic chord when he said that he hoped this was indeed just a beginning. How fortunate it is that we have those who have the vision to look forward through the coming years and to see erected here such a building as we have designed here tonight; that it is to be a great Hall of Fame where we can come and find everything so far as it is still in existence that pertains to the history of this State; how wonderful it is as we look into it and see how here the story is told of what has already been accomplished; what a splendid opportunity there is going to be for men who are interested in the upbuilding of this Commonwealth to show to us that those dreams which have been dreamed shall come true, and that as it goes on this collection, as much as it is, is only a beginning, and shall be carried on and grow more and more. But it has been very truly said that the most wonderful thing about this country in which we live is that its history is all before it, at least very largely before it. It is not merely those who have lived and labored as pioneers and founders, but those who are now living and those who are yet to come upon the stage of action who are going to give their lives and their interests and thought, their diligence, to the upbuilding of what we believe to be one of the great Commonwealths of this splendid Republic. And so it is fitting, it seems to me, that many of these things should be left here, as someone has called it tonight, in this Hall of Fame; these outward and visible reminders of those who have done their part nobly and earnestly for the upbuilding and carrying forward of this Commonwealth; men who like Francis W. Cushman are going to be long remembered by all who knew them.

Among the many splendid tributes that were paid to his memory by his nearest comrades it seems to me that his splendid record through those ten years in Congress was really to be his best monument; that whether the citizens of his State should ever build for him any monument, either of stone or plaster, that really the great monument would be what he had done.

Possibly for those of us who knew him as he worked and as he went in and out among us, it was not necessary that there should be any such monument as this, and yet we know full well how easy it is for the memory of man to be forgotten,

and so for those who are to come after, for the rising generation, it is most important that we should place these outward and visible memorials, so that those who come after can look upon him and know his features and his face as we know them. So it seems to me that it is most appropriate that there should be this Hall of Fame and in it there should be found a place for this lasting memorial of Francis W. Cushman.

The last speaker touched upon one or two things about Mr. Cushman for which this monument should stand as a witness. First of all, to the youth of this vicinity and of this city as they shall come to know it, this example of a man who could rise from a lowly condition to the high place which he occupied at the time of his death. It is indeed a land of opportunity, but a wonderful thing about him whose memory we are keeping in mind tonight, was not only that he had the opportunity but that he grappled the opportunity; made the most of it. He himself has told the story of his feelings when he first went to Washington and approached the door of the hall of the House of Representatives. I do not know but what he shared the feeling of a good many people that possibly he could not make good. At all events we know that there was such a feeling in the minds of many; and yet from the very beginning as he entered upon his career he seemed to see the opportunity and then to seize that opportunity and hold it fast always. How true are the poet's words:

> "That honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Do well thy part, there all the honor lies."

And so it was.

Then the second thing that has always struck me in his character was his conviction. Once let him grasp a truth, as he believed it to be the truth, and he held it fast, no matter who might be his antagonist; no matter how strongly men might think otherwise, they know what Cushman thought and why he thought it, and in these days where there is so much of shucks and so much of shifting, when there is so much of seeking a mere momentary popularity, the man who has conviction and is not afraid to stand up before his fellow-men and say so is the man who stands out as one of the grand characters of

his time. What a splendid thing it is to have before this rising generation this memorial of the man.

Perhaps there were those who thought that he was not progressive enough; that there were those who thought that with the advance of ideas that he should advance with them. For my own part I believe it is a more splendid thing to have a man of truth and conservatism who has principle and conviction, and such a character was Francis W. Cushman. And in this Hall of Fame it is well to place this visible memorial of that man and that for which he stood.

Then with it all, there was that sense of kindly humor, that sense of kindly feeling toward all men, that seemed to go along with all the other things to make him stand out before others as a fully-rounded man. One of his contemporaries in Congress has spoken of his splendid conviction, of his love for truth, of his high sense of patriotism, and also of that kindly humor which so often turned aside the fierceness of debate, and with it all there was nothing that ever rankled or left anything of bitterness.

With a high sense of patriotism, with a keen untiring devotion to his duty, with an accurate grasp upon the future, and, more than all else, with a gentle heart, he did his work splendidly and nobly, and for these reasons it is fitting that here in this Washington State Historical Society building, in this building where there shall be preserved not only the records and traditions of the early times, but the memories of the men who are helping to build up this Commonwealth, which is to take its place and do its part in the upbuilding of this great nation, it is well that we should have this memorial of our friend and fellow citizen.

And so, Mr. Chairman, in the name of the Governor of the State of Washington, we accept this bust of Francis W. Cushman, and we commit it to the custody and safe keeping of the Washington State Historical Society, who are the appointed guardians of these and other memorials of this Commonwealth. (Applause.)

MR. HEWITT:—We will now hear from Mr. W. H. Dickson on behalf of the officers and members of the State Historical Society.

ADDRESS OF MR. W. H. DICKSON.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens:

The part that I am to take in this program this evening is very brief.

The officers of the Washington State Historical Society have asked me to say to the donors of this beautiful bust on its magnificent pedestal, that we accept it and with deep appreciation will guard it, care for it and place it in such a position that it will always do credit to those who have so kindly contributed to it. And we recognize in the gift the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic, its members, and the Relief Corps, the lumbermen, and that great majority of citizens who have done so much to bring forth this beautiful testimonial.

On an occasion of this kind I might be permitted to ask your indulgence, as it is peculiarly significant. I think that we might be agreed upon one thing, and that is that occasions of this kind are not altogether solemn occasions. There is something more than sadness connected with this. It is an occasion of pleasure, although we are just human enough to have that tinge of sadness that comes with such things; pleasure in honoring the splendid achievements of such men as Mr. Cushman. While at the same time we are somewhat sad that his life, his useful life, was not prolonged, we sometimes are inclined to look upon such taking away as rather untimely, still our better judgment perhaps teaches us to bow our heads to the inevitable, to the will of the Mighty Power that guides the destinies of nations.

In thinking of this occasion and listening to the other speakers, I could not help but liken the remarks of some of the speakers to that splendid speech of Lincoln at the dedication of a portion of the battlefield of Gettysburg, wherein he stated that he realized it was quite impossible for men to further dedicate and consecrate that great achievement of the soldiers on that occasion; and I thought in listening to the several remarks of the speakers how utterly impossible it would be for us to further dedicate the achievement and lifework of this splendid citizen who has been taken away. But Mr. Lincoln continued further and he said we can consecrate ourselves to the fulfillment or finishing of some of the great works that the

soldiers had laid out; and so we can dedicate ourselves for the fulfillment of some of Francis Cushman's splendid opportunities.

I was personally acquainted with Mr. Cushman, and among the others I wish to offer my personal testimony to his strong character and his great work. Among perhaps one of the greatest faculties was that of being able to perceive, to ascertain the opportunities; and I can believe that were he with us tonight perhaps the thing he would impress most would be that if we desire to consecrate ourselves, let us view, if we can, the opportunities he was able to see, and work out the unfinished work which he left.

The speakers of this evening have detailed somewhat the thought, and I only want to emphasize this fact, that the presenting of this bust is but the forerunner—perhaps not altogether the forerunner—but the advance guard. We must remember that this State is quite young; the Territory of Washington itself is less than sixty years of age, and the State somewhat like twenty-three. Now being such a young State one wonders if there are great opportunities here for promotion of such things as we are gathered here tonight to celebrate.

This being the forerunner perhaps of some similar occasions to follow, I thought to myself as I walked about the building this afternoon with our Secretary, somewhat after this fashion: This is the State of Washington; this Association is the Washington State Historical Society, and the time will come when the officers of this Association hope to have such a building as you see in that picture frame. The details of that are in the office, and I wish you would look at them and study them somewhat. This is but a unit of what we hope to have. We hope that when that building is completed, this Washington State Historical Society will not only be a place of entertainment, but an educational institution, and while I realize that we are young, and I do not wish to reprimand the school nor condemn our citizens for their lack of appreciation; I simply want to ask your attention to this fact; even the size we are or when it grows to that greater size, the school children, as Bishop Keator has said, those living today and those who come, will visit the rooms of the Washington State Histor-

ical Society and possibly will ask where can we see the pictures, either by picture or bust, of the father of this country, he for whom this State is named. It is conspicuous by its absence. And he might ask if his teacher came along, where are the features of Whitman or Lee, the early missionaries? They are yet to be provided for. And who and what kind of man was Senator Benton of Missouri, who did so much to save this country to the nation? We love to honor all of them in our histories and to speak of them with kindness, but where is the portrait or where are the busts; they are not found here. So we may come down the line. It would be well if these good citizens who have banded themselves together to procure this bust, should be followed by others. I mention all this to show the great opportunities. One might run down the list and it would still be incomplete. John Jacob Astor's portrait or bust would very appropriately grace this hall. Robert Gray, who named the Columbia River, who came to this country in the early days, and we love to talk of him in history. And the school child will come and ask, "Where can I see something that will show me what the man looked like?" Mr. Knight pointed over there to Seward. How pleasant it is to know that that great Commoner's features are as they are, and here is Lincoln; we can close our eyes and carry away those features, and we love him the more. And so with our departed friend, Cushman; and knowing him personally, I can say that this is a most excellent likeness. These are important factors for instruction, for education. We have the opportunities by the score. We scarcely know the endless limits of the sources of the historical lore with which our State is brimming full. The harvest is all before us, and we are certainly not gathering it fast enough, because those things pass away and we may find some difficulty in getting busts of those past and gone heroes. We might honor Captain Wilkes who first celebrated the Fourth of July on this Coast. Some years ago I attended the dedication of a monument at Lake Sequalitchew; it was very impressive and I see we have a portrait of him. I wish we had a bust also. I was much interested in reading the history of General McCarver. He was a great worker for this country. We have only a small portrait of him; we should have busts of all

those men for the pleasure they would give us, as well as the educational advantage.

I talked this afternoon to a gentleman who was here in the very early days, and while I have been here some years myself, over a quarter of a century, I feel quite new comparatively, and I said to him, "Among the old Indian tribes who was it that the white people or the newcomers all looked to with high esteem," and he told me of Charlie Salitat. How many of us even remember or knew about him, yet the story told me this afternoon was one that could be written up by a poet. I asked him what was the story of Charlie Salitat and he said he was the son of a local chief who saved the lives of all the people here on one occasion when there were many people on the Sound. There was a secret movement upon the part of the Indians to massacre the whole white population. This boy, true to some of his white friends, either stole or acquired in some way a horse, and that night when the crime was to be perpetrated he rode throughout the settlement giving the alarm just as did Paul Revere in the early days of our history. I asked what became of him, and he said that he was killed for that. Can you imagine anything more heroic? Can you imagine children coming to this Society and saying, "Where is the bust of this great hero, the man who saved our forefathers?"

In speaking of those men whom we could honor, I must not forget to mention the name of Elisha P. Ferry, who for six or eight years was the Territorial Governor of Washington and who was the first Governor of this State. Surely we should honor him by a portrait or bust.

Then comes another gentleman whom I knew and who was a strong, earnest worker, and to whom we owe largely the fact that the Washington State Historical Society is here today, Mr. Edward N. Fuller, at one time Secretary of this Association; and there is Cushing Eells, and many others.

Among the Indians, Chief Chilicoom, who knows much about him? Yet he was an important man to Puget Sound; it was for him that Steilacoom was named; it was a twist of the name, just as the name Tacoma; he was an Indian missionary, sent here by the Catholic Church from somewhere up in the

Northern part, to labor among the people here and was a noted and influential character. That is another opportunity for the Washington State Historical Society.

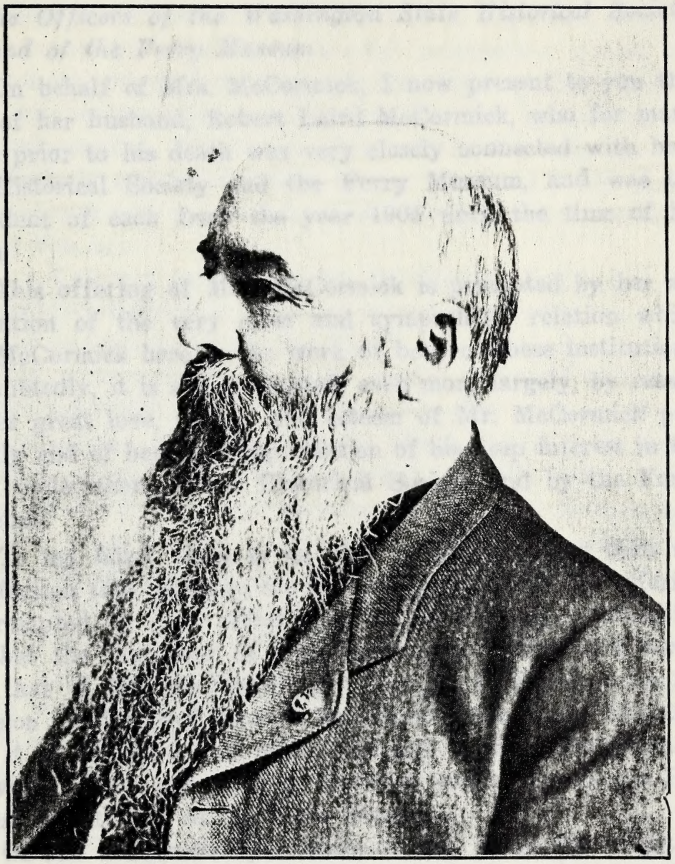
Then there was Chief Stanup. I knew his son. He was a loyal friend to this part of the country; and so the opportunities could be spoken of by the hundred. What we want is the united support of the whole State of Washington to build up this great educational institution.

The officers of this Society have asked me to say this to you and all the citizens of the State, that we will cherish and guard and faithfully care for anything of this kind and will appreciate any effort in this line.

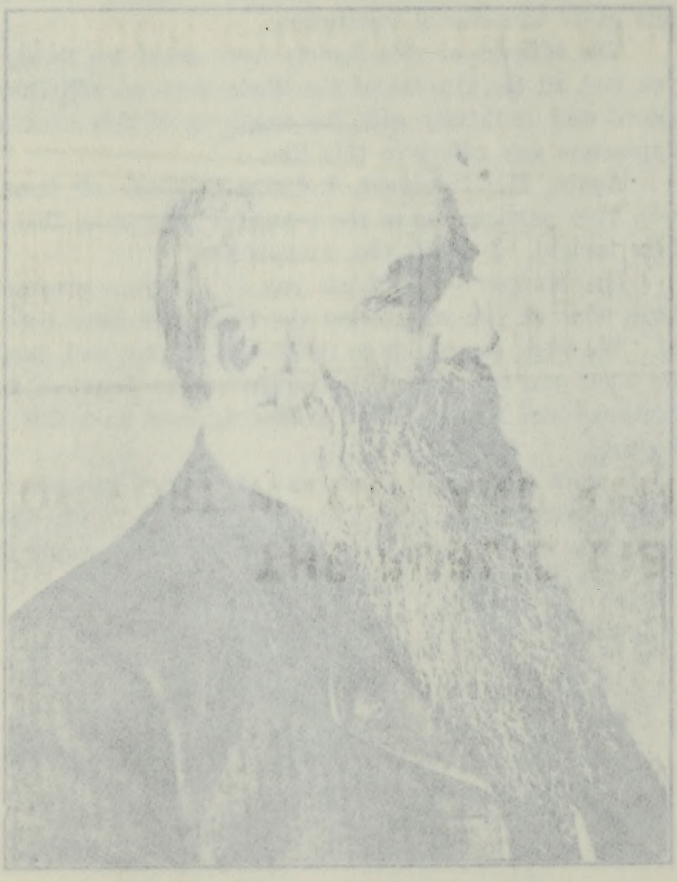
Again, Mr. President, I desire to thank all these people who have participated in the beautiful testimonial that we have here tonight. I thank you. (Applause.)

MR. HEWITT:—We thank you all for your presence and I hope none of you will forget the needs that have been spoken of. We want something to remember you by, and particularly we want you to wait on the Governor and Senators and Congressmen and keep at them so that we may have this building finished.

I want to do what I can, and although I have been getting sick occasionally of late, I am going to try to stay here long enough to see the completion of this building. Again thanking you. (Applause)



ROBERT LAIRD McCORMICK



CHAPTER II.

UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF HON. R. L. McCORMICK.

ADDRESS OF MR. GEO. S. LONG

To the Officers of the Washington State Historical Society, and of the Ferry Museum:

On behalf of Mrs. McCormick, I now present to you this bust of her husband, Robert Laird McCormick, who for many years prior to his death was very closely connected with both the Historical Society and the Ferry Museum, and was the President of each from the year 1905 until the time of his death.

This offering of Mrs. McCormick is prompted by her appreciation of the very close and sympathetic relation which Mr. McCormick bore to the work of both of these institutions. Undoubtedly, it is also prompted, even more largely, by reason of her great love, respect and esteem of Mr. McCormick personally and of her high appreciation of his deep interest in the work undertaken by the Historical Society and by the Ferry Museum.

To my mind, there is no nicer phase of giving than the satisfaction that comes to the one who gives, when the offering is prompted by deep affection, high esteem, and a tribute to all that the sentiment of love and regard brings to a career like that of Mr. McCormick's. This gift is therefore an expression of Mrs. McCormick's regard and love of her husband, and it is likewise a full realization and a full appreciation of the value, worth and merit of the work undertaken by the Historical Society and of the Ferry Museum.

Of Mr. McCormick personally a very great deal might be said which would not especially be pertinent to this occasion. To speak of his career as a man of affairs in the business world, or to refer to his activities in political life would offer a field for wide comment and high praise, but to the personal friend, and more particularly to the wife, the career of a man in a business way and the business world, or in his chosen profession, is not the strong factor that ties one closely to an individual.

It is the closer, deep personal relation which leads to respect, admiration, esteem and love, not only as a friend, but especially as a wife, and it is of Mr. McCormick, therefore, as first the husband, then as a friend, and then again as one especially fond of historical lore, that I wish to speak. Now in these relations, his was the most charming personality, and no one who came in contact with him failed to be impressed with his rare personality, affectionate, kindly, considerate, genial, sociable, patient, of uniform temperament, loyal to both friends and ideas, enthusiastic in everything for the upbuilding of home and country. His was a type, rare in this busy age and particularly rare when lodged in one who lived in the atmosphere and took part successfully in the stirring, active business career of this age.

I do not know when Mr. McCormick first began to be so deeply interested in historical matters pertaining to our country, and pertaining to any locality in which he might live, but he told me once that he was very greatly impressed with the life of the wonderful variety of citizenship that made up the American people. Our land was the Mecca, not only for those who were persecuted for religious belief, but also those who aspired to greater freedom, and likewise the Mecca for all those in European countries who wished to improve their condition in life, so that we drew to our shores freely from all of the Anglo Saxon race of Europe and have a co-mingling of races and people that was sure to evolve into a new type of citizenship.

Alongside of this new development he was impressed greatly with the civilization which supplanted the Red Man of the North American continent. Therefore, wherever he was stationed in life, he became vitally interested in studying the people who constituted its citizenship and the history of the Red Man who was gradually being crowded out.

He was particularly fortunate, therefore, in having his life cast in Wisconsin and Minnesota, which are each rich in the lore and glamour of an old and a new civilization. He knew of all those sturdy sons who first came to the head waters of the Mississippi and explored the Great Lakes, the original hunters, the Hudson's Bay men, the early French voyagers, the hardy and resolute and zealous Jesuits who explored nearly all of that

country many years before it became known to the world at large, and left behind them traces which in later years were all gone over carefully by Mr. McCormick, until he probably was the best informed man about the early history of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and the Upper Mississippi Valley, of any man in that country.

It was a source of constant pleasure to him to delve into the ancient history of all of this region, to pick up all the facts that he could and see that they were lodged in a permanent way to become a part and parcel of the true history of that region.

His activity in that way, early brought him in connection with the Wisconsin State Historical Association, one of the best of such associations in the United States, and he was very prominent indeed in bringing about public sentiment which lead up finally to an institution like yours here, and one of the best in the country. He was recognized as the leading spirit of all that pertained to the early history of Wisconsin and was for several years, and until he came to the Coast, President of that association.

My first knowledge of this trend of Mr. McCormick's thoughts, this hobby, if I may use such a word, came to me one evening in St. Paul some twenty years ago. He and I had been appointed as a committee to report upon quite an important matter pertaining to the lumber industry, and we met at a hotel in St. Paul to discuss this question and to draft our report.

Early in the evening we got together, when, by a turn in the conversation, some topic was suggested which led to some comment by Mr. McCormick regarding the early history of Wisconsin. He began to talk on the subject and I remained a charmed and interested listener, and for hours he poured forth a vast fund of information, with all the enthusiasm of a scholar and enthusiast and when we turned to the business which brought us together, it was past midnight.

This side of Mr. McCormick's temperament was a complete revelation to me. Up to that time I had supposed that he was a man so deeply absorbed in business that he had no time for anything else, so that I was more than impressed with this new side of his temperament and even more charmed. It illustrated to my mind that the thought and study and diversion which

came to him by his research and study of historical matters, brought that much needed relief and recreation which every business man, every active professional man should have.

Mr. McCormick came to Tacoma to make it his home in the year 1904. Personally, I was somewhat surprised to see him leave his old home in Wisconsin and Minnesota to come to a new country. He had, by that time, rounded out an active and successful career, and was in position to spend the remainder of his life free from burdens of business, if he so desired, and to give even more of his time to his pet hobby, historical research, but Mr. McCormick was never a man to shirk responsibilities. He felt that it was his duty to come to the Pacific Coast to take part in the management of a business which he had done so much to create. He came cheerfully and willingly and from the day he arrived in Tacoma, he became a loyal citizen of it and showed the very highest type of pride and interest in his new environment. It would be hard to exaggerate the love which he entertained for the city of Tacoma and for the State of Washington. He was imbued all over with the spirit of loyalty to his new environment and almost immediately upon his arrival here he began to pick up the threads of that wonderful early history of the Pacific Coast and often spoke of it as being even more interesting in this respect than the country which he had left behind.

Here on this Coast were evidences and legends of a time when possibly an Asiatic people were to be found on America's shores. Still later, early voyagers, explorers, and many instances of the occupancy of the land, taken over by the English and Spanish, and later on, when it became a debatable question just where the dividing line was between British possessions and those of the United States, there were numerous historical events, pertaining to that epoch of time, that appealed strongly to Mr. McCormick's instinct for research.

The early settlers who came to some parts of this country, even prior to the discovery of gold in California, was in itself a wonderful movement, and he was able to converse frequently with some of those who had crossed the plains, prior to the year 1850, and glean facts and impressions which added greatly to his true conception of what this movement and early immigration meant to this country.

Especially was he interested in all the historical and practical consequences resulting from the Lewis and Clark expedition and particularly impressed with the explorations of Fremont and other explorers sent by the Federal Government.

The isolation of early settlers from the eastern part of our country, the mad rush of the early gold seekers and the glamour and excitement of their life in California and Oregon, all made for him a mine for research most valuable and entertaining.

The possible potential influence of the Pacific Coast, its opportunities for physical development and for material progress, all were fully grasped by the business instinct of Mr. McCormick, but he was not satisfied to give his attention simply and solely to material things for the upbuilding of his own fortune, or for the upbuilding of the country, but he was attracted even more, I think, to the rare flavor of the early history of the people, and realized how important it was to collect all of this information and get it in substantial, dependable form, so that it could be utilized in the future as the proper and sure foundation for a permanent history.

Therefore, while this work which Mr. McCormick took upon himself, in connection with the Historical Society, was most congenial to him, yet he did not shirk its responsibilities, nor hesitate to devote his time and his money to historical research; or, to put it differently, he was not satisfied simply to follow this line of work as long as it afforded him recreation, and as long as it gave him an opportunity for personal gratification, but he went further and put into it both effort and money, to make such research of a lasting and permanent character, so that to a large degree his work was of a patriotic and public spirited character, and for the reason that this particular kind of occupation which so interested Mr. McCormick was patriotic and public spirited, and likewise because it was so interesting and satisfactory to him, these are the reasons why it has seemed particularly pleasing to Mrs. McCormick to place this bust at the disposal of the Historical Society and the Ferry Museum, as a tribute of affection for Mr. McCormick and for his deep interest in the work of this Association, all representing likewise Mrs. McCormick's own interest in that which was a comfort and a pleasure to her husband for many years.

GEO. S. LONG,

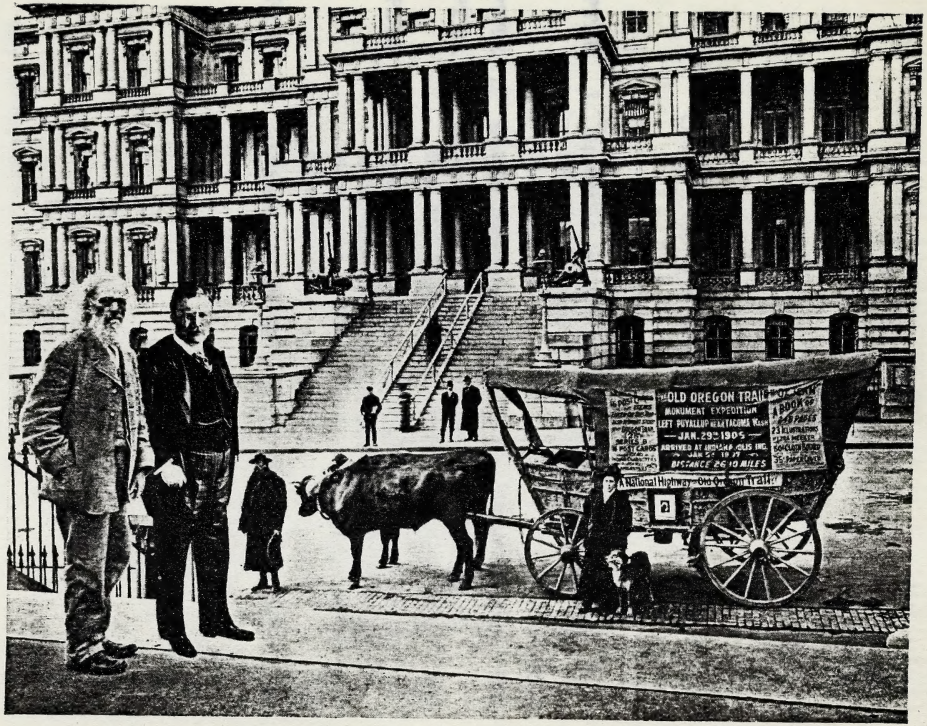
Tacoma, Wash., May 15th, 1914.

PART IV

Addresses on Other Historic Occasions and Commemorative Events

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EZRA MEEKER AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1907

EASY WEEKEND AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1933

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CHAPTER I.

RECEPTION TO EZRA MEEKER

Reception Tendered to Mr. Ezra Meeker[1], by the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and the Historical Society of the State of Washington, on the evening of February 20, 1908, in the United States Court Room, Chamber of Commerce Building, Tacoma, Washington.

Mr. R. L. McCormick, President State Historical Society, presiding.

THE CHAIRMAN: *Ladies and Gentlemen*: This call for a meeting tonight is one under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and somewhat in connection with the work of the State Historical Society. The feature of the evening, of course, will be the talk by Mr. Meeker, giving some of the history of the recent trip he has made to the East and his return, and some incidents, undoubtedly, of the trip and memories that are awakened in going over the old ground that he had gone over half a century before in a very different manner; and yet he says that it is not a hard trip to make in the way he is making it compared with what it was fifty years ago, when there was no civilization along the trail, no cities or towns or villages or farms. They subsisted almost from one end of the route to the other on game and from the natural products of the soil, which was very little across the deserts—a very different trip from what it would be today, when in a couple of days we travel as far practically as we did in the same number of months fifty years ago. It is all very interesting to Mr. Meeker and it is interesting to all of us to be able to see one person who has made this trip under the disadvantages that he now is making it in his old age again, under surroundings that, while he travels the same route, make it very much more agreeable; and it carries us back to that early day when the first settlers were coming to this Pacific Coast—the first settlers that came across the mountains; the men who, under the impetus of one call and another, the call of the church and

[1]In 1906 and 1907 Ezra Meeker of Puyallup, one of Washington's early pioneers, crossed the continent in a prairie schooner drawn by oxen to create interest in the marking of the Oregon Trail. His trip attracted wide interest—Editor.

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the call of patriotism, to save this Pacific Coast country for the United States, started from their Eastern homes and came out here and founded the institutions that we have with us today, which make for civilization and make for patriotism and make for good citizenship; and these old pioneers, being men of individuality, being men who did things—and no one except a man of energy who did things would ever have thought of taking this trip—left a heritage to posterity; and if I were paying a tribute to them, I think the tribute that is paid to the men should be more than shared by their helpmates who came with them; by the women who left their homes and the comforts of the fireside, who came across the plains, fording rivers, through the forests and over precipices, attacked by Indians probably on the route, attacked by wild beasts on the route, a trip the like of which was never known for distance in any other country and probably never was known for distance by any other people who ever made the trip, unless it was the victorious legions who entered into Germany, into the forests of that country, and conquered Europe for Rome.

These people came to this country and settled here and were the foundation cornerstones of our country, the Oregon Country, as it was called, Washington and Idaho and Oregon. It was not appreciated by the people who lived in the East and those who represented them in the halls of Congress. They thought it was a blank waste out here and the whole country was not considered worth paying any attention to. It is disputed by many as well as said by others that Daniel Webster, who was on the treaty commission, made the remark that this whole Pacific slope was not worth a load of New England hay. This is not proven and he did some good service for the country in threshing out treaties—he did some good service in Washington. There were others that tried to be fair and yet, behind it all, there was only one great statesman[1] who, in the halls of Congress in Washington had this country ever in mind, who never sacrificed it and whose voice and whose pen were always raised in defense of the citizens and of the peoples yet to be on the Pacific Coast; and that man taught the people of the United States that there were great possibilities here, that it was not

[1]Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri.

an Eastern route that they should seek to go to Europe and to go to the Far East, and, with his statue standing in the park in St. Louis today, with his finger pointing to the West, he says, "This is the route to the East, this is the route to the Orient;" and it was his prediction, his view of the possibilities and his attention to legislation that I think saved this country in the halls of legislation from belonging to another country and having another flag floating over us here, if we were here today, instead of the grand old Stars and Stripes.

I have said frequently one thing which appeals to me very strongly with reference to this early settlement of the Coast. We cannot conceive how barren and inhospitable it was, when, from North of the Straits of Fuca along a distance down below the Columbia River and at least as far as San Francisco, there was scarcely any place to stop a vessel, scarcely any place where anybody but a few Indians lived; and over this vast area of country, first noticed and first discovered by the Portuguese and the Spanish nations, and then later from the North, finding the routes of Captain Cook, the merchant marine and the road to Vancouver through Puget Sound; and before him Captain Robert Gray of Boston entered Gray's Harbor and the Columbia River and his was really the discovery that was the main factor in retaining this section of country for the United States when the treaty was made.

But it was a country that Russia sailed past with her ships when she came from Sitka; there it was that old Behring made his headquarters when he came South; he didn't know this country here nor his sailors didn't know it—it was just a fringe of woods and inhospitable; and on the South a Spaniard came up and extended his jurisdiction about as far as the Northern line of California, but to Oregon and Washington he never extended the jurisdiction that was afterwards recognized, and this Oregon country was first called to notice by Captain Gray, later called to notice positively by the commission appointed by President Jefferson, the Lewis and Clarke expedition, which came out here on a tour of exploration and reported the country and practically discovered it as far as the world was concerned.

They were second to one other influence and that was the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had their forts

and their headquarters all around through this country; but the Hudson's Bay Company was a mercantile company exclusively and they didn't exploit a country for citizenship or population; all they wanted was that the game should be abundant and the fewer people came the better it would be. When these immigrants came and they reported on the country and immigration started and the talk of the fertile valleys and homes was brought before the people of the east—they had plenty of fertile country there for farms and this story out here of 640 acres to one man was more than the wildest flights of imagination had ever dreamed of—for any one who would come and partake of it; and so there was an immigration started here; and then the Hudson's Bay interests seemed to be a little opposed, and then there came a religious immigration led by the Methodist Church and led by Whitman of the Congregationalists. Those gentlemen probably had as devout followers as any men who ever went on any pilgrimage toward the Holy Sepulchre, and they came out here filled with a religious zeal to take this country, and, under the inspiring talk of Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman, they were fired with a patriotism to take it for the United States, and the result of it was that this trip that we speak of tonight, from the West bank of the Missouri River to Puget Sound, as Mr. Meeker will tell you; and it was only fifty or sixty or seventy years ago at the farthest when they commenced to come; and this is the country now that is attracting the attention, the country of hope for more people, I believe, in the United States today, fuller of promise for the people who do come, full of a great expanding future, commercially and politically and in every other way, with their local business and their interior business and their Oriental business across the ocean, offering opportunities today that are attracting the attention not only of all the United States but of the civilized world. With a battle fleet floating the Stars and Stripes making an unheard-of naval trip around the Horn and up here to Puget Sound—I don't know what the name is, squadron, we will say, of ships—that might not be the proper name; but they are coming as a fleet. There are so many of them coming that they will be able themselves to cope with any nation who would dare venture to at-

tack them; and they are coming here, possibly as an object lesson to the rest of the world that this part of the country, ignored and almost unthought of fifty or sixty years ago, is full of enterprising American citizens and her commercial honor is one that will be maintained and her political honor is one that this fleet is going to maintain at the cost of blood and of treasure.

It is a wonderful change, ladies and gentlemen, and if there is nothing else that a meeting of this kind will bring to your minds, let them revert back to the trials and the difficulties and the struggles of those early pioneers who came here at that time, who came here to help make this part of the world a part of the Nation and have succeeded most admirably.

Ladies and gentlemen, we will have a few little talks tonight, informally. Mr. Meeker will talk to you a little later in the evening and tell you of his trip. I would like to have Mr. Snowden say a word or two.

Come up here and tell us something about the history of this country, Snowden. Mr. Snowden is publishing a book (and I want to advertise his book) on the history of this part of the country. Give us something from the first chapter—don't give us the whole book; come up here.

REMARKS OF COL. C. A. SNOWDEN.

I supposed that I came here to listen to Mr. Meeker and not to talk. I supposed that the purpose of Mr. Meeker's coming was to tell us about his trip and the importance of the work he is undertaking to do, so that the Congress, which he hopes will furnish him with means to do what needs to be done, will know that the people of Oregon and Washington really feel an interest in this matter.

I did not know until recently how difficult it was to trace out matters of recent history. I did not know nor begin to realize what had been done by those who really saved this country for the United States. I did not suspect that the first increase of territory was Oregon—the first addition to the original territory of the United States was the Territory of Oregon, and although I must have known, did not realize that we had no access to the Pacific Ocean until we had discovered and secured

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Come up here and tell us something about the history of this country, Snowden. Mr. Snowden is publishing a book (and I want to advertise his book) on the history of this part of the country. Give us something from the first chapter—don't give us the whole book; come up here.

REMARKS OF COL. C. A. SNOWDEN.

I supposed that I came here to listen to Mr. Meeker and not to talk. I supposed that the purpose of Mr. Meeker's coming was to tell us about his trip and the importance of the work he is undertaking to do, so that the Congress, which he hopes will furnish him with means to do what needs to be done, will know that the people of Oregon and Washington really feel an interest in this matter.

I did not know until recently how difficult it was to trace out matters of recent history. I did not know nor begin to realize what had been done by those who really saved this country for the United States. I did not suspect that the first increase of territory was Oregon—the first addition to the original territory of the United States was the Territory of Oregon, and although I must have known, did not realize that we had no access to the Pacific Ocean until we had discovered and secured

the Oregon Territory; and between that and the territory of the then United States lay the Territory of Louisiana, which was acquired in 1803.

Recently I had occasion to wish to know where the old trail was that Mr. Meeker has so recently retraced; the fur traders laid it out and traversed it first less than seventy years ago. The first migration began to come over it in the year 1840; I think there were some six or eight people came over it in that year. I find that the old settlers say that '42 was the beginning of it.

Soon after I began to be interested in the subject, I went to my old friend, Nelson Bennett, who is here, and knowing that he was familiar with that country west of the Rocky Mountains, I asked him where the trail was and began to enquire as to certain points in it and he thought he knew and helped as far as he could, but I was surprised at the doubts that arose in his mind as to whether there was a strip of desert here or a difficult piece of trail there, or whether some crossing of the Snake River was here or at another place; and even this morning, when Mr. Bagley came up to my library and he sat down with a map and tried to trace out that old trail, I found that a man who had come over it as a child in '52 and has been studying and collecting material about it ever since, could not take the pencil and mark that old trail on my map.

Now, then, that being the case and the facts in regard to it going so rapidly out of mind, it seems to me that it is a matter of great importance that we should have this old trail marked, for, ladies and gentlemen, one of the great movements of the population of this world, I think the greatest in history, came over that trail. You cannot trace from any book how many Huns came into Europe with Attila, nor can you tell how many Goths went down into Italy with Alaric; you cannot tell how many people followed the crusaders to the Holy Land. The books will tell you anywhere from one hundred thousand to six hundred thousand—now that is a pretty good margin of doubt—went out with the first crusade. But you can pretty nearly determine how many people came to Oregon and California between '42 and '69 because our census figures show you.

Mr. Bagley and I are not very near together in our estimates. I think Mr. Bagley is a very conservative young man,

who claims to be two years older than I am, but I guess he is younger. Really, as a matter of fact, I think somewhere near a million people came over that trail in ox wagons. Now, then, those people came here as colonists; they settled this country and have saved it for the United States and they gave the country access to the Pacific Coast.

What would the United States be today if it had no border on the Pacific? What a pent-up Utica we should be! We would have no Pacific railroad, probably, and while we could have interstate railroads and interstate commerce commissions very conveniently, we would have a great deal of difficulty with international questions.

These people, I say, saved and developed this country and so it is important that we mark and preserve forever, so the people can go and find it when they want to, this old trail; and while Mr. Meeker can tell you more about it than I can, I want to tell you that there is a pathetic story connected with it. There have been some bloody battlefields marked in this country, marked as they should be, but there was a battle fought along this old trail and its fields are strewn with the dead, and more dead lie buried there than on any battlefield in our country.

These people came without knowing where they were going, or into what kind of a land they were going; if they had known, it does not seem to me possible that they would ever have faced it. A thousand miles of absolutely uninhabited country, a large part of it supplying absolutely nothing for their subsistence; without help in case of sickness; without the means, almost, of burying their dead in case of death; old men and women, so far advanced in life that they could scarcely hope to reach the end of their journey; young men, just married, with their brides, who had placed their dependence in them and trusted their lives to them, took them out into that wilderness, a wilderness beset with savages and wild beasts, a realm of storms as Mr. Parkman has described them—the fiercest lightning, the most terrible thunder, that he ever saw and listened to, as if nature were protesting against the invasion of her solitudes; absolutely nothing they were familiar with, looking to the stars as the only thing to recall to their minds seemingly the earth that they had left; plunging into the mountains, without a pass;

into the deserts in which the very hoofs dropped from their animals; finding only water that was bitter to the taste and deadly to their health; often losing the only means that they had of escape because many lost their animals and were left absolutely without the means to proceed; many families, or some families, at least, father and mother dead and only the children were left to pursue their journey alone. In one case I found trace of a lone girl of 13 years.

Still they were helpful to each other, nobody was left desolate; sometimes it seemed as if the world was shut up, as if there was no help, but some came.

Judge Hanford told me a rather pathetic story the other day of his own experience, and it is so characteristic of others that happened that I will tell it—it will only take a minute. One morning an ox was sick, old Barney couldn't proceed; the train couldn't wait and they said: "Well, you must leave the ox, we can't wait for him." "No, we can't do that." "Well, shoot him." No, they might as well shoot one of the family as shoot old Barney; and so the family fell out of the line and a few hours after the train had passed by, they began to see that the Indians, who were always in sight or following, were beginning to come around—they had found one lone family; and it looked very desolate for a little while, but they managed to catch up to their train, or if they didn't, others came to their relief and they were saved. That is only one instance of thousands that the old settlers will tell you.

They tell a pathetic story of an heroic event and, ladies and gentlemen, I am glad one man among us is undertaking to mark that battlefield. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: We would like to hear from Mr. Bagley, President of the Washington University Historical Society.

MR. BAGLEY said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am like that boy that was unaccustomed to speak on the stage. The chairman said I had to say a little something. I will make a very brief address. Our friend charges me with ignorance. The trouble was that he had a map that had nothing on it; he had none of the notable places on it that we old-timers know of. He didn't have the Burnt River,

nor Powder River, and so on, all along the line. The places that we old-timers marked where we were at certain dates were all missing from his map. If he had had a map that we old-timers recognized any of the names, I am pretty sure I could mark out the trail.

I didn't travel the trail, the trail that, if Mr. Meeker succeeds in getting the appropriation, will be the first one to be marked. That is the one that the first big migration came over; that of '43. There were 865 that came with it; that was the notable migration. Of course, there had been quite a number coming over at other times—Lee and his party; Whitman and Spaulding and their parties came at another time, and so on down. The big migration, I think, after '43 was '45 and then again '47, that is to Oregon, and there were a great many trails, but most of them merged along near the headwaters of the Platt, along about where the river runs that was not on his map, the Sweetwater; it didn't have, either, the South Pass on it. This, to those who are not old-timers, may be jargon, but to old-timers, they will know the deficiencies when I say that these points were lacking.

After we reached near the South Pass, then for a long distance nearly all the trails ran together. Along about the Bear River they again separated, part going to Oregon, part to the South side and part going to the Northerly side, and when Brother Meeker gets his appropriation and goes out to the field to mark it, he will begin probably at Independence on the Missouri, cross over to the headwaters I have spoken of and so on up to Fort Hall, on down the Snake River, on over the Blue Mountains and so on probably to The Dalles. I imagine he might wish to carry the trail from there over the Cascade Mountains, although it was a very difficult proposition.

The trail that we people came over that came from the Northerly states, Illinois and Iowa and Ohio, was usually further to the North, until we got to the upper part of the Platte. We crossed at what was then Gainesville. There were no other people then until you got to The Dalles.

Our friend Snowden has described very accurately the difficulties that were encountered. The year I came we didn't have a great many dangers, only from sickness. It was the year that

the cholera was rife and I am sure that the migration of that year was, at least a tenth of it, buried along the route. I think that is a small estimate. I estimated that at least fifty thousand crossed in the year '52. A companion and I counted in one day, he taking his side of the trail and I the other, one hundred and twenty new-made graves in one day, and we were not near the last part of the migration of that year; so probably they might have run up to two hundred in one day's drive. There were no wounded. They all died and their bones were laid away there forever, without any marking place —at least, if there was a marking place, the next winter the savages or animals had obliterated all trace, so all who are buried along this trail have no monuments and Brother Meeker will not find them there to put any monuments at their heads.

It has always been to me a surprise that so many people should have come out; they who knew the dangers they had to encounter. They knew the difficulties, but most of them had been pioneers all their lives. Now my father was a pioneer in Western Pennsylvania; he again was a pioneer in Illinois. My father went into the ministry in '40; he was what was called an itinerant preacher. Twice he barely escaped with his life from wolves that followed him at night. He had some meat, once in a cutter and once in a buggy, and both times he had to throw it overboard to escape. He encountered all the difficulties that anybody will find who reads the experiences of Peter Cartwright and those early ministers in that Western region. He knew those dangers and he took my mother, an invalid, and their little child and came across that region to Oregon and established his first church in Oregon. He also came as a missionary to the white men. I was acquainted with a great many of the early missionaries as a child because of his acquaintance with those people. I knew a great many people—I went to school with a good many of them. I knew quite a number of those children who were saved at the Whitman massacre, so of those early experiences I could occupy all the time of all the speakers and give only a little bit of those early experiences. The speaker who preceded me mentioned two families being left. That is one of the grandest deeds that Whitman did, the way he gathered those orphan children. Several families or parts of several families were brought to him

in the Fall of '47 and he took them and was going to take care of them—I don't know how many he gathered of those younger children that fall.

MR. HIMES: Twenty or more.

MR. BAGLEY: He gathered of these little children that had neither father nor mother, he gathered twenty of them there under his own care—that is why so many were there at the time of the massacre and why so many were captured by the Indians. In regard to Whitman, I am not in harmony with a great many of his views, but as to the grandeur of his character, the work he did as a missionary and the work he did for the emigrants, I can only bear the highest testimony to that great man. I am going to quit right there. (Applause.)

THE CHAIR: We would like to hear from Judge Parker. This is all done to prepare us for the talk of Mr. Meeker.

REMARKS OF JUDGE EMMETT N. PARKER[1]

Mr. President and Friends:

I do not know why I should be asked to speak at this meeting. I confess I am a little embarrassed because I am no doubt the least informed of any who will speak to you this evening concerning the history of this trail and the migration which came over it.

I belong to the second migration; I think there were two, speaking generally—one about the time and prior to the organization of the Territory of Washington; and another about the time and just prior to the admission of the Territory as a State of the Union. I belong to the latter, and the reasons which prompted this second migration are of course clear, for then it had become fully apparent that this was indeed the land of promise.

From my slight reading of history, and also from the scenes of my boyhood and early manhood, which was spent for the most part upon the limitless prairies of the Middle West, across which, for at least a thousand miles this historic trail stretched, a solitary and to the weary homeseeker, seemingly endless way, I can appreciate the remarks of Brother Snowden as to the trials and hardships endured by those who, day by day

[1]Now (1915) a member of the Supreme Court of Washington.

and month by month, followed the trail to a land they knew not of; though why at that time they journeyed to this far-off almost unknown land, across two thousand miles or more of prairie, desert and mountains, passing by the practically unoccupied lands of the Mississippi Valley, with lands sufficient to furnish homes for untold millions, then to be had by the mere taking, is indeed, in the light of human experience, a profound mystery.

When Attila came down with his countless hordes from the far Northeast of Europe and Asia and with his barbarian followers menaced the world's civilization, it was simply a horde of half-naked, half-civilized savages, bent upon nothing but war and plunder; and in seeking for the cause, we can readily find it in the tempting riches of Rome and her provinces. When the crusaders went forth to recover the Holy City, it is plain they were prompted by religious zeal, which in the light of history is easily understood as the cause of that great exodus. Many a people have journeyed to far-off lands, seeking new homes, to escape religious persecution, and in all such migrations the cause is apparent. But here we have a migration, which viewed from a human standpoint, is without cause. These people were not going forth like Attila and his savage followers to menace a civilization, but to transplant the seeds of civilization in new soil, not in the new soil immediately upon the frontier and waiting with all its latent powers of production for occupants, for whom it was rich with promise, but to a land at least two thousand miles beyond, the real promise of which, to them, was only to be guessed at. These people were not fired by religious zeal as a motive for this great journey, nor were they fleeing from persecution on that account; they were leaving behind a country where religious freedom had never before attained such perfection, and where no one dare molest his neighbor on that account. It is true they were seeking new homes and no doubt thought of bettering their material welfare, which has probably been the motive and cause of most of the migrations of the race; but they passed over and left thousands of miles behind the largest and richest agricultural region on the face of the earth, the Mississippi Valley, the possibilities of

which were then well known and practically all of which was then unoccupied.

So when I read of this great exodus and learn from the lips of those who participated in it something of its trials and hardships, and think of that other land of promise they voluntarily left far behind, where all they seemed to be seeking was offered them, I ask myself for the cause or reason and find no answer which history seems to justify.

I have enough faith in the evolution of the race and the Divine order of things to believe that the moving cause of this first migration is attributable to a power more potent than can be seen upon the surface or understood from the mere reading of history. Here on the shores of the then far-off Pacific Sea was a land pregnant with material blessings such as the world then but little dreamed of and concerning which the thousands of homeseekers journeying to it knew practically nothing as to the fate awaiting them at their journey's end, though they must have known and fully appreciated the terrible privations to be endured in the journey.

Mr. President, I feel highly honored by being asked to say a word at this meeting. I do not feel that I have any rightful place here save merely as a spectator, and did not intend to say even this much when called upon. However, I lend my endorsement to all that is being done by Brother Meeker and others to further this work. Certainly the route of this marvelous migration, viewed in all its aspects, scarcely equaled in history as suggested by Brother Snowden, is worthy of commemoration in history and by suitable monuments along its course.

THE CHAIR: It seems to me with this great country that we have here that we can feel that these pioneers were worthy of being held in reverence, and that we should pay a tribute to them on all possible occasions and it would be well for us, if we all had ancestors as self-sacrificing, as patriotic, as able, as were the men who settled the Pacific Coast. Some others of our local people that I expected to see here tonight I do not happen to see and I will call the next speaker, a gentleman who lives in a neighboring state, a gentleman who lived in this vicinity long enough to be entitled to recognition locally, as well as to the great recognition that he has received in his home state. I refer

to the secretary of the Oregon State Historical Society and have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. George H. Himes. (Applause.)

MR. HIMES said in part:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I should have said Fellow Pioneers first, Mr. Bagley and Mr. Meeker and others.

I am certainly very much gratified to be here tonight and anything I can say that will add interest to the work that Mr. Meeker has been carrying on, I will be glad to say it. The talks that have been given are very interestng to me. I might say a little relating to myself, possibly not to myself, but I must bear tribute to my parents in a matter of this kind.

Of course, as has already been said, the early settlers here were simply the outgrowth of the further East pioneers and as has been said by Judge Parker or by Mr. Bagley, the frontier life, the pioneer life, was East of the Mississippi.

I will say a word or two about my father and the reasons that impelled him to come. As may be known, Dr. Samuel Parker came from Allegheny, New York, to the Oregon country first with Doctor Whitman in '35. He came out that year to a point called Green River. Doctor Parker took notes relating to this part of the country, which he extended into lectures. Later on he returned to New York after an absence of three years. Those lectures were delivered in New York and Pennsylvania. My father heard him lecture and later the lectures were put in book form and my father got a copy of that book. He started in '46. He expected to spend the winter of '46-'47 in Illinois and take up the line of march again in the spring of '47, but sickness intervened and he was not able to begin the trip again until '53. We began on the 21st of March, 1853, and the first time we had a chance of spending a night under a roof was in Thurston County, Washington, on the 21st of October, 1853.

In starting to Oregon, we came out with the expectation of assisting in establishing a school. My father's plans were defeated, however, as far as he himself was concerned, but the company that came the year preceding did carry out the plans and that school was organized, practically as far as it could be on paper, was organized in my father's house in Lafayette, Illinois, and that is the first I remember of the word Oregon, when I

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was a little chap. There were these men sitting around that table and listening to my father speaking of Oregon and asked what he knew about it, and Doctor Parker said this and Doctor Parker said that and they had confidence in Doctor Parker's word and began to go West, I found out later on.

It is remarkable the clear vision that Doctor Parker had with respect to the future of this country. If you will look over that book and read his soliloquy at the falls in Oregon City, and putting himself back in the same atmosphere, as it were, when he stood at the Genesee Falls in 1809 and then count up the spindles and the immense manufacturing possibilities.

We came down the Blue Mountains, the Umatilla, and there was in a large measure the parting of the ways. We arrived there about the tenth of August and at this time, as far as our own family is concerned, we had some very serious losses in cattle. We supposed that there was a road that headed from Umatilla—Umatilla is practically where the town of Pendleton now stands—I was there in April of last year, or the year before, and I was right at the foot of the monument erected by Brother Meeker and I went over that trail for seven miles about a month after you were there. That was the road we went along fifty-three years before that time.

We started from Umatilla, reached the Columbia River, expecting to find a boat there and in some way get across. We found nothing whatever and staid there four days, cutting lumber with rip saws in order to get over the stream. We eventually got over the stream and at length found ourselves at the edge of the mountains, where the Natches River emerges. That was the starting point. First it was an Indian trail and the road, if such it was, was merely a line of blazes—that road we had to make as we went along; in some places we had to unhitch the teams and drive them single-file around the ends of the logs, around stumps and in some places just pull them over by main strength. The provisions were nearly all gone and there was little in the wagons. In one case I remember the wagon went over the proclivity. The wagon went over back of the oxen and spilled everything out. We got on as well as we could. In some cases we didn't make more than two miles a day. But finally we got to the summit and I will never forget the day.

We didn't know what we had to encounter the next day. I remember the expression of my mother. She said: "I guess we have got to the jumping-off place at last. It was impossible for any teams to go that way—they had to be unyoked and led single file down an Indian trail. There was a perpendicular hill of a thousand feet and the thirty-six wagons we had at that time were lowered down with a rope. We had no ropes, except a little piece and it seemed almost providential that we had that. Three steers were killed one after the other, but we had a rope long enough by which we could lower a wagon down to a point where it would stand up. I was telling a gentleman over at Puyallup last night that circumstance and he said: "I can go and find some of those stumps and trees around which those ropes were fastened at that time," and I told the people last night that one of those stumps should be secured and placed in Pioneer Park at Seattle and one secured and placed in the Historical Society here. I hope it will be done—I hope to get one myself for the Oregon Society.

There has been something said about the men, but I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that while the responsibility of all this trip rested largely upon the men, they were closely seconded by their wives and mothers. They were the ones that bore the hardships and there cannot be too much said respecting the courage and fortitude and determination and bravery of the women and the words of counsel they gave their husbands. There should be no movement undertaken in this respect but has for its end to bring out the heroism of the women.

I will give you an instance. One woman who is still living —she is way up in the 80's, and lively and bright. As a young girl in Iowa she was married at the age of 15, gave birth to a child before she was 16 and that brings it to the spring of '47 or the preceding fall; and her husband said: "Elizabeth, I am going to go to Oregon and I want you to take the baby and go home and stay with your parents and I will go out there and build a home and come after you," and she said: "William, you won't do any such thing. I will go with you. You can't dispose of me that way—I married you to live with you." "Well, if that is the way you feel about it, I will be glad to have you go." And a little later, the father said: "Elizabeth, go home

and stay. William will go out there and be killed. Don't go." The mother stood by and heard it all and said: "William, don't talk to Elizabeth any more. It is perfectly right she should go with her husband." And she did go and they came and settled in Columbia County, Oregon, and she has been a mother to that entire community and her influence has gone to the adjoining county and across the region North of the Columbia River into Cowlitz County and Clarke County and Pacific County. In all that neighborhood among the old settlers her bravery is known. She has gone at the call of sickness in canoes, with Indians, and sometimes alone and never refused a call for help.

It is getting late and I will close. I thank you very much for your kind attention. (Applause.)

THE CHAIR: Now we have heard from these young fellows 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 years old, that know something about this early trip out here to the Coast, but we have reserved until the last speaker, the gentleman who made the trip and is old enough, I guess, to be the daddy of any of them. I introduce to you Mr. Meeker. (Loud applause.)

REMARKS OF MR. EZRA MEEKER.

The Oregon Trail began, as did the Santa Fe Trail, leading to the Southwest of the town of Independence, on the Missouri River; practically St. Louis was the Eastern terminus, men and goods going up the Missouri River to Independence and there taking wagons and setting out either for the Northwest or the Southwest. The two trails were the same for forty-one miles, when a small signboard was seen which carried the words "Road to Oregon." That signboard today, with its lack of ostentation, would be worth more than its proverbial weight in gold to any state historical society. There were branch trails that came into the road from Leavenworth and St. Joseph, striking it at the point of departure from the Santa Fe Trail, but the wagon trail proper swung off from this fork, running steadily to the Northwest, part of the time along the Little Blue River until at length it struck the valley of the Platte, so essential to its welfare.

The distance from Independence to the Platte was 316 miles, the trail reaching the Platte about twenty miles below the head of Grand Island. The course then lay up the Platte Valley to

the two fords, about at the forks of the Platte, 493 miles. Here at the fork was the point of departure of the old days. If one chose to follow the South fork of the Platte, he might bring up in the region of the Spanish settlement; or he might take the other arm and come out on the edge of the Continental Divide, much higher to the north.

The Oregon Trail followed the South fork for a time, then swung over to the North fork at Ashby, 513 miles from Independence. It was 667 miles to Fort Laramie, which was the last post on the Eastern side of the Rockies; thence the trail struggled up the Platte, keeping as close as it might to the stream, until it reached the ford of the Platte, well up toward the mountains, 794 miles from Independence, nearly the same distance as the point of the Santa Fe on the lower trail.

Now, Mr. Bagley, I have told you where that trail is, but hardly from that description do we now know where it is. The only way to determine that point is to bring upon the ground the yet living witnesses of the trail, men who either traversed it at the time or have recently lived in the vicinity and know where it is located.

To my friend here to the right (Mr. Bagley) and to my friend here to the left (Mr. Himes) I want to say, of all the men in the old Oregon country, they are the two men who know more about that trail than all other historians put together and if any work is done on that trail, they shall be drafted—I have told them they must go and help locate that trail.

Now this is not the trail that is here described that I followed in 1852 or that Mr. Bagley followed in 1852 or that Mr. Himes followed in 1852, because we all went up on the North side of the Platte, but the real old Oregon Trail is the trail that was opened first. Let us go back to Bonneville, to the intrepid Lee, the commander in '34, and to Parker and Whitman a little later, and the struggling hunters and trappers. In '41 the first home-builders passed over the trail—a few, and in '42 nearly a hundred and finally there came a burst of enthusiasm about the Oregon country—as my friend, Parker, said, no one can tell why hardly—a thousand people—865 to be accurate again, gathered on the West bank of the Missouri River with one hundred and twenty wagons and five thousand head of stock and struck

out. These people going out to the Oregon country—just as some of my friends here said, he is a little off, when I started to retrace the trail. They knew better than those they left behind them what they could do, but they did not fully realize what was before them.

Those men followed up the Oregon track until they came to Fort Hall and there it ended and there was yet nearly a thousand miles of unbroken way. They had to open their own wagon road for that thousand miles—between eight hundred and a thousand miles. Think of that! what it meant. Not a wagon track had gone over it. While Whitman had taken a cart to Fort Boise, I believe, I guess he had to pack it part of the way, even at that, but they laboriously sent out their young men ahead to spy out the land and cut down the high sage brush and open the way, which they did, and at last reached the goal in that part of the Oregon country known as the Willamette Valley. Vancouver was the objective point and because of that fort and because of their presence, it was made possible to maintain an American provisional government, which was too weak to put into active running order. It was because of their presence and because of their support that this American provisional government was established and maintained and in a little over twelve months compelled the Hudson's Bay Company to cease their pretensions to holding the Oregon country and Oregon became an American territory, in fact, instead of a British colony. (Applause.)

Some of our statesmen were decrying the country and saying it was not worth holding, but these intrepid pioneers moved out and held it; they planted their American flags with their crops and maintained themselves there. For four or five years they fought an Indian war, all the time clamoring to be recognized by the American government, and it was to those pioneers that we are indebted for this great opening on the Pacific. The Hudson's Bay Company were active in bringing in settlers from the Red River of the North; they saw it was a question of preponderance of settlers that would hold the Oregon country, but the pioneers of that Oregon road overthrew the British rule and maintained themselves until others came.

My friends, many of our Eastern friends have looked upon

me and talked about me as a pioneer. I have all the time disclaimed it and disclaim it tonight. Those are the pioneers we wish to honor—those are the real, genuine pioneers.

Now, then, I will have to pass on. The length of the trail from Independence, Missouri, to Tumwater, or the head of Puget Sound, as near as we can judge, is 2300 miles. There are some points on that trail we don't need a compass or we don't need a surveyor to find; we don't need anybody to tell us about it. It is there to be seen. On my recent trip, particularly on the higher levels and in the Sweetwater district, I have traveled for miles where the hoofs of the stock had stirred the soil and the wind had blown it away until it was positively six feet below the surface. I saw one place actually by measurement that was fifteen feet deep and over one hundred feet wide—looking like a great, wide railroad cut and for miles and miles in the Rocky Mountain district, where the cut was not so deep, the loose stock that had passed through with the wagons would cut a swath through the sage brush wider than Pacific Avenue (Tacoma)—about two hundred feet wide, and trample down the earth and kill the vegetation, and to this day it (the trail) is still there. I say there is no danger of losing some portions of that trail. The only thing would be that the generations to come would wonder how those cuts were made; memory would fade out and they would say: "What made these trails? What cut these trails? What cut made these trails?" Some places it would look just as if it had been a great irrigation ditch cut out and no use made of it.

What we want to do is to perpetuate the memory of that trail; what we want to do is, not to honor those pioneers—we can't do that—we want to honor ourselves; we want to implant upon the hearts of the younger generation the memory of that trail that they may be patriotic citizens. The difference between a civilized and an untutored people is while the one builds upon the past, in generous hope and ambition for the future, the other has no past, nor aspirations for the future. As reverence for the past dies out in the breast of generations, so likewise patriotism wanes as well as the higher aspirations for the future. To keep alive the flame of patriotism, we have only to keep the

memory of the past vividly in mind. That was the purpose and that is the purpose we should bear in mind in this work.

We cannot honor those pioneers—we may honor ourselves by attempting to preserve their memory, and we can benefit the rising generation, in fact I guess we can benefit ourselves, by keeping this question alive in our minds.

I must speak a little about my trip—I know you want to hear about it. It seems a little bit egotistical for a man to talk a good deal about himself, but if I don't do it, perhaps no one else would. (Laughter.)

In January, 1906, I built and fitted up an old-fashioned prairie schooner, as we call them—a wagon, after the fashion we used in 1852, an Oregon box such as we used to cross rivers; I presume that gave it its name, but we used it as a boat. I crossed the Snake River in two places with it. I had but one ox, and so I came down here to the stockyards to see if they had anything to mate it. They said if I would bring my ox down they would let me know—they had a lot of cattle, perhaps I could mate it up; and I came down and soon I found a steer shipped in from Montana and I yoked him up, got him finally under the yoke and managed to get him to Puyallup. I put the rope on him there and unyoked him and went along until we had a scrap and he broke one of his horns and it is lopped to this day. I would say he was the meanest brute I ever saw without exception. He would buck and he would kick and bellow at the top of his voice and do almost everything but bite and I don't know but what he would take a shy at that. But I kept him over there until he got hungry and then offered him food. He wouldn't take it at first, but finally he thought he had better eat a little and I got him under control a little, and in a few days we started off. That steer weighed, I think it was, a little over 1500 pounds; he weighs 1900 pounds today. He is the wonder of the Eastern people. They say: "Is that the kind of cattle you have out West?" I said: "They come from the West; look at him." I don't say all are that kind of cattle, but they come from the West. I had a splendid ox, of course. This ox, the steer, we call him Dave from the fact of the liberality of H. C. Davis, whom many of you know here in Tacoma. He said: "Meeker, if you are going to make that trip, I want to

have a finger in the pie," and he sent me a check for $50 to buy an ox, and we called him Davis at first, but soon got to calling him "Dave."

Now, right here, I might as well tell this story now as any other time. Is Henry Hewitt here? He does not seem to be here. Well, when I drove up here on Pacific Avenue that day that I was on my way to Olympia, Henry came along in his buggy and his horse was prancing and scared at the oxen and he said: "Here, Meeker, you had better get off this street, don't you think so?" and I said: "It seems to me that I own about this much of Pacific Avenue at this time," and he said: "It looks so," and I said: "It is so." "Well," he said, "if you get out there on the plains and get broke, just telegraph me for some money to come back on." I said, "No, Henry, I want you to save for if I get out there and get broke, I am going to telegraph you for some money to go on with." He said: "All right, have it that way," and he drove off. Seventeen hundred miles out the fine ox that I had started with and broke in Dave with died. He was well in the morning, but by noon I had to unyoke him and never got the yoke on him again. I drove him out a mile or two and he laid down and died. I wasn't very flush in money matters; I did have a little bank account to draw on, but I said: "I will take you at your word, Henry." I telegraphed Henry Hewitt: "Lost my ox. Send me $200," and it came. (Applause.) There was a friend indeed—a friend in need, a friend indeed.

His heart was in this work and so it was all around this community and elsewhere; "but," they said, "what is the use?" As one man said, one of the trustees of the church in Portland—"I will not vote to let Mr. Meeker have this church. I will do nothing to encourage that old man to go out on the plains to die, and they wouldn't let me have the church. There sits the man that gave me the encouragement. (pointing to Mr. Himes.) He brought in nearly $500; but for him there wouldn't have been one dollar in Portland. It wasn't because they didn't have an interest in the work, but as Mr. Fenton of Portland said—he was very much interested—"It's no use, you can't do it." Well, I didn't know whether I could or not, and we never would know without we tried. (Applause.) You never can tell about

anything, you never know anything until you try. I knew one thing, it was different from what it was in 1852. When we got out on the plains quite a ways, we couldn't get back, we had to go on; but I felt sure that I would go on a ways, and if I couldn't go on, one thing I could do, I could turn back. I didn't think about doing it, but I had that in mind, you know. (Laughter and applause.)

The first place after I had struck the trail at Olympia, just beyond Tumwater, I sent them word that I was coming and to get together and get a monument and they sent me word: "We have got the monument, come on and we will put it up when you are here." Every school child in that community of Tenino, every merchant in that little town, even the postmaster shut up the postoffice, and the cooks all came from the boarding-houses. They all came together and they dedicated that monument. It was an inspiration. It showed that they were ready to co-operate with me. They have got a monument—not a large one, but it shows the spirit. I must pass along, though.

When I came to The Dalles—before I came to The Dalles—I have always believed that these men put up a job on me there—the ladies of the Land Mark committee of the Oregon Historical Society, I wrote to them also that when I came there I would like to get them to co-operate with me to put up a monument to perpetuate the memory of the old Oregon Trail. What was the response? "Mr. Meeker, we have got it up. We are waiting for you to come to help dedicate it and have selected you to deliver the oration." I never delivered a speech in my life before, but I found a sympathetic audience and we had a pretty good time and it looked better in the paper than I thought it would. (Applause.)

When I came to Baker City—these school children at Tenino and the school children at The Dalles kept buzzing in my mind, and when I came to Baker City the Commercial Club said: "Yes, we will take the matter right in hand," and they went right out and before I knew it they had money enough for a granite shaft 12 feet high; it weighed nearly five tons and provisions were made for inscribing and setting it in place. They said: "You must stop and help dedicate it," and I said: "All right, as long as I can have a good camp and plenty of milk," and they

brought plenty of milk and butter and eggs and the ladies brought cake and we had a good time. Those were some of the hardships. But I said: "We want something for the children to do." Very well; Professor Churchill came and he said: "I will go with you; let us have a bronze tablet to go on this and let that be the children's tablet." "All right," so I drove my oxen to this schoolhouse and that one in the little city. We talked to the children and each one was invited to come forward the next day or the day following and bring their offering and sign their names and we had a blank printed and I gave them a certificate and eight hundred of those school children came forward and contributed to that bronze tablet and I had the satisfaction of buying it in New York and having it sent to put up on that monument. (Applause.) Eight hundred! What does that mean to those children, as time goes on? We were not prepared to do it in the most methodical way. I had the signatures in my book, but we changed the program and when we came to Boise City we had headings printed, giving the school and the grade and the teacher and then had the children sign their names and the amount that they contributed, and lo and behold! When it came there were over twelve hundred of them and they had more than money enough to get the monument and the Governor of the State said: "For goodness sake, let us have that children's monument on the State House grounds," and there it is today. (Applause.) But it meant more than that. Those children look upon that as their monument, but it means more than that to the rising generation. As time went on these sheets were collected and bound and deposited in the Historical Society records and are there for future reference for all time to come. It means more than that—as these children grow up and become the fathers and mothers of the children following, they will keep alive the knowledge of the old Oregon Trail, and there is where the great value comes in marking the old trail and putting up these monuments, to impress it upon the hearts of the rising generation.

But I cannot stop. Twenty monuments were erected and provided for in that way, in one place costing five hundred dollars. We just simply have to pass over to the arrival in Washington.

I must tell a little about my ox, Dandy; I musn't slight him. After the loss of my ox, for about two hundred miles, I couldn't find an ox that was big enough in that part of the country to mate the one I had left, and so I bought a cow and I put the cow and the ox together. I think I have a picture of it here. First I bought a yoke of cows and one of the brats was meaner than Dave and wouldn't work at all—wouldn't go. I had two yokes but I couldn't put the ox in the small yoke with the cow, and I thought I couldn't put the cow in the large yoke with the ox, but finally—I kept moving on by hiring a horse team—finally I put the ox and the cow together and they worked better than I thought of, but I remember on the plains fifty years ago or more fully half of the teams were cows and the best teams that we had.

When we got to Omaha I thought of my experience here, so I went down to the stockyards and I think after looking over a thousand head of cattle I found a fine thoroughbred Durham steer that would nearly mate the ox I had left, and he was no trouble to break in and he is with me today. He weighed a little less than fifteen hundred pounds and now weighs seventeen-fifty; said by all parties that came to see the outfit the finest yoke of oxen they ever saw, Dave stands 16 hands high and weighs nineteen hundred.

Now I must pass over some of the trip that would be interesting—we haven't time. I reached Washington on the 29th day of November, just twenty-two months from the time I drove out from my door yard at Puyallup. Arrangements had been made that I might drive up to the White House grounds and have a photograph of my team taken and have an introduction to President Roosevelt—that grand man (applause); and so, after the photograph was taken, the word was given that it wouldn't do to leave the oxen there; it would be interfering with some high-toned carriages that might come along, and so I had it driven into the street, between the annex to the White House, where the President does his work, and the War Department building. Senator Piles and our Frank Cushman—we have but one Frank Cushman (applause)—went with me into the Cabinet room and in due time the President came to us and I was introduced and I had quite a conference. There was a little bit of a contest as

to who should do the most talking. I told President Roosevelt that the Oregon pioneers, the winners of the Further West, had fought a strenuous battle and that the Oregon Trail was a battlefield from one end to the other. I gave him some instances. I knew of one instance where a family of seven were all buried in one grave. I had the names of them—they are not at my tongue's end. Another where forty one people out of a train of eighty people died in one night and two days and that there were at least five thousand people lost their lives that one year alone in crossing the trail; and they marked the battlefields of war, why not mark the battlefields of peace? (Applause.) As I said, there was a little contest as to who should do the most talking—the President is well posted in history, and he said, and he did this too (rapping on the desk). Turning to Senator Piles he said: "You get up the bill and I am with you," and he brought down his fist that way. "But," he says, "where is that team. I want to see it. I did get a little glimpse of it through the window," and he went out into the street, hatless as he was, to look at the team. There was a man there motioned to me and I said to the President: "Would you mind looking at the camera a moment?" and he just turned and looked until we got the picture; and after that we got down to the wagon and there was another man with a kodak caught him and I have that picture to prove what I am saying.

The first exclamation he said: "Well, well, well, well, well;" so, after all, it seemed that the ox team made an impression upon the President of the United States as well as what we call "rubber-necks" who come around here. (Applause.)

Now, then, there is some business. The result was that a bill was introduced by Mr. Humphrey of Seattle. This bill authorizes the President to appoint a commissioner to take the work in hand to erect markers and monuments on the old Oregon Trail and appropriates fifty thousand dollars for that purpose. I came away to Pittsburg with my team, where they went into winter quarters, awaiting a summons and to hear what would be the result when it could be gotten before the committee; and finally I received a telegram calling me before the committee and had a hearing, a respectful hearing, and

they seemed to be interested—there seemed to be no opposition, but the question was asked me, after I had spoken my little piece telling them about the trail—many of them knew about it—I don't know whether they did or not, but anyway it was suggested that they wanted to ask some questions and perhaps that would be the way to get on with the work, and the first question was asked: "Isn't this a scheme"—I don't know whether they used that word—"an entering wedge to get a larger appropriation later." "By no means," I said, "gentlemen, this appropriation will do that work." "Well, how many of these monuments would it take? What would they cost?" "Now," I said, "I could reduce this to writing, so that it would be more satisfactory to you and to myself—I could answer it better." "Well, all right," they said, "that is what we would like to have. Take your time to it and send it in to us and we will take it up further," and I came away and went to Pittsburg. I felt as though I had to go home. I had been gone from my family for two years and I must get home and I didn't get it ready. Fortunately for me I missed my train in Chicago and I got what I had written up typewritten. Shall I read it to you? (Cries of "Yes.")

The letter was as follows:

PITTSBURG, PA., February 5, 1908.

Gentlemen: In response to your request I herewith submit the following suggestion and estimate of cost of erecting granite markers on the Oregon Trail:

Markers of best Western granite (and as durable as any native granite obtainable) 6 feet in length and 14x14 inches at the base and 12x12 at the top, undressed but quarried to even size, will cost $1.00 per running foot f. o. b. cars at quarry; such will weigh approximately 1250 lbs. each.

The freight rates in carload lots within a radius of 700 miles to convenient distribution points will cost approximately 15 cents per 100 pounds or say, in round numbers, $2.00 per marker for each marker; that is to say, $9.00 each at convenient points either in the Platte or Snake River Valley. Excellent granite is quarried both in Southern Idaho and in Oregon.

Cutting place for the inscription and inch and one-half

sunk letters will cost 12½ cents per letter, done by machinery at the factory. I estimate there would be an average of 32 letters to the marker, to show what the marker stood for, by what authority erected, the latitude and longitude—$4.00 each marker. Transportating these markers from distributing points to site on the Trail and setting them in place independent of foundation will cost $15.00 each.

Foundations containing an average of 20 cubic feet of concrete made of washed sand, one part—best quality of Portland cement, one part, and cleaned gravel, three parts, weighing approximately 3000 pounds, set deep enough to reach below the frost line and into which the granite shaft stands 18 inches, will cost $25.00 each.

Recapitulation

Original cost each marker	$ 6.00
Transporting to distributing centers	3.00
Inscription	4.00
Distributing and setting in place	15.00
Foundation	25.00
Total	$53.00

These figures are, of course, approximate, but under careful management or by contract I believe will be less rather than more than is here stated.

To diligently search out the Trail and locate the sites for the markers, determine the longitude, latitude and altitude, procure easements from state, county or municipal corporations or private parties as the case might be, would require a party of five persons with two teams, camp equipage, etc., a period of seven months and would cost $10,000.

This would include visiting all cities or villages near the Trail to interest the people and by appointment meet and consult with all old settlers possible so as to avoid mistakes as to location of trails. In this party there should be one stone cutter to inscribe boulders, cliffs of rock, buttes of stone (like Independent Rock) and adding to inscription on markers in any particular historic spot, like, for instance, Ash Hollow, Fort Laramie, Hall or Boise, and like points of interest.

At Independent Rock I think there should be at least a thousand-word inscription and yet no more than to do the sub-

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At Independent Rock I think there should be at least a thousand-word inscription and yet no more than to do the sub-

ject justice. There are other points of like interest we should record in granite for future generations.

Six hundred granite markers as described, together with the marking of boulders and other points mentioned, Gentlemen, would so satisfy the public demand for this work that in my humble opinion no further appropriation would be asked for or even thought of.

You may notice, Gentlemen, I have made no mention of aid from contributions by private parties, state, county or municipal bodies. I deem such co-operation could not be obtained for direct expenditure on the general work. But, which is of far more importance, there can be and doubtless would be an enthusiastic outpouring of contributions for the erection of memorial monuments in the centers of population near the Trail that would far and away be of much greater importance than of contributions to a general fund by appealing to local pride in each case, yet contributing to the objects of the work in hand.

We should remember this is a great interstate trail, that it is the Nation that is undertaking the work and that each marker and each boulder or cliff marked should bear the imprint of the United States and be under the protection of the National Government.

What a glorious record such a work would be.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) EZRA MEEKER.

I sent that to Mr. Humphrey and he thought it was full and sufficient. I sent a copy of it to the President of the United States and wrote him and asked him to log-roll for it and I believe he will do it.

Now, gentlemen, I want you to join with me in this work. I want you to throw your influence—the ladies, too—I want you to throw your influence, not only your influence, but do some work—just how, just what form it is best to take, of course, I leave that to you; but I want you to help and bring forth all the influence you can in favor of this measure. I wrote to the President and I believe it is true that if we can get this appropriation soon, that the work can be completed during his term. Here is a gentleman that knows more about that trail than I do (referring to Mr. Bagley). I want him to undertake that work

and he has promised me that he would; and there is another gentleman over there, the same George H. Himes, and he has promised me he would help in every way and with such help and with such men taking it in charge, it can be done and it will be another ornament to the great administration of our great President Roosevelt. (Applause.)

I think I ought not to detain you longer. I think now that this has been placed before you in a way that you can understand what work we are proposing to do and what we want to try to get you to help us to do—that is the main point. The question of the incidents of my trip and how Dave kicked me on the knee and how we had a deuce of a time getting over the Blue Mountains and had to shovel a little snow, and all that, that is not very material—we got there and that is enough. I thank you for your patient attention. (Applause.)

MR. MEEKER: I want the ladies of this city particularly to bring to the minds of the Daughters of the Revolution to order their delegates that go to Washington to take this matter in hand and ding-dong it into the ears of their sisters when they get there.

THE CHAIR: There are so many that are not here tonight; the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce was to be here, but they will take some definite action in regard to the matter, and the Historical Society, at our next meeting, will take some definite action.

I now declare the meeting closed.

CHAPTER II.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON STANDARD

John Miller Murphy, Editor, Y. M. C. A. Building, Olympia, Wash., November 10, 1910.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster, Gov. M. E. Hay.
Invocation.....Rev. Richard Hayes, Presbyterian Church, Olympia
Greetings from Washington Pioneer Society.....
.....Edwin Eells (Oldest Native Son in State)
(Delivered chiefly in Chinook)

Gov. HAY: (As Mr. Eells meets an old friend and they enthusiastically greet each other and carry on a conversation in Chinook). "Bring a dictionary, please, so the rest of us can understand. There are just two words in that that I understood: One was 'skookum,' and the other 'kimona.' "

GREETINGS FROM THE OREGON STATE PIONEERS

JUDGE P. H. D'ARCHY, PRES.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: My biography, as written by my friend, Mrs. Weatherred, and read by the Governor, is incorrect in this, that I was brought to Oregon by my parents in '57, instead of '54. You know, I wish to make this correction because there are a good many unmarried young ladies here this evening, and I, of course, have never been fortunate enough to persuade anyone to take my view of life. I simply make that as a brief explanation, before proceeding with the subject. (Applause.)

I want to say to you that my trip to Olympia today was very pleasant. I came down last night and stopped at a hotel in Portland, and was obliged to get up very early this morning, rising at 5 o'clock in order not to miss this occasion.

I rode over with Mr. Himes, the Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. Himes is a walking encyclopedia of facts and figures. There wasn't a stream that we crossed between here and Portland, or a house that we went by ,but what he knew all about it. He knew all about all the streams and all the houses,

and the people who lived in them; and I must say that I never was more interested in all the course of my life than I was in listening to him tell of the pioneer days and circumstances and what transpired in the past.

I see here tonight one of our old friends, Judge Chadwick, who has been honored by you in making him a judge of the Supreme Court. We appreciate that very much in Oregon, because "Steve" was always a good boy.

I went to school with Judge Whitson in the old days in the old institute at Salem, and he was one of the boys that I remembered. I regret exceedingly that I never had an opportunity of meeting him from the time he left Salem until he died; and were he living, I would travel many miles to see him and shake him by the hand. He was a good friend of mine, and I regret exceedingly his early demise.

I have been extended an invitation to be here this evening and speak in behalf of the Pioneers of Oregon, and I feel somewhat as did Synesius of old, who was invited to address the Roman Senate. He was impressed with the Roman capitol—Rome was then in the height of her power and glory—and, surrounded as he was by the Roman senators with their great wisdom—a most distinguished audience—he was somewhat timid and embarrassed in delivering his address. So, tonight, in the presence of Gov. Hay, the officials of your city and State—this distinguished, refined and cultured audience—my impressions and feelings are somewhat akin to those of Synesius of old.

I consider it a compliment to have been invited to address you in behalf of the Pioneers of Oregon, and to tender our regards and best wishes to our honored guest, John Miller Murphy. I consider it a privilege to bring tidings from Oregon to Mr. Murphy, after the many years he has spent living in your midst. It is gratifying to me to be here tonight to participate with you in honoring him for his many good qualities and for the high and lofty ideals and motives which have prompted him to pursue his course in life.

He evidently was a reader of the master mind of the age, because he has adopted one of his best sayings as the motto of his paper: "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

As I spent eight years of my youth in a printing office and did everything necessary to be done there, from carrying wood up the back stairs and cleaning coal oil lamps (for they were used in those days) to rolling an ink roller across a Washington hand press and using the shears in a proper and competent manner, I feel that I should be here at this time.

It has been said that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but from my personal experience, I believe that if a person can handle the shears in a proper and competent manner, it can truly be said that the shears, under those circumstances, are mightier than either the pen or the sword.

From a common, ordinary printer's "devil" I became so well versed in the art that I could tell the difference between a thin space and an imposing stone; so you see it is very appropriate that I should say a few words upon the occasion.

At this season of the year, when the golden-tinted autumnal leaves admonish us that life is uncertain and death is certain, it is sincere pleasure to convey, in behalf of the Pioneers of Oregon, the good will that those people entertain for Mr. Murphy. How delighted to think that after spending nearly a lifetime in your midst, in editing a paper for fifty years, he should be permitted to spend his old age with you. You know how Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," yearned for that time in life that Mr. Murphy has reached:

> "O, Blessed retirement, friend of life's decline,
> Retreat from care that never must be mine!
> How blessed is he who crowns in shades like these
> A youth of labor with an age of ease!"

When I see a program such as this one here this evening, with so many speakers, each limited to but a few remarks, I am particularly reminded of an incident that occurred in Salem. There was a minister—pardon me, Dr. Hayes, this is on the ministry. There was an old minister who was rather prosy. He was a good, earnest man, but his sermons were long and often lulled his congregation to sleep. On this particular occasion there was a young minister who had come out from the East, who had received a thorough training before graduating from the Theological Seminary in New York. At any rate, he occupied the pulpit on this particular Sunday.

During his discourse he noticed a body dressed in widow's weeds who seemed to be grieved. She had her handkerchief out constantly and wiped tears from her cheeks, and was grieving so sorely that he took particular notice of it. He thought that his oratorical effort was the cause of her grief.

After the sermon he spoke to one of the deacons of the church:

"I would like to meet the lady in the audience," and he designated her.

"All right. Tomorrow I will take you around and introduce you."

After being introduced, he said to her in the course of their conversation:

"I noticed that you were in the congregation yesterday and that you were very much distressed."

She said: "Yes. I was. I was very much grieved, and since you have come to see me, I will take you into my confidence. My husband died two or three years ago, and we had a cow named Nellie. I was very fond of Nellie, and I petted her and I kissed her, and I fed her and I talked to her; but one day, a short time since, Nellie wandered away. I went out to the barn and she was gone. I thought of a pond near by and went out there, and my thoughts were more than realized, because there Nellie was in the pond, sinking gradually down, down. When I got there all I could see of her was the rim of her back and tail and horns. 'Farewell, Nellie, farewell,' I said. She put her head up out of the water and she gave a bellow. Your voice yesterday reminded me so much of Nellie's bellow that I could not restrain my grief." (Applause.) But I am reminded that I must talk but a few minutes more.

Emperor Charlemagne, looking out over the Mediterranean, saw the snake-like galleys of the Normans creeping along the horizon. With prophetic mind he looked forward to the time when his people would be bothered by those brave, fearless men of the North. You will remember how the Norman people in the history of Europe fastened their policies and rule upon the people with whom they came in contact. Those of you who are familiar with history know the story of Peter the Hermit and the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. So with the

Indians; when they saw the sturdy Pioneers wending their way into the "Old Oregon Country," their feelings were akin to Charlemagne of old. Then Washington was carved out of the "Old Oregon Country," which had been acquired to the United States.

It was largely through the industry, enterprising spirit, courage and energy of the Pioneers that this great section of the country, comprising the states of Washington, Idaho, Oregon and a part of Montana, became American territory; it is due to their energy and their enterprise that the Stars and Stripes float over the vast section of territory. The gentle winds with lingering caress kiss the folds of no banner that can compare in beauty with our own.

I want to say to you that the people of Oregon are proud of the fact that the State of Washington has prospered in the manner in which it has. Where formerly the war-whoops of the Indian was heard, large cities have been built in your midst. Trade and commerce have come to you; wealth and population—all that tends to make a great commonwealth is yours; and Oregon rejoices in the fact that you have prospered and have become rich through your fertile resources.

Here tonight, Mr. Miller, who has played his part in furthering the great growth of this country, is being honored as he should be. His friends have not waited until he was gone in order to pay him the compliment which he deserves for his honesty and integrity.

Macaulay has said that men great in learning, statesmanship and in war seldom are appreciated by their contemporaries, but posterity does justice to their worth. And a greater One than Macaulay has said: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Not so with Mr. Murphy; his friends appreciate him.

In behalf of the people of Oregon, I congratulate Mr. Murphy that he has passed the three-score and ten limit of life. And I want to say to you that one of the most important things that we are called upon to consider here during this evening, no matter who the speaker may be, is that fifty years of Mr. Murphy's life have been spent in one line of business. There are but few who achieve this distinction. Mr. Murphy, as

President of the Pioneer Association of the State of Oregon, I esteem it one of the greatest pleasures of my life to be permitted to assist in my futile way and contribute my mite towards making this occasion a memorable one in the annals of your city and state.

Let us live that we may be consoled as was the poet who said:

"I sit and think when the sunset's glow
Is flushing the river and hill and shore,
I shall one day wake by the waters cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat when it rubs the strand.
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the peopled shore of a better land.
I shall see the loved ones gone before,
And joyful and sweet will the meeting be;
And over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me."

Let us hope that on that day when the great, bright glow of the morning of the world's resurrection shall dawn, we shall all renew the friendships which we have entertained while in this life. (Applause.)

Gov. Hay introduces F. A. Hazeltine of South Bend, Washington, who responded to the toast: "Greetings from the State Press Association."

A handsome young lady once entered the office of Geo. W. Carlton, publisher, and laying on his desk a large manuscript —a bundle of poems, he inferred—conferred upon him the honor of printing them.

"But, my dear young lady," said he, "I am not a printer. I am a publisher. You should take that to some printer."

"What is the difference between a printer and a publisher?" she asked.

"Well," was the reply, "Suppose I should print a kiss on your cheek. Why, that would be a private matter between you and me. But if I published it, I would be a publisher—and a very mean one, too."

You who live here in Olympia know whether Brother Murphy is a printer or a publisher.

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In the last meeting of the State Press Association at Wenatchee, when Mrs. Weatherred, with characteristic enthusiasm, told that Brother Murphy was then doing the fiftieth volume of his paper, and then suggested that we should celebrate that in some way, the idea was carried with a whoop and a shout. I imagine that a good many of the editors there felt that they were entitled to a medal for managing a newspaper successfully for a single year, let alone fifty of them. They, therefore, had a fellow feeling for Brother Murphy, knowing, as they did, what he must have gone through.

As country editors, our problems are so distinct from those of the city editors, that it is hard for us to get together at all. I think, however, that I shall paraphrase a famous saying of Abraham Lincoln—I think God must love us country editors, because He has made so many of us. I believe there are about three hundred in the State.

Now I suppose that Mr. Murphy, just like the rest of us, has lied—in describing the fair bride with the open face and countenance, etc., etc., and that sterling specimen of young manhood, the handsome groom, and, undoubtedly, like the rest of us, has had occasion to throw a few fits over the lovely soprano voice of some local singer, whose voice, in reality, would make a guinea hen weep. We suppose, also, that he has had experiences with the angry subscriber. We all know the tricks of the trade and that he must have gone through them, and for that reason, even if for no other, we love him.

Now, the returns from fifty years of journalism are not to be counted in dollars and cents. The greatest joy is that of having a hand in things and the joy of sharing the joys and sometimes sorrows of life with others; and being able to look back after a few years and see where we have really assisted in the progress of the town.

I know enough of the history of this State to appreciate that had Brother Murphy at times rather shaded his political opinions, he might very likely have been rewarded by some nice, fat state printership; but we would not be honoring him today as we do. We are likely in these days to substitute economics for ethics and follow the "bread and butter" policy which led many a man to the flesh pots and made him abandon

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principle. We therefore honor John Miller Murphy for the fact that he has stood for what he thought was right.

You know, after all, the journalistic profession is the most lasting of all, even though the opposite appears true, because our papers are read and then thrown aside. We are the interpreters of the deeds of men; of things of glory, and things of meaning—things that count. All things will pass away, but the interpreter will last forever.

We honor John Miller Murphy tonight because he has interpreted his profession in such a way that he has never sold his ideas nor his principles, but has lived up to them. We may not agree with some of his interpretations, but we honor him for his sincerity. Therefore, we take pleasure in extending to him the greetings of the Press Association. (Applause.)

Gov. HAY: A printing office, in one respect, at least, is like religion; it cannot exist without a "devil." Mr. Hay then introduced George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, who delivered an address on "History of the Washington Standard."

MR. HIMES: Not being a speech-maker, friends, I have committed what I have to say to paper. Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, and our Honored Guest, Mr. Murphy: (Mr. Himes reads his paper.) (Applause.)

Gov. Hay introduces Lachlan MacLeay, a native of Olympia and the State of Washington, having been born in the building in which the Territorial Legislature convened. Mr. MacLeay extends "Greetings From the Native Sons."

Ladies and Gentlemen: As a son of pioneer parents, I feel much gratified in being able to express publicly the estimation I have always felt for John Miller Murphy since a child. We are doing honor to Mr. Murphy tonight because of his splendid personality, and because he exemplifies the type of manhood which has made the State of Washington what it is today.

In this day and age the news of the world is flashed along wires across continents, printed on printing machines and served the same day which it happened. My mind runs back over the past to the first newspaper I ever held in my hand. I was a little child and spelled out letter by letter the words

"Washington Standard." How well I can remember how I wondered over the slogan printed on its first page: "Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May," at first accepting it literally and knowing of no lines except the line which had to be toed at school, I could not imagine where the chips came from. I asked my mother what the words meant, and she explained to me in simple language that the man who would succeed in life must fix his goal so firmly and hew so closely to the lines that if the chips fell in places where they would bring fearful discouragement and criticism, he should hold his course unerringly. This inspiration has been with me ever since. Our State has grown in strength and power as the years rushed by, due to the sacrifice and resolutions of the great men, great in deeds performed rather than in words uttered, who, by their loyalty and devotion, have made it possible for us, of a later generation, to enjoy the benefits of the present great development of this State. We are proud, in a deep sense, of those pioneers, who through an effort that was inspired by the All-wise Ruler of the Universe, faced and overcame trials, and marked the foundations of a great Commonwealth; not for their immediate descendants alone, but for all those who might care to come later. Theirs was the commission to prepare the way and to lay the foundation; ours is the duty to conserve and to uphold, to carry on and to develop the great work which they began. With the deeds of these men to inspire us, what can we not accomplish?

Washington is proud of her adopted sons; proud of their enlistment in the ranks of progress, where they have joined hands with the pioneers and the native sons in the march of progress. The native son of Washington today stands midway between the sturdy, resolute pioneer and the energetic, enthusiastic adopted son. The pioneer gives us all the warm clasp of fellowship, while with the other hand he points toward the West, where, with the setting sun, the tread of the pioneer grows fainter and fainter. Those are the men whose places we are to take; with their example to guide us, let us prove ourselves worthy of our inheritance.

The age needs strong men to bear the brunt of the burden of progress. The man whom we are honoring here to-

night came forward in his day to bear his share of the burdens of his time. Our day and age needs strong men to put their shoulders to the wheel of progress. Remembering how much has been accomplished by those who have gone before, we are striving for those things that will place us foremost in the American Commonwealth. Is it any wonder, then, that we are gathered here this evening to do honor to this man, and those men, whose co-operation of brain and brawn and blood provided for those of us who came later a firm foundation on which to stand? And it is our sacred duty, aye, our privilege, to prove ourselves worthy bearers of their standard.

Let us then adopt this as our slogan, "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," that for all the years to come, generation after generation of native-born Washingtonians may have the benefit of that inspiring thought so fully exemplified by the life work of John Miller Murphy. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR HAY: There is one toast on the program that we are all looking forward to this evening which we will not be able to have. It is "Greetings from Daughters of Pioneers," which was to have been given by Mrs. Eliza Ferry Leary, who is unable to be present. I have a telegram from her, however.

(The telegram is read.)

CHAPTER III.

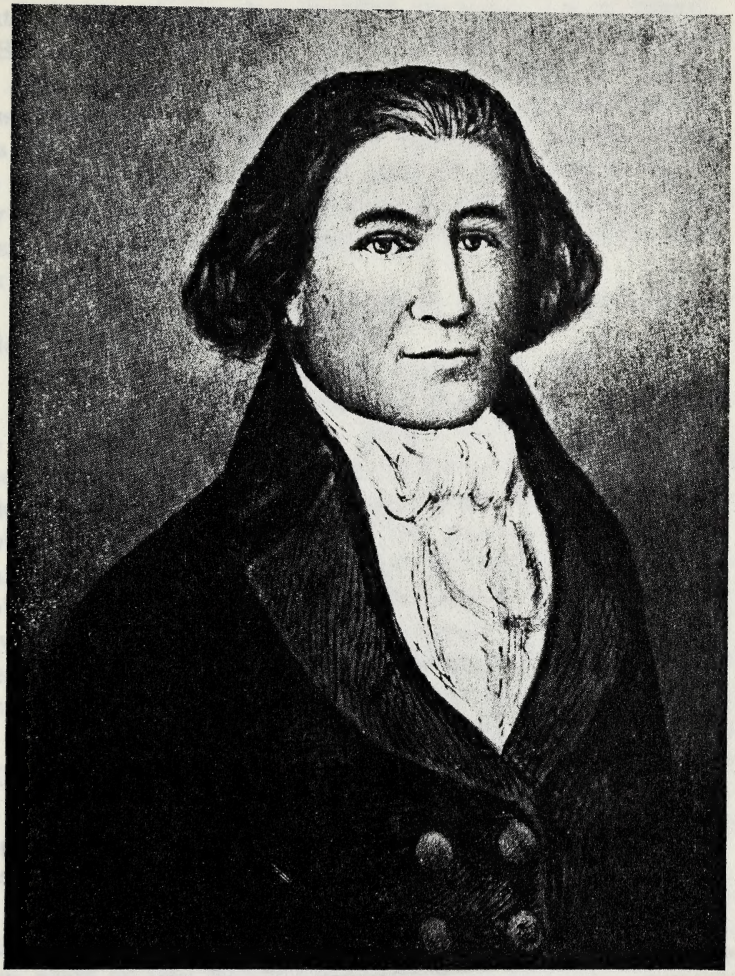
DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN GRAY

Address of Secretary Gilstrap at the Dedication of a Monument in the Grays Harbor Region to Commemorate Captain Robert Gray's First Entrance to the Harbor, May 7, 1792, Delivered on the 119th Anniversary.

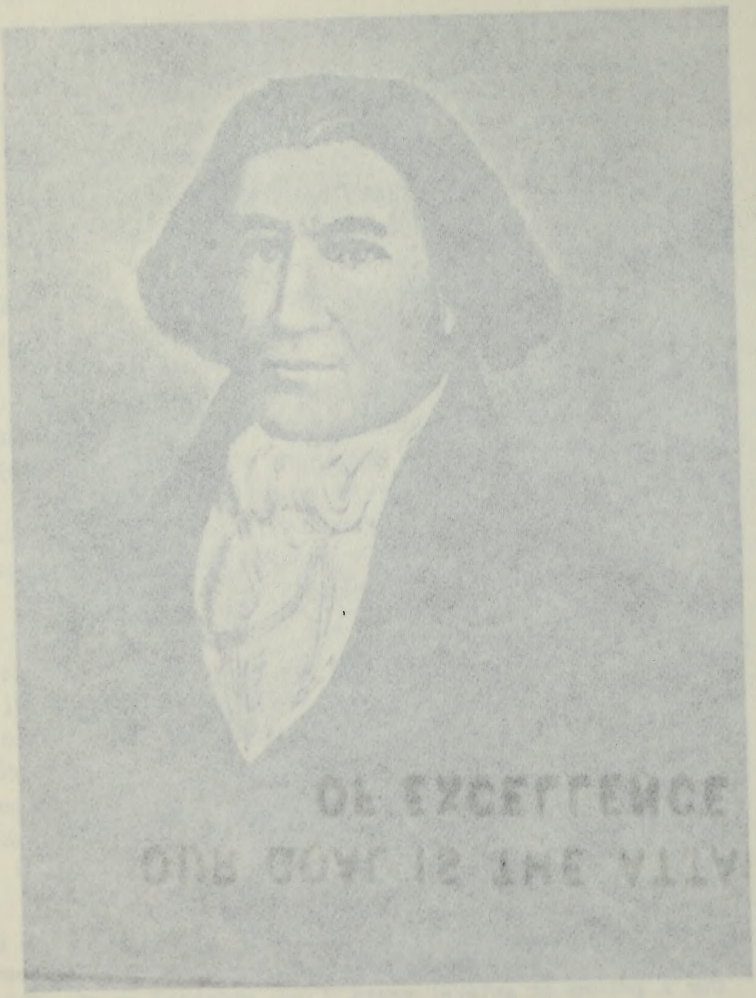
It is with pleasure that I meet with you here today to do honor to one who by his acts, his courage and perseverance accomplished so much for his and our beloved nation. I feel honored that I have this privilege, extended by the Robert Gray Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of speaking to this large audience of citizens on the life, character and deeds of Robert Gray, the American patriot, the courageous navigator and explorer, and the unassuming, modest, true man. You, members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, may be proud of the name you have selected for your chapter; you have no apologies to make for your name, for Captain Gray honored his calling in whatever place that was assigned to him.

First I want to say that but very little has been written about this great character who has in later years become one of the most famous if not the most famous man of all our local history. Our histories have given but meagre accounts of him and his work; even his log book gives very brief accounts of these to us most important events of the beginning of the history of this great State of Washington, which for historic lore cannot be surpassed by any other State this side of the Colonial States.

Much of what I shall say to you today has not been published in the histories of our country. In my research, covering a period of several years, I am indebted to the Oregon State Historical Society, to the published leaflet by the directors of Old South work, Old South Meeting-house, Boston, to the traditions of the aged Chief Cultee of the Chinook Indians of Willapa Harbor and around the mouth of the Columbia River, to the late Chief Howathlub, and other aged



CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY



Indians of the Makahs, of Neah Bay, and the venerable Chief of Dungeness.

Capt. Robert Gray was a native of Tiverton, Rhode Island, and a descendant of one of the early settlers of Plymouth. After his marriage in 1774, his home was in Boston, on Salem Street, where he raised a family of five children. His great grandson, Mr. Clifford Gray Twombly of Newton, Mass., inherited one of the silver cups inscribed with the initials "R. G.," which the Captain carried around the world. His sea chest is also in a good state of preservation, and is now in the Oregon State Historical Society collection. The chest was presented by Captain Gray's granddaughter, Miss Mary E. Bancroft of Boston.

Captain Gray was an able seaman, and had also been an officer in the Revolutionary Navy.

Captain Gray died in South Carolina in 1809.

The American Fur Company of Boston was composed of the following six gentlemen: Joseph Barrell, Charles Bulfinch, Samuel Brown, John Derby, Captain Crowell Hatch and John Marden Pintard. These six gentlemen subscribed $50,000, divided in fourteen equal parts, and purchased the "Columbia." The Columbia was built in 1773 by James Briggs at Hobart Landing, on the once little stream known as North River. She was a fullrigged ship eighty-three feet long and measured 212 tons. She had two decks, a figurehead and a square stern, and was mounted with ten guns.

A consort was provided for her in the "Washington" or "Lady Washington," as she was afterwards called, a sloop of ninety tons, designed especially to collect furs by cruising among the islands and inlets of the coast in the expected trade with the Indians.

The owners selected as master of the "Columbia" Captain John Kendrick, an experienced officer of about forty-five years of age, who had done service in privateering in the Revolution, and since had been in charge of several vessels in the merchant service. His home was at Wareham, where he had built a substantial home and reared a family of six children. The venerable homestead may still be seen, shaded by trees which the Captain planted.

For the command of the sloop, "Washington," Capt. Gray was chosen as master, a man who had been already in the service of two of the owners, Messrs. Brown and Hatch, as master of their "Pacific," in the South Carolina trade.

Sea letters were issued by the Federal and State governments for the use of the expedition, and a medal was struck to commemorate its departure; hundreds of these medals in bronze and pewter being put on board for distribution among the people whom the voyagers might meet.

Neither pains nor expense were spared to give these vessels a complete outfit. The cargo consisted chiefly of the necessary stores, and a good supply of hardware, useful tools and utensils to be exchanged for furs on the coast. There were also numerous trinkets to please the fancy of the natives, such as buttons, beads, toys, necklaces, jew's-harps, combs, earrings, and looking-glasses.

Kendrick's first mate was Simeon Woodruff, who had been one of Cook's officers in his last voyage to the Pacific. The second mate was Joseph Ingreham, who was destined to become a conspicuous figure in the trade which he helped to inaugurate. The third officer was Robert Haswell, the son of a lieutenant in the British navy. Haswell was an accomplished young officer and kept a careful record of the expedition, from which much of our most accurate information is derived; he was also a clever artist and made many of the sketches of the vessels, which have been reproduced. Next to him was John B. Cordis, of Charlestown; Richard S. Howe was the clerk; Dr. Roberts the surgeon; J. Nutting the astronomer, and a Mr. Treat shipped as furrier. Davis Coolidge was first mate of the sloop.

On the 30th day of September, 1787, the two vessels started on their long voyage. Many friends accompanied them down the harbor and bade them farewell.

The owners had given each commander minute instructions as to the manner of conducting their business with the natives; that no advantage be taken of them; and always to treat them with respect; giving them a fair compensation in trade; that they endeavor by honest conduct to impress on their minds a friendship for Americans. They were to avoid the Spaniards, if possible.

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During the past ten or twelve years I have had the privilege of visiting all the tribes of this Coast, having traversed the entire west coast of our State and through the Straits, on foot and in Indian canoes. On one occasion I was out on this great Pacific Ocean fifteen hours in an Indian canoe. I have rounded Cape Flattery in an Indian canoe, and have spent days with no other companion except Indians, in gathering Indian traditions and historic data, and, from them, I learned that they had the greatest respect for Capt. Gray, both here on the Coast and in the Straits. It was from Captains Gray and Kendrick that the Indians got the name "Boston men," and from the Vancouver expedition that they got the name "King George's men."

An old chief (who, it was claimed, was over 100 years old) of the Dungeness Indians, whom I visited some twelve years ago, told me that the "Boston men" visited them first; that they came the second time before the Spaniard or "King George's men" came.

Some ten years ago I located in an Indian home near the mouth of the Columbia River a fine large Wedgewood platter 17x22 inches in size which Captain Gray traded to an Indian maiden for beaver skins. This Indian girl afterwards became the mother of a famous chief of the Chinooks. He lived to a great age and died some 18 years ago, willing this platter to an Indian woman who was a friend of the old chief. It is seldom that a white person can have the privilege of seeing this remarkable dish, which they keep as a valued relic, always locked up in a safe place. They call Capt. Gray "E-lip hy-as 'Boston Man,'" the first great Boston man; "Hey-as kloshe 'Boston Man,'" good, or very good "Boston man." This is the reputation that the traditions of the old Indians gave of Capt. Gray.

At last, on the 16th of August, 1788, the Washington reached its destined haven in Nootka Sound. One day, just a week after their arrival, they saw a sail in the offing which by their glasses they soon recognized as the long-lost Columbia.

Great was their eagerness to know what had befallen her. As she drew nearer, it became evident that her crew were suffering from scurvy, for her top sails were reefed and her topgallant masts were down on the deck, although it was pleasant weather. Capt. Gray immediately took the long boat and went out to

meet her, and shortly before sunset she anchored within forty yards of the sloop. She had lost two of her crew with scurvy, and many of the crew were in an advanced stage of that dreaded disease.

After parting off Cape Horn, they encountered terrific gales and suffered so much damage that they had to put in at Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe Island, for help.

They were politely received by the governor, Don Blas Gonzales, who supplied them with everything they needed. The kind governor had to pay dearly for it, for, when his superior, the Captain General of Chili, heard of it, poor Gonzales was degraded from office. Jefferson interceded for him at Madrid, but he was never reinstated.

After tarrying at Juan Fernandez 17 days the Columbia continued on her voyage without further accident to Nootka.

In a few days occurred the anniversary of their departure from Boston, and they all observed it heartily. The officers of all the vessels were invited to dine on board the Columbia, and the evening was spent in festive cheer.

After some time an important change took place. Capt. Kendrick concluded to put the ship's property on board the sloop, and go on a cruise in her himself with a crew of twenty men, while Gray should take the Columbia by the crew of the prize schooner to the Sandwich Islands and get provisions for the voyage to China to dispose of the skins. Ingreham and Haskell decided to go with Capt. Gray, while Cordis remained with Kendrick; and so the two vessels parted company.

The Columbia left Clayoquot July 30, 1789. Between Canton and Boston the Columbia took the usual route via Cape of Good Hope. She passed down the river February 12, 1790, on her homeward voyage. She reached her destination August 10, 1790, having sailed by her log book about 50,000 miles, and thus Capt. Gray was the first American to circumnavigate the globe, carrying the Stars and Stripes around the world.

The arrival of the Columbia was greeted with salvos of artillery and repeated cheers from a great concourse of citizens. Governor Hancock gave an entertainment in honor of the officers and owners of the expedition. A procession was formed; Capt. Gray walked arm-in-arm with the Hawaiian

chief, the first of his race ever seen in Boston. He was a fine looking youth and wore a helmet and an exquisite cloak of yellow and scarlet plumage which glittered in the sunlight.

The Columbia left Boston on the 28th of September, 1790, calling only at the Falkland Islands, and arriving at Clayoquot June 4, 1791, a quicker passage by nearly four months than the previous one. Capt. Gray spent the winter season in the vicinity of Vancouver Island trading with the Indians.

In his report he says: "In the spring of 1792 I sailed south, and on April 29th met Capt. Vancouver near what is now Cape Flattery."

Capt. Vancouver recorded this meeting in the following language:

Sunday, April 29.—"At 4 o'clock a sail was discovered to the westward standing in shore. This was a very great novelty, not having seen any vessel but our consort during the last eight months. She soon hoisted American colors, and fired a gun to leeward. At 6 we spoke her. She proved to be the ship 'Columbia,' commanded by Mr. Robert Gray, belonging in Boston. Having little doubt of his being the same person who had formerly commanded the sloop 'Washington,' I desired he would bring to, and sent Mr. Puget and Mr. Menzies on board to acquire such information as might be serviceable in our future operations. On the return of our boat, we found our conjectures had not been ill grounded, that this was the same gentleman who had commanded the sloop 'Washington.' Having obtained this information, our course was again directed along the Coast to the northward."

Capt. Gray, in his log book, gives the following:

May 7, 1792.—"Being within six miles of land, saw an entrance in the same which had a very good appearance of a harbor. Lowered away the jolly-boat and went in search of an anchoring place, the ship standing to and fro, with a very strong weather current. At 1 p. m. the boat returned, having found no place where the ship could anchor with safety; made sail for the ship; stood in for shore. We soon saw, from the mast-head, a passage between the sand bars. At half-past three bore away, and ran in northeast-by-east, having from four to eight fathoms, sandy bottom; and, as we drew nearer between the bars,

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had from ten to thirteen fathoms, having a very strong tide of ebb to stem. Many canoes came alongside. At 5 p. m. came to in five fathoms of water, sandy bottom, in a safe harbor, well sheltered from the sea by long sand bars and spits. Our latitude observed this day was 46 degrees 58 minutes North."

May 10.—"Fresh breezes and pleasant weather; many natives alongside; at noon all of the canoes left us. At 1 p. m. began to unmoor; took up the best bower anchor, and hove short on the small bower anchor. At half-past 4 (being high water) hove up the anchor and came to sail and a beating down the harbor."

This extract was made in 1816 by Mr. Bulfinch of Boston, one of the owners of the Columbia, from the second volume of the log book, which was then in the possession of Capt. Gray's heirs, but has since disappeared.

Vancouver's expedition was sent out to this Northwest coast by King George III. It is evident that England knew that this territory was being explored by Americans, and that her right of ownership would be questioned unless she could lay claim to it by virtue of actual discovery and exploration.

The directions given Vancouver on page 20, Vancouver, 1st vol., 1st edition, are as follows:

"It is, however, proper that you should, and you are therefore hereby required and directed to pay particular attention to the examinations of the supposed Straits of Juan de Fuca, said to be situated between 48 degrees and 49 degrees north latitude, and to have an opening through which the sloop Washington is reported to have passed in 1789 and to have come out again in the neighborhood of Nootka."

It is quite evident from these instructions that King George's sole desire of having Vancouver explore this territory was to secure it as a part of England's possessions.

While Capt. Vancouver is deserving of great credit for the accuracy of his coast surveys, he never at any time gave the exact spot by longitude or distance from the sea coast of the mountains he named, his explorations of this territory and the names selected were with the idea that this territory was British soil, ignoring entirely the rights of the United States by virtue of Gray's earlier voyages.

On June 4, 1792, Capt. Vancouver proclaimed this territory as British soil in the following words:

"And on Monday they, all hands, were served as good a dinner as we were able to provide them, with double allowance of grog to drink the King's health, it being the anniversary of His Majesty's birth; on which auspicious day I had long since designated to take formal possession of all countries we had lately been employed in exploring, in the name of, and for His Brittanic Majesty, his heirs and successors. To execute this purpose, accompanied by Mr. Broughton, and some of the officers, I went on shore about 1 o'clock, pursuing the usual formalities which are generally observed on such occasions, and, under the discharge of a royal salute from the vessels, took possession, accordingly, of the coast."

Much more could be said of this most remarkable navigator, Capt. Gray, and his co-worker, Capt. Kendrick, but enough has been said to convince all fair-minded men that we cannot do too much to honor his great achievements. We of this Grays Harbor country should take especial interest, and it is very fitting that we should on this occasion commemorate his great achievements by the erection of this granite monument to his honor; for it was Captain Gray who, with the ship Washington, sailed into the Straits of Juan de Fuca in 1789, two years prior to the Spanish vessel Princess Royal, commanded by Alferez Quimper, and over three years prior to the English vessels commanded by Capt. Vancouver; and who, with the ship Columbia, was the first to sail into this now famous Grays Harbor, 119 years ago yesterday; and with his ship Columbia was the first to sail into the Columbia River on May 11, 1792; and by these remarkable discoveries secured for this Nation this grand Northwest.

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CHAPTER IV.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT MARKING END OF THE OREGON TRAIL

Address Delivered by W. H. Gilstrap, Secy. State Historical Society, on the Unveiling of a Tablet, by Sacajawea Chapter, D. A. R., to Mark the End of the Oregon Trail, State Capitol Grounds, Corner of Main and Sixth Sts., Olympia, February 22, 1913.

Sacajawea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am always pleased to be present on such an occasion as this. These occasions mark epochs in history, and become, in themselves, a part of that history.

This, as I understand it, commemorates the advent of the first actual pioneer settlers to Puget Sound, thereby extending the Old Oregon Trail to this spot. The marking of this and similar historic spots is preserving for coming generations cornerstones in history, and teaching the public patriotism and reverence for the pioneers who, by their self-denials and hardships, laid the foundation of this great commonwealth which we now enjoy.

As is well understood, the Old Oregon Trail, as it is now called, extended from the Missouri River to Fort Vancouver. Capt. Bonneville, with a party of 110 men, crossed the mountains and went as far west as Fort Walla Walla in 1832. This was the beginning of emigration to Old Oregon. From that time emigration increased.

In 1844, Michael Simmons crossed the plains to Oregon, and he, with five other families and two unmarried men, settled, October, 1845, in this vicinity, around Tumwater, making the first settlement on Puget Sound. The following year Mr. Simmons built the first grist mill on Puget Sound here at Tumwater. The millstones were chiseled out of granite boulders found on the beach, and were intact and in good condition until three or four years ago. I was informed of the matter and made an effort to secure them for the State Historical Society, but upon investigation, I found that a few weeks before, some-

one had committed the sacrilege of breaking them to pieces to be used in the foundation of an ordinary building, thus losing to history a fine example of the ingenuity and perseverance of the pioneers.

in 1847 the first sawmill on Puget Sound and the first in Washington was built here at Tumwater Falls by men whose names are probably familiar to many of you old settlers: Michael Simmons, Edmond Sylvester, Frank Shaw, A. B. Rabbeson, Gabriel Jones, Jesse Furgeson, John Kindred and A. D. Conifex were the builders, and they were important factors in the development of this region.

In 1849 Mr. Simmons sold his interests in Tumwater, invested in a brig, and sent in it the first load of spars from Puget Sound to San Francisco. This is an interesting bit of history, because it cites the first venture in the lumber industry, which has now become so important in our State. A little later he opened a store in Smithfield, afterwards changed to Olympia. This was the first store on Puget Sound. In 1852 he aided Nicholas Delin in establishing a sawmill at the head of Commencement Bay, now the city of Tacoma. If time would permit, much more might be said of this remarkable pioneer. We might also mention that the founder of this city, Olympia, was Edmond Sylvester, one of the original settlers at Tumwater.

The Oregon Trail, famous as it now is, was at that time, from the Columbia River north, merely an Indian trail. Mrs. Margaret Schaser, now of Roy, this state, and mother of the President of the Thurston County Pioneer Society, informed me that she came with her husband to the Territory in 1847. They came up the Cowlitz River in a canoe, and at some of the more rocky places along the river she was obliged to get out and carry her child along the banks of the stream. Leaving the river, they stopped at Chehalis, remaining there until the spring of 1848. They then started for Nisqually Bottom, coming over the trail to Tumwater, cutting logs and rolling them to one side, making their wagon road as they came. After reaching this place, her husband and another man had to take their wagon apart and carry it up the big hill to the east, and had to make roads until they came to Chambers Prairie. From there there was an Indian trail to Nisqually Bottom, which had

been improved by McAllister and William Packwood, an uncle of Mrs. Schaser, who had settled in there in 1847. Grandma Schaser, as she is now affectionately known, is a true Sacajawea. As far as I know, she is the only lady that actually, with her own hands, helped to buld the Oregon Trail to her future home. To you, Daughters of the Revolution, I wish to state that she was a descendant of Colonial times. Her father was born and raised in Virginia. Her great-grandfather, Packwood, was burned at the stake by the Indians in 1759. To appreciate the indomitable courage and perseverance of the pioneer spirit, I want to say to those of you who have not met Grandma Schaser, that she was unassuming in her manner, and to look at her one would think her certainly unfit for road-building in the forest.

The wagon road built from the Columbia River to Puget Sound was some years later. The main travel after the first settlement here was direct from Cowlitz Landing to Fort Nisqually, and afterwards to Fort Steilacoom.

In 1853 the Natches emigrant train crossed the Cascades, coming from Fort Walla Walla up the Yakima River, then crossing over to the Natches River, following that, crossing back and forth sixty-eight times before coming through the famous Natches Pass. The descent from the summit was more than a thousand feet, and at an angle of sixty degrees. So steep and rugged was this hill that the people and stock had to zig-zag their way down to the bottom with great care. The wagons had to be let down over this cliff by means of ropes and as there was not enough rope to reach the bottom, James Biles said "Kill one of the poorest of my steers, and make a rope of its hide, and if that is not enough, kill another." Three animals were slaughtered before the rope was made long enough to reach a point where the oxen could be hitched to the wagons. From here on they attached small logs with projecting limbs to the rear of the wagons, and at last reached a camping spot. This was the largest and perhaps the most remarkable emigrant train that ever came to Puget Sound. In this party there were 156 persons, bringing with them numbers of cattle and horses, and thirty-six wagons, two of which were destroyed in the descent on this famous Natches Hill. I want to call your

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attention to this fact, that this was not a road in any sense. It was simply an Indian trail through the forest. They had to cut their way day by day, some days not traveling more than a mile.

The Daughters of the American Revolution make their cornerstone Love of Country and the preservation of the heroic deeds of our forefathers, not only in the Colonial States, but throughout the Nation. I am pleased that this Chapter, along with others in the State, are taking an active interest, and doing their share in this good work. We hope that this work of education will go on and on, until we can send men—and women—to the Legislature who have an appreciation of things sacred and patriotic to that degree that they will so assist historical and patriotic institutions that the rising generation will be taught to love and respect the work that our pioneer fathers have done, first by securing the Oregon Country without conquest of arms, and second by laying the foundation of this great Commonwealth which we believe to be unsurpassed by any other, either in natural resources or historic lore.

There is one fact in connection with the above, of which we, as patriotic citizens should feel proud—that the old Oregon Country is the only portion of our nation over which legally floated no other flag save our own Stars and Stripes.

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CHAPTER V.

ADDRESSES AT BANQUET IN HONOR OF GENERAL HAZARD STEVENS[1]

February 25, 1914, Hotel Tacoma

Meeting called to order by Mr. W. C. Wheeler as follows:

MR. WHEELER: *Gentlemen*—Mr. Gilstrap has asked me to address you without giving me time to prepare a speech. I suppose it is in order to tell a story, but as we have experts here in that line, I will leave it to them. I presume that I am here in the place of Mr. Henry Hewitt, as President of the Ferry Museum.

This gathering is principally under the auspices of the State Historical Society, and yet the Ferry Museum is so interlocked with it in its business relations, that it is proper that the busy men constituting its respective boards should be here tonight to welcome a son of one of the most eminent Governors that this State has ever had.

It has always been of greatest interest to me to read of General Stevens. I think the first I ever read about this State many years ago was in regard to Governor Stevens, the first Governor of this Territory and afterward four years a Delegate to Congress. If I am not mistaken, he closed his last inaugural address to the Legislature of this State by giving a very glowing description of the country here and its scenery and its resources, which intensely interested me, and every time I heard or saw anything of Governor Stevens I read it with great interest.

We welcome here tonight the son of our first Governor. He was a young man then, but it seems long ago as we look back to that time. It is a great pleasure to have with us General Stevens, the son of our former Governor. (Applause.)

I will now turn the meeting over to Mayor W. W. Seymour, the toastmaster for the evening.

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[1]Early in 1914 General Hazard Stevens, son of Gov. Stevens, came from Boston, Mass., to make his home in Olympia. By invitation of Secretary Gilstrap he visited Tacoma and was tendered a banquet and reception.—Editor.

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MR. SEYMOUR:

Gentlemen and General Stevens:

It is suggestive of the Tale of the Frog and the Oxen for me to assume to be toastmaster with such distinguished gentlemen here as Judge Arthur, Frank Cole and Mr. Dickson, but I have been appointed to this, and like the man who is called to serve his country in other places I have to respond and make the best of it.

I have a collection of stories which I use when I think I can get off one or two, but I never in my life knew two such dry subjects as a Historical Society and a Museum, and at any rate I do not know whether we should get off any stories on General Stevens. In talking to children, we know there is nothing they like to hear more than something about when mamma was a little girl, or papa was a little boy, and I am sure there is hardly anything that is of more interest to us here tonight than the first days of this State. Mr. Gilstrap, who is the lord high priest of this entertainment, has handed to me quite a lengthy program, and I am afraid if we go through this conscientiously to the bottom we should have brought our cots. He, however, has very kindly given me a wide latitude, and with his permission I will change the program somewhat, and will put in the old-timers, and the Historical Society and Museum people can have a meeting some other time, because we are here and can get together. But it is seldom that we have anyone like General Stevens with us, and some of the old-timers. Here is Judge Arthur, whom I have heard speak several times, and there are very few people whom I would rather hear speak. So that I will suggest that we give General Stevens all the time he wants (applause), and Mr. Arthur all the time he wants, and then Mr. Bowman can tell us a lot if he will, and we would like to hear also from Mr. Van Trump, and also Mr. Cole, because we think so much of him, and also from Mr. Gilstrap, who, as I have said, is a kind of a high priest of this organization. We can see how we are off for time after that. We feel very highly honored at General Stevens being here. He is the guest of honor and we would like to hear him as long as his breath will last and his legs will bear him up.

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Before proceeding further, we would like to hear from Mr. Gilstrap. We could not get very far with historical matters or museum matters without Mr. Gilstrap sets us right, and although we do not see him very much, yet in the future, Mr. Gilstrap's name will be handed down to history probably beyond any one here, unless it be Mr. Van Trump, who first ascended the mountain. Perhaps very few people in this town will be remembered longer than Mr. Gilstrap. I do not know whether he is like the girl who put all the eggs in one basket or the hen that set on one setting, but he has been setting by something that will really last and is truly worth while (applause), and we are always glad to call on him and hear whatever he has to tell us.

MR. GILSTRAP:

Gentlemen and General Stevens:

I wish to read a telegram dated Olympia, February 25, addressed Hon. W. H. Gilstrap, Secretary: "Deeply regret that press of work here will render it absolutely impossible for me to attend the Tacoma Hotel banquet this evening. Kindly express to General Stevens my cordial greeting and best wishes." Signed by Ernest Lister, Governor. (Applause).

I also want to announce that tomorrow afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock we will give a public reception to a great many ladies and older friends who want to meet General Stevens. The building will be open generally and especially to the pioneers and members of the Historical Society, and the ladies. About three-thirty we will have a few short talks in the Museum in regard to the collections and things there.

The object of this meeting as I have outlined it is something like this: You have placed me there to make all the collections I can for both the Historical Society and the Ferry Museum. Being Secretary of each, I am doing the best I can along those lines. Some years ago I met General Stevens and asked him to let us have Governor Stevens' private collection of flags, mementos, commissions and things of that kind. He told me at that time that he could not and would not do anything with it as long as his mother lives, but that after that he would see. On meeting him here, I spoke to him and he said

the matter had not been settled, so I invited him to visit our building and see what we had to offer.

After consulting some of the others, we decided that it would be best to give a banquet and have him meet at least a number of us. We have only about half of our official membership of the Board of Trustees, the others being kept away from one cause and another, but I wanted to have you meet him and have him meet you. Perhaps some of you remember having seen his collection at the A.-Y.-P. Fair, or part of it. It is very valuable and one that any state would be glad to have, and we feel that it is the place for it; that we are doing more than any one to honor Governor Stevens.

Some years ago we started out marking places of historic importance. The first was Wilkes' first Fourth of July celebration, and you will remember that the general government made three important expeditions to this country, the like of which was never undertaken or carried out by any other nation. The first was the expedition of Lewis and Clarke. And the next was the naval expedition by Wilkes to Puget Sound, surveying the Sound, commencing the work right here in the bay, giving it the name of Commencement Bay. There has never been a naval expedition of like character which surpassed that. The next great expedition was the Stevens survey of the Northern route. He with General McClellan surveyed the route from Puget Sound to Minneapolis. Governor Stevens surveyed from Minneapolis to Camp Washington, near Spokane, where he camped about two weeks with his party. It was there he began his work as Governor. His other work was completed and he spent some days there preparing for his future work, and made that great ride from there to Colville in one day, one of the most remarkable rides in history; and his work all along has been of that character. The Historical Society in 1908 began marking the sites where Governor Stevens had taken part. That was the first, because the most important. While not publicly officially inaugurated at Camp Washington, really he was inaugurated. We located that spot and erected a monument seven feet high of solid granite, four feet broad and two feet thick, and made a permanent marker at that place with proper inscription. We then located three or four of the great treaty

grounds, one at Medicine Creek, one at Mukilteo, and Cape Flattery or Neah Bay, one at Walla Walla, perhaps the greatest spectacle of its kind.

We hope with General Stevens here on the Coast to have him assist us in marking that spot. There are five great treaty grounds where it has been decided to erect monuments.

We are also planning to put up a statue in Washington, D. C., of Governor Stevens, in the Hall of Fame. That is being agitated throughout the State, selecting Governor Stevens as one of the heroes who should be commemorated in the Hall of Fame at Washington, D. C. (Applause.)

For these reasons, showing the great interest of our people in this work of General Stevens, we feel it is appropriate and proper that the collection of manuscripts and his collections should be with the Historical Society under the management of the State, and in our charge to keep for future generations. For the benefit of General Stevens, I will say that the Governor and the Secretary of State are ex-officio members of the Historical Society and we feel that the organization is perfect in that respect, and that the work will go on. I want the General to meet the men who are backing us, both in the Museum and the Historical Society, as the two are connected in such a way that they will perhaps go on through time together. This is about the sum and substance of what we are planning and what we hope to do, and I have invited you men to meet General Stevens and to show him our building and our plans, so that he may know. I want him to understand the class of men back of us in this work, and that I am simply carrying out the work of these men here, and that we are doing the best we can with the means at hand, and perhaps will go on and accomplish a great work with their help. I thank you. (Applause.)

Mayor Seymour:—Our next speaker and honored guest to the left, Mr. Bowman, came here in the year 1850, across the plains, and he has seen the development of this Northwest Territory. He came three years before Governor Stevens; his father-in-law was one of the provisional thirteen of the Monticello convention who memorialized Congress to make this a Territory, and his father was one of the members of the House.

He has a great deal of interest to tell us; he has seen the Northern Pacific development. He had a store at the Junction and knew almost all of the officials as they came and went. I understand his father was one of the original participants in those donation claims from Congress of 640 acres, and subsequently of 320. If he cares to tell us something of those older days even before Governor Stevens came, I am sure we would all be pleased to hear from him.

MR. BOWMAN:

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. President, Gentlemen and General Stevens:

I heartily wish that the company here would take the toastmaster's speech and let it go at that as saying better than I can say what the gentlemen would like to hear. While Providence endowed me in the early times with a good deal of "get up and git" he failed to endow me with the gift of speech, and I never made one.

It is a fact that we crossed at a very early day and have been more or less identified with the progress of the country. We have tried to take and do our part. We left the City of Peoria, Illinois, the first Sunday in March, I think, in 1850, crossed the Missouri River one month later, and with the vicissitudes of the journey of that time, we came to Fort Dalles, on the Columbia, on the 24th of September, so that we were on the road from March until September 24th. We landed on the North side of the Columbia River; it was then called the Old Oregon Country; all West of the Rocky Mountains was Oregon, a vast domain. We took up a donation land claim of 640 acres near the mouth of the Cowlitz River on the main line of travel from Portland to the Sound, and we saw in the early days nearly everybody who came from Oregon or up the Coast from California through to Olympia. The main traveled route was up the Cowlitz River in a canoe or a Hudson Bay boat. At that time a bachelor had 320 acres, but later on was cut down to half of that, so that a man with a family obtained 320 acres and a bachelor 160.

I was then in my twelfth year, or under thirteen. My mother died in the year 1852, which discouraged my father greatly, and a great deal of work devolved upon me. In 1855, after the time of the Indian hostilities, or the unrest of the

Indians, we were a very scattered community, and little forts were built, and around our houses we built stockades. I had an old-fashioned musket, and it fell upon me to determine how thick the walls should be, which I did by testing it with my own musket and an ounce bullet. They were low-power guns and it did not take much to stop them. I recollect that I was quite enthused by our first Governor, General Stevens, whom we heard frequently, and it was through his energetic manner and his speeches that a good many of us were prevailed upon to take up arms. I recollect while I was between sixteen and seventeen years of age I went to Fort Vancouver late in October and joined what was called the First Washington Mounted Volunteers, under Captain W. R. Sprague, who was then prosecuting attorney—the first prosecuting attorney in the Territory, I think. We furnished our own horses and mustered into the Regular Army to the extent that they furnished us our arms. From that time we took the field and went into the Cascade Mountains and kept the tribes East of the Mountains from joining those on the West. We had skirmishes with the Indians, but no very hard battles.

In the late sixties, we came to Olympia and then followed the Northern Pacific Railroad to Tacoma, and settled in the Puyallup Valley, engaging in business there.

Our means of transportation was a large Chinook canoe up the Cowlitz Valley, depending upon the tide. We would sometimes get up at three or four o'clock in the morning, and sometimes we would be caught with an over-load, and might spend several hours on a bar. Then we opened up a road and came down through the forest and down to the mill with a team.

We first met Mr. Van Trump and Hazard Stevens on the occasion of the first ascent of Mount Tacoma, and it was discussed in Olympia for a few days afterward, whether or not they really did go to the top. It was doubted and talked on the side streets and alleys. We did not know—maybe they did—but we couldn't prove it; we would have to take it for what it was worth. Captain Wingate, who first served Pierce County, and at one time master of a large steamer, "The New World," was one day talking about Hazard Stevens and Van

Trump having gone to the top of the mountain, when someone said to him, "What do you say about it?" He said, "I am in no doubt about it at all, because I can see their tracks in the snow." (Laughter and applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—I have remarked that it is too bad that the pioneers do not let us hear more about some of those early days. The growth of this city impresses Mr. Bowman much as it has done me. It has become a great city without his perceiving its growth.

We regret that the Governor is not here. He certainly would have been an addition to this assemblage, and if Mr. Gilstrap had made the provision, we would certainly drink his health, but we will have to do that mentally. He had the toast of "General Stevens as Governor," and we will have to rely on Judge Arthur to cover that. I know that we have heard a great deal even in this city of the echo of his vigorous administration. Only the other day when the Indians met, they referred to conversations with General Stevens, and we know that one of his first duties was to go among the Indians and wisely get their friendship, and we are given to understand that if there had not been jealousy on the part of General Wood, who would not heed his admonitions to organize, and even disbanded the small militia that they did have, that the early uprising of the Indians and a great deal of the subsequent trouble would have been avoided.

MR. BOWMAN:—In our campaigns, the volunteers were called the "bad" soldiers by the Indians, and the regular troops were called their friends.

MR. SEYMOUR:—That illustrates the early jealousy and lack of harmony. I suppose the General will explain some of those things.

We would like to hear from Judge John Arthur on "Governor Stevens as the Engineer, Surveyor and Pathfinder." However, he may range at his pleasure over the subject.

JUDGE ARTHUR:

Mr. Toastmaster, President, Gentlemen and General Stevens:

I first made the acquaintance of General Hazard Stevens more than forty-three years ago, when I was residing in Erie, Pennsylvania, and was a reader of the Atlantic Monthly,

which I had taken from the first number. I read a story which excited me more than any story I had ever read, and that was entitled, on the very first page of that number, "Ascent of Takhoma,"[1] and a foot-note on the first page stated that the native pronunciation of the word could not very well be gotten in English letters, because of the deep guttural of the Indian tongue, but that Takhoma meant "The Mountain par Excellence;" Takhoma meaning mountain, and this being singled out among all the mountains of the Cascades as the mountain par excellence. That article was written by Hazard Stevens (applause), so that I can fairly claim to be his oldest acquaintance here. I think it was in November, 1870, that the article appeared. He started from Olympia with P. B. VanTrump and George Coleman in August, 1870, and started across the Steilacoom plains to ascend Tacoma, or Takhoma, as I suppose we should pronounce it. He gave an account of it in the Atlantic Monthly that would stir the heart of even a phlegmatic Indian, and it excited me so that I read the article half a dozen times, without ever dreaming that I should see that mountain or see Washington Territory in which it was situated. When I did come here in April, 1883, what should be my surprise and delight and my pride, but to have John P. Judson and a lot of other old-timers tell me that there was a strong resemblance between General Hazard Stevens and myself. (Laughter and applause). It seems that we wore our beards the same way, and both being honest men, and modest and decent looking and all that, they thought we resembled each other very much; but the mutations of years make their impression upon us, and General Stevens ever since then, if possible, has grown handsomer and I have declined and degenerated. (Laughter.) And I cannot now claim any resemblance whatever, and he would angrily disclaim any.

But I am to speak mostly of his father. His father was appointed by President Franklin Pierce, from whom this county is named, to survey a route for a railroad from the Great Lakes or the Mississippi River to the North Pacific Ocean. In those times of piping peace, no President would have selected

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[Republished in this volume, Chapter I of Part VI.]

an inferior or a common man for the responsibility. That was as great a responsibility in those days as the appointment of Colonel Goethals to build the Panama Canal is in our day. (Applause.) And the opinion which Franklin Pierce had of Isaac I. Stevens is forcibly illustrated by his selection of him as Governor of the Territory and Superintendent of Indian Affairs while he was on the way, and without any knowledge upon the part of Colonel Stevens, as he was then, that such an honor was coming to him. And because of the character of that man, his great skill as an engineer, his high character as a man, his endowment of bravery and his great intellectuality, has it been time and again thought by students of the Civil War that if he had not been killed at the battle of Chantilly he would have become the head, the General of the Armies of the United States. (Applause.)

In those days the selection of the route for a railroad to cross the Rocky Mountains, the Great Plains, and reach out to that land which Great Britain claimed and which we were in danger of losing, was an undertaking of vast importance. Unfortunately, from the time of Colonel Stevens' appointment by President Pierce down to the outbreak of the Civil War, the South grew more and more suspicious of any expansion to the North or West, and while the South was at first the great champion for the holding of the Oregon Country against Great Britain, the North was luke-warm; the North guided largely by New England, not getting over the feeling of the War of 1812 when New England was almost traitorous to the country; and as the Rebellion approached, or the conflict between free labor and slave labor approached the crisis, the South saw that its policy was to push the South and not to allow an expansion to the West and the North, and so the South grew very suspicious of our movements to the North Pacific Coast and threw cold water upon it. The result was that it was not until 1864 when the South was out of the Union and the North was thrown upon its resources and devices and it was thought that California was in danger of being lost—which it was, England having designs upon it and a great party ready to start with England—that Congress decided that a railroad must be built to California and also one to the North

Pacific Coast to enable us to hold the territory we claimed out here, and it was on that occasion that the real Northern Pacific Railroad which Colonel Stevens and Colonel McClellan had surveyed was started as a practical enterprise. Today and since 1864 we have all been enjoying the benefit of the work planned by the brains of George Brinton McClellan and Isaac I. Stevens.

We have added to our country a large and very important territory that we were in danger of losing; we have developed on this North Pacific Coast as General Stevens well knows, a high-grade civilization, important industries, made this the gateway for a great American commerce of the future, and indeed of the present. The engineer who did that, the two engineers, Stevens and McClellan, deserve our remembrance; but McClellan passed away; went into the Civil War, and Stevens remained to shape the destiny of Washington Territory, and right here in Tacoma he had one of his most difficult undertakings. Far-sighted as he was, he realized that this great harbor of yours would some day be the harbor for a great city. He found that the great anchorage, the easy anchorage, was on the Northeasterly shore, and that that was occupied by the Indians; he found that the Southwesterly shore had poorer anchorage and poorer ground, and acute Yankee as he was—and as General Stevens here is—he thought it good policy to take those good-for-nothing Indians and put them up on the hills on the Southwesterly shore of Commencement Bay and give the Northeasterly shore to the white men who were going to found a city here. The Indians kicked, and raised such a row that with all his firmness of character and stubborness of disposition, and general moral heroism, Isaac I. Stevens had to give way and let the Indians stay on the better side of the bay and leave the poorer side for the whites, and so you are today on the Southwesterly shore because the Indians proved too stubborn even for General Stevens. But in all his relations with the Indians throughout the Territory, history is that he conciliated them at every point wherever possible and gained their friendship and good will, and saved the white man from being slaughtered by them. That was the part of a statesman, which he naturally was, as well as a great general. His record

in the Civil War was so brilliant that he was looming up as a great man before Grant was much thought of, and before Sherman was much thought of.

Our Brother Gilstrap, for whom I have great affection, almost turned this tonight into a begging party for General Stevens to give us what we wanted for our Historical Society. I know that he will give it without begging when the proper time comes. He will do everything that he can for the Historical Society in Tacoma, and we do not need to ask him for anything, because I am sure that it will all come at the proper time. But, above all that, beyond all that, we welcome him for his own sake and for the sake of his father. (Applause.) We greet him as a man, ever welcome in Tacoma, and I pray God that for 30 years to come we shall have the pleasure every few years at least of meeting in Tacoma Hazard Stevens. (Great applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We all realize what we owe to our parents and early bringing up. In fact it is a mooted question whether necessity or surroundings have the greatest influence, and looking back upon the original days of this State and Territory, we certainly can feel thankful that we have had as a guiding hand, Governor Stevens. As Judge Arthur has said, he was a big man. Graduating from the United States Military Academy, first in his class in every study; having been appointed in the Mexican War as Adjutant Engineer, and being sent out here not only as engineer but as Governor and Indian Agent as well; a man qualified with extraordinary powers, and as we observe from the various talks here, he was really an extraordinary man. It is certainly a great privilege for the city of Tacoma to entertain his son. By his son and by those who come after him, the ideals he set to us, we set to those who follow us; the ideals he set to his son who afterward served his country with distinguished honor, he will transmit to others. We certainly can honor few men with more sincere appreciation than we do our guest tonight, General Stevens, the son of the first Governor of this State and Territory. I have the pleasure of introducing General Stevens and I hope that he will speak as long as he wishes. (Applause.)

GENERAL STEVENS:

President and Gentlemen:

I have had in my life several tokens of confidence which I highly prize, but I certainly never had such a touching token of confidence as to be turned loose on a company of this kind and told to talk as long as I wanted to. It not only shows a great confidence in me, but a great deal of confidence in your powers of endurance. And, not only that, I have received another compliment which is entirely unusual to me. As you perceive. I make no pretensions to manly beauty, and yet I am likened here this evening to the tall, robust, handsome man who has already spoken. (Laughter.) That never happened to me before. I think I have already had occasion to tell my friend that he must have kissed the blarney-stone.

I look back upon my early years as the most instructive portion of my life. You may say what you please about education, but the education you get as you go through life, in contact with people and things, I believe does a man more good than the strictly classical education that is pumped into us. The results of the opportunities I had here as my father's companion, in those Indian treaties, and throughout our travels over this Territory have stayed with me all my life. I think they made me a stronger and more enduring man, and certainly the ideas I received, the self-reliance I obtained, have been of the greatest benefit to me. I well recollect when we came in 1853, there was a handful of people on the Cowlitz. We came in canoes and then overland to Olympia. There were so few people here then that everybody knew everybody on the road; but they were a very superior class of people. Governor Stevens in one of his reports takes occasion to eulogize the people of this country as people of character; people who had confidence in each other because those who knew each other in the East and had confidence in each other there came out together; and that he had learned to gather information and to depend upon these people here. In his first or second message to the Legislature, speaking of the relations with the Indians in which he had to purchase titles to avoid wars, he said he called upon the people in the Territory to support him, and that he would throw himself upon the people and wanted their co-operation

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and support in establishing proper relations with the Indians. Perhaps one of the most important things he did here was that great survey. When he was appointed Governor in March, 1853, he was Superintendent of the Coast Survey Office in Washington. He received this appointment which ex-officio with it carried that of Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He had a very honorable and fine position in Washington as head of the Coast Survey. He was on terms of friendship with men of standing and influence in Washington, and in measure a leader among the young officers there. In that position he was brought in contact with different committees of Congress in order to see them in regard to appropriations and developed a most extraordinary influence in consequence of his straightforward, earnest way of pressing the claims of his office. His wife and friends very strongly deprecated his leaving that fine position to come out here to a wilderness. But Major Stevens, as he was then, was an ambitious man. He was not satisfied to remain in the army. He foresaw that the army was likely to be simply an organization for many years, and promotion slow; and he wanted to do something. All his life he had a tremendous desire for public service. I might say that he was greedy for the country. He was ambitious, but it was patriotic; not simply for personal aggrandizement, but to accomplish results for the country. Even in Washington he had carried through certain reforms in the army.

When he obtained this position as Governor, when the President, Pierce, offered it to him, he said in reply that he did not want that position if there was any other man better fitted for it who would accept it. He said, "If you know any man who is better fitted for the position who will take it, it is your duty to appoint him." That was the attitude he always took. A few years before that when the War Department wrote him, with other officers, a letter to know if he was willing to serve in California, he said, "I will serve in California, or the North Pole, or wherever I am wanted." That was his idea as a public man. He would obey orders and go wherever ordered. (Applause.)

Having obtained this position he was not satisfied. The new administration had resolved upon a grand exploration of

the great domain we had acquired from Louisiana and Mexico. As you know, aside from the French civilization along the Mississippi River, the handful of settlers in Oregon and a few Mexican settlers in California and New Mexico, and a few Americans in Texas, this whole region was a wilderness. The topography and resources were scarcely known; traversed by great tribes of Indians, some of whom were hostile and predatory. The government proposed to explore this by four expeditions, from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. Congress made an appropriation of $150,000 and these explorations were styled "An Exploration and Survey of a Railroad Route" of the Northern line, or the Southern line, or such other line. I think it is remarkable to see the way in which Major Stevens went to work to get this position. I find in a letter from him to Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, he proposes an exploration of the Northern route. He lays out a complete plan by four parties; one at each end and two in the middle. He sketches it all out at length and winds up by saying that if he is entrusted with this duty he pledges his whole strength and devotion to carrying it through. The next day he wrote a letter to the Secretary of State, William L. Marcy, telling him that although taking a position as head of this survey will delay his organizing the new Territory, yet it will make him so much better fitted by the knowledge and information he will get from the Indians and possibly by the means of opening an emigration route across the Continent, and asked him to write to the Secretary of War and tell him to push forward these preparations so that they can get to work by the first week in May. This was about the middle of March. Then he writes to the Secretary of the Interior, because as Superintendent of Indian Affairs he came under that Department, and points out to him the need of treating with the Indians on that route.

In about four or five days he was given this appointment. He hurried up instructions and they were all issued to him and they were exactly according to the letters he had been writing to those people. He wrote the Secretary of War another request which was certainly remarkable. He proposed that he should have a number of officers detailed to go on this survey. You must recollect that he had resigned as Major when he ac-

cepted the Governorship, but he gravely proposed that a number of officers be detailed to serve on this survey under his charge, with their own consent, and the Secretary detailed twelve officers and seventy-six soldiers to serve accordingly. So far as my knowledge and information goes, it is the only instance in the whole history of the United States where an army officer has served under a civilian; and twelve of those gentlemen served, and eight of those twelve became Major-Generals in the Civil War. Then he obtained from the War Department the privilege of making requests for clothing or supplies, rations, etc., and camp equipage, and mules and horses, in order to supply the department. The allotment made to his survey was only $40,000. And, certainly, to outfit a large party to make a survey on a piece of country 2,000 miles long and 250 miles wide with $40,000 would seem pretty small these days; but by means of his details and requests he obtained supplies which in value amounted to a great deal more than the appropriation given, and the officers answered the purpose of scientific explorers.

It was a very successful expedition. He pushed through from St. Paul to Olympia in five months and nineteen days. McClellan had served with my father on General Scott's staff in Mexico, and they were warm friends. So that the first man he wanted on that survey was McClellan. He was in Texas and my father wrote him urging him to accept this detail and McClellan did so, and my father put him in charge of the Western end of the exploration. The entire exploration was in my father's charge, but he apportioned it. McClellan's part was to survey the passes of the Cascades, so that he went across by the Isthmus of Panama and made his headquarters at Vancouver, and fitted up a party there. My father was to start from St. Paul and survey through to the Columbia River where the parties were to meet near Colville. In writing Congress, he had obtained from the Indian Department an appropriation of $6,000 to treat with the Indians on the road. The Indian tribes were large and dangerous, the Sioux, the Assiniboines, and the Blackfeet were the worst, numbering about 12,000 between the Missouri River and the British line. Their hands were against every man, and every man's hands against them;

they were the Ishmaelites, and made war upon everybody. War parties started out provided with their arms, a few moccasins, on long marches, always on foot, and never came back unless mounted. They went down to the emigrant road and when they came upon the unwary, unsuspecting emigrant or Indian lodge, they were at any moment liable to be fallen upon and murdered by these predatory Indians. So that you can see the importance of pacifying these Indians and establishing friendly relations. Otherwise no emigration could go through the country. He had remarkable success with the Indians. He had a number of councils with them, and induced the Chiefs to consent to having a grand peace council the next year or the year after at which peace should be made between the Indians and their enemies, the whites, and all other tribes. This incessant warfare had been killing off the Indians and the Chiefs realized it, but the young men, as the Chiefs stated, were ambitious for distinction and to find favor in the eyes of the young women, opportunities for which the war life would give them.

At Fort Benton he found his money was not holding out. He had not only to make a survey for a railroad, but had to make explorations of the whole country, of the rivers, depth of snow, and everything you could imagine, and to explain and describe, and he was required to report on it all, and on reaching Fort Benton he proposed to leave his party there, and in the Rocky Mountains, and have other parties traverse the mountains during the winter for the purpose of fixing the amount of snow, which was perhaps the most important single item relating to the question of a practical route for a railroad. As I say, the money gave out. It was a characteristic of Governor Stevens to take responsibility, and when he saw a thing ought to be done, he did it, no matter whether it was within his orders or within his authority, or not. In that manner he arranged the council with the Indians without any authority. Those Indians were not within his jurisdiction, but he saw it was a necessary thing in order to open the road for people into this Territory; and so he drew on the bankers in Washington for $18,000 and went on with his survey.

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pened that McClellan with his party had arrived on the other side of the river that very morning, and McClellan was notified and came immediately, and the two sat up until eleven o'clock and were pretty well tired out; but as the Governor said, Mrs. McDonald, the wife of the Hudson Bay Chief there, gave them a bountiful supper before they retired.

The Governor was very much disappointed in General McClellan's exploration. McClellan had really found everything impractical. The only pass in the Cascades that he said was at all worth considering was the Columbia pass. He crossed the Cascades South of Mount Adams and spent a month in going 180 miles into the Yakima Valley; spent another month there in camp, during which the only thing he did was to send a party or go himself with one or two men up into the Snoqualmie pass and to the summit and three miles beyond. He came back and reported the pass was barely practical, but in the winter the snow was twenty feet deep, as he was informed by the Indians. He continued his march along the West branch of the Columbia. He said of the Wenatchee Valley pass that it was evidently impractical, and all the other passes up there were entirely impractical. The Governor said afterward in his final report that if he had known when he met McClellan at Colville what he discovered ten days later at Walla Walla, he would have pushed the main train across the Cascades that same Fall, but McClellan having that in his charge he had confidence in him and deferred to his judgment. There the two parties were united and went to Walla Walla and Vancouver where the men were disbanded and the officers and scientists came to Olympia and their reports were made up.

Soon after arriving at Olympia, the Governor received a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, rebuking him for drawing against the Government, repudiating his draft, and directing him immediately to call in his parties and terminate the survey. It left him in a pretty bad position as to money. Eighteen thousand dollars was a pretty large amount for a man to owe the Government; and the question of the Indians was also a still more important and serious matter. On arriving at the Dalles, he met an old army friend, Major Alvord, whom he had met in Mexico. He had learned that the

Yakima Indians and probably others had been contemplating and preparing for an uprising against the whites. Alvord, under instructions from the Government, had notified the Indians that Governor Stevens was coming, and a delegation of the Yakimas, Cayuses and Walla Wallas had called upon him at the Dalles and said to him, "We do not object to officers of the army, men wearing swords, or exploring parties, but we won't have settlers coming in, with plows, shovels and axes in their hands." Now Congress had passed a donation act, and by that act the American settler was invited into this country to take up land anywhere, wherever he pleased, surveyed or unsurveyed, and not a thing had been done to satisfy or pacify the Indians. There was a perfect caldron boiling underneath, especially with those great tribes East of the Mountains, and it was perfectly evident that unless this matter could be arranged and the Indians satisfied, that uprisings and wars were certain. The Governor realized that very fully, and that was another incentive that decided him to go to Washington. The Legislature passed a resolution that the Territory would not suffer if he went to Washington, and he went.

I will relate an instance that will show that Major Stevens held a firm friend. I got it in a letter from General Hunt, who was the officer who at Gettysburg commanded the forces who sent fresh fighters in to keep the line intact, and finally it was Hunt[1] who stopped the fire of the cannon which led the enemy to make their attack and then they opened on them in full force. At the time of the incident in question, Hunt arrived at Fortress Monroe and was told, "Your friend, Stevens, is writing that Jefferson Davis refused to sanction his draft." Hunt replied, "Oh, you wait until Stevens gets to Washington. I see he has arrived at Panama, and when he gets to Washington, Jeff will be nowhere."

I do not know how it was done, but soon after Jefferson Davis sent in a request to Congress to have an item put in the Deficiency Bill to pay the draft, and it was duly passed and the draft paid.

But Davis was very much dissatisfied and disgusted with Governor Stevens' report which depicted the Northern route

[1]Chief of Union Artillery.

as fine and practicable, which it has turned out to be, but Davis wanted the whole force of the Government thrown to the Southern route, and he would not consider this at all. So in his report, in which he submitted or transmitted these four sub-reports to Congress, he arbitrarily adds $38,000,000, about thirty per cent to the estimate that Governor Stevens made as the cost of the railroad. He declared that the country East of the Rocky Mountains is a sterile and an inhospitable region, and the severe climate makes it a very difficult matter to conduct operations; that the country between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains is a country of general sterility, and that in the Cascades the snow is fifteen or twenty feet all winter, and that the idea of a railroad is pretty much preposterous. He goes on to speak of McClellan's report in terms of highest praise, saying it was a report made under great difficulty and has brought very valuable results. And the only result it brought was a condemnation of the whole country, and of all the reports, which is precisely the testimony which Davis wanted; therefore very valuable. Now of course such a reception of Governor Stevens' report, which was by far the longest, covering the greatest extent of route and country, and being the most voluminous and thorough, and received first, was pretty severe. The way he answered it was characteristic. He did not attack it or give out any speech, but kept on for three years continuing his surveys. He sent to Washington, bought all his instruments, barometers and such other instruments required for his charts and drawings. He kept these observations with a volunteer force which afterward traversed the country and continued to gather more and more information, and in 1858 he wrote his final report of about seven hundred pages of a large quarto-volume in which all the information in his first report was repeated, developed and augmented, and an additional mass of testimony and evidence brought forward which no one could answer. And that was his reply to Davis.

In connection with this report an incident occurred which in justice to Mr. Davis I should recount, which shows that notwithstanding their differences, they respected each other and could deal with each other like men of character and good temper.

Governor Stevens wanted to have 20,000 copies of this report printed by the Senate. One of the Northern Senators had agreed to move a resolution to print it, but for some reason did not do so, and finally my father went to Jefferson Davis, then Senator from Mississippi, and said he wanted him to move to publish or print the report. He said it gives additional information and is a valuable thing for the country, and I want you to move a resolution to have it printed, and Mr. Davis did so, and on his resolution that report was printed.

I will not wear out your patience longer; I thank you very much for your attention and for the very magnificent reception I have had here, and hope you will go on and as our friend, Rip Van Winkle, puts it—and I feel somewhat like him myself—"May you live long and prosper." (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We certainly appreciate General Stevens' very interesting talk. We have a short time left and want to hear from Mr. Van Trump. He has come a long distance and we are always glad to honor him and to hear from him. We also want to hear from Mr. Cole; but before calling upon those gentlemen we want to hear something about the Historical Society, and I would like now to call upon P. G. Hubbell.

MR. HUBBELL:

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

When Joseph Cook lectured here in the First Congregational Church several years ago he very much pleased the newspaper reporters by saying that they were the most valuable men on the press, because they recorded history. That the editor sat in his office and commented on it, but the reporters came in closest contact with the people.

I am sure we are glad that the reporters are here tonight to record the admirable and eloquent address which we have heard from the lips of our honored guest. The same idea prevailed in the origin of the State Historical Society. In the year 1891 a few men conceived the idea that something should be done to preserve the history of this State. Charles Hobart, a newspaper man whom some of you remember, was deputized to send out some invitations through the state to prominent men who were in touch, it was thought, and in sympathy with such a movement, to meet in Tacoma and organize such a society.

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That meeting was held at the Tacoma Hotel, and I think on the 2nd of July. Owing to the fact that there were only a few present, and as the Inter-State Exposition was to be held in the Fall, it was decided to postpone the organization until that time. But at that meeting the Hon. Elwood Evans was made Chairman, and Charles W. Hobart of Tacoma Secretary. It was on motion of Captain Charles M. Hottel of Yakima County, that the meeting adjourned until October, and the meeting was then held in the Exposition Building, which was near where the tennis court is now on North Tacoma Avenue. That was the 8th of October, 1891. There were present at that meeting, Hon. Elwood Evans, Chairman; C. W. Hobart, Secretary; Edward M. Fuller, known as the Nestor of the Tacoma press; James Wickersham, now delegate in Congress from Alaska; Edward Huggins, former factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and later Auditor of this County, and whose son is now one of the Curators of this Society.

The first officers elected were:

President, Hon. Elwood Evans, of Pierce County.

Vice Pres., Hon. Edward Eldridge, of Whatcom County.

Treasurer, Gen. T. I. McKenney, of Thurston County.

Secretary, Charles W. Hobart, of Pierce County.

The Society moved along in a modest sort of a way, but kept intact, and in 1895 decided to incorporate, which was done by act of the Legislature. The men who were then chosen as incorporators, besides those I have mentioned, Arthur A. Denny of King County; Frank G. Dechebach, of Chehalis County; Ezra Meeker, Edward Huggins, Charles W. Hobart and James Wickersham, of Pierce County; John L. Wilson, of Spokane County; John F. Gowey, of Thurston County; John H. Long, of Lewis County; Miles C. Moore, of Walla Walla County; William F. Prosser, of Yakima County; Geo. V. Calhoun, of Skagit County; Edwin Eells, of Pierce County; W. H. Pritchard, of Pierce County, and Henry H. Spaulding, of Whitman County.

I mention those gentlemen so that you can recognize, many of you, the character of men who have been interested in this Society from the outset; the fact that this Society has kept on with no means until late years, is certainly fortunate, and we

appreciate it tonight, when we see the importance of preserving the records of the early history of this State, especially when so graphically portrayed by General Stevens. I only hope that it may arouse renewed interest in us all, to keep the Society going. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—I want to inform the company that I propose to close the festivities promptly at 10 o'clock, but we want to hear from Mr. Cole, as to the Ferry Museum. He knows all about it, and we will take off the halter and let him go.

MR. FRANK COLE:

Gentlemen:

That sounds almost like a eulogy. I can almost see my tombstone. Those things are generally said after we are dead. I cannot think of the Ferry Museum without thinking first and foremost and all the time of the man who gave it its name, standing and rank as a museum. I am not going to speak long. I want to give my companion on the right most of the time before we turn out the lights.

To me, Colonel Ferry was a martyr to Tacoma. I have known him to ride second class and tell you how nice it was—and it was because he could have a little more money to buy things for the Museum and pay the freight and duty. He sacrificed all along for that Museum. He would be more honored in this town if better known. The ignorance of the people as to what he has done has resulted very often in his work being belittled. Colonel Ferry was a high-toned man, a gentleman and a man of gentle birth; a man of wide culture, and of wide reading, and a man to whom as a man, as a friend, life was worth living for. The Ferry Museum is indebted to him first and foremost, I think; and, secondly, to our worthy Secretary, who has toiled and labored without pay or recompense except the pittance that might be taken at the door, for years. He, too, has been misunderstood; I have quarreled with him and grumbled at him, and would as soon do it again, but he has been the man who has taken the brunt of the fight. Colonel Ferry may have sacrificed, but so has our Secretary, and to him should be given great credit for the work that has been done in putting the Museum in the place where it is, an ornament to our town. It would be useless for me to tell you how important it is that

these great historic things should be preserved. In Boston, the center of historic interest in the United States, you can hardly go a block without seeing signs saying, "Here is where So-and-So lived," and "First blood of the Revolution," and "The tower in which Paul Revere rang the bell," and so forth. You read of those great deeds in those short mottoes, and history is revived in your memory by them, and you get a new lease on patriotism.

Many of our customs have their origin in history and in legend, and yet we may be in ignorance of their significance. I suppose none of you here knows why the Irish wear green. Yes, there is one, but I will not become personal by saying who that is. (Laughter.) But whether legend or history, I know not; anyway, at one time Ireland was overrun by mice, and as you may know, monkeys are the greatest animals to catch mice, and so they imported monkeys which cleaned out the mice. But the monkeys multiplied, and they had to kill them, and in doing so they made many mistakes, and killed many an Irishman; so that they made every Irishman wear a green leaf to distinguish him. Now, unless history preserves these things, how are we to know which is which? (Laughter.)

It has been a great pleasure to me to hear these talks, especially that of General Stevens. The personal feature is left out in the books, and we must get it from the talks of the men. I know that no better report could be made to the people of Tacoma than a full report of the address of General Stevens. It is a pleasure to have met him.

The Ferry Museum has a valuable and interesting collection. I do not spend as much time there as I should, but I hope that some day there will be a still greater collection there, and to make it greater there are many men on this Coast and in this town who are amply able to put up on these grounds a splendid monument to themselves if they want it, and to a Coast Museum, which is a higher thought, I am sure. Men in this town who are wealthy have not yet learned to give, but the lesson will come to them later. I presume we are passing through an age that must come to new countries; that is of making money, but some day we will learn to give, and some of it will turn to the Ferry Museum, and those grounds, making it a mon-

ument to which all the Western Coast will point with pride, as being a Coast institution. I thank you (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We should close at ten, not because we are out of interesting speakers, but we know that if we go over about so much time, we get burdened, and I do not want that to be the case. We would like to hear from Mr. C. H. Hyde, although he has grumbled about being called upon, but he has been interested in these matters, and we all want to hear from him.

MR. HYDE:

President, Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guest and Gentlemen:

I will say a few words in relation to the Ferry Museum. We have a nucleus of one of the finest institutions on this Pacific Coast, and especially in the Northwest, and the credit is due to our worthy Secretary, Mr. Gilstrap, who is a conscientious worker and has given his whole time for the last ten or twelve years, and I don't know but longer, for a very small compensation. I believe the first year it was opened he took in $44 and some cents, and that was his compensation, and it has not been much larger since. As Mr. Cole has said, there are some people in this State who are able to give to this Museum and I think are pretty nearly ready to come through. One lady has already pledged herself to give $12,000 for a unit in that Museum. It is so planned that it can be built in units, and when completed will make one of the finest structures for an institution of that kind that I know of. It is a place that is worthy of consideration by every citizen of this State, and I think that the State generally, or people living within portions of the State, are ready to make that the great institution of the kind in this Pacific Northwest. We travel all over the world to see things that we have here, things that you cannot find in any other part of the country—Indian curios, collections of army officers; and I haven't any doubt but what there are a great many things there that people have traveled many miles to see and have seen less. We feel as though the people of this part of the country are going to be interested in that, and will make it one of the best collections of curios and things of interest and which cannot be found elsewhere in this country.

As you are aware, I did not come here to speak, but wish

to voice the sentiment of continued success for the Ferry Museum, and the hope that it will prosper and grow, until it shall become a point of interest to the traveler who will find something unique and well worth his time and a credit to those who have worked so earnestly for its upbuilding. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We will now hear from Mr. W. P. Bonney, President of the Board of Curators of the Historical Society.

MR. BONNEY:

Gentlemen:

It has been a great pleasure to me to be a member of the Board of Curators of the Historical Society for several years, and do what I can toward helping along the work.

One of the duties of the Historical Society is to mark historic spots in the State. During the time that I have been on the Board we have put up five monuments; one where the Wilkes celebration was held; one at Steilacoom on the spot where the first Protestant church was built in the Northwest; one at Tshimikain, where the Eells and Walker families organized their mission; one at Camp Washington, where Governor Stevens set up the first Territorial government; one at Clover Creek, where the Naches emigrant train disbanded.

We have many other places in view. There are five treaty grounds. General Stevens has told us something about the work of his father and how he accomplished things. Listen to these dates of incidents:

The 24th of December, 1854, Treaty of Nisqually, that is Medicine Creek Treaty.

The 22nd of January, 1855, Mukilteo.

The 26th of January to the 31st of January, 1855, Neah Bay.

And the 24th of May he met the Indians at Walla Walla, that immense concourse of Indians, I suppose the largest ever gathered on the Coast, where it is estimated that at least 5000 Indians were present, very spectacular in their war paint and feathers, showing off to the best advantage. The pow-wow lasted from the 24th of May to the 11th of June, before the treaty was signed.

The Historical Society wants to mark each of those grounds, in addition to many other historical spots. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We will now listen to Mr. C. S. Barlow on "The Objects and Accomplishments of the Historical Society."

MR. BARLOW.

Gentlemen:

We have labored for some time in the Historical Society to get a building. Our trouble was that we had a good society, on a good basis, but no place to stow our things except in the Court House, and they wanted us to get out, and in fact ordered us out several times before we finally went. At last the citizens raised $4000 for a site, and we went before the Legislature and asked for a starter of $50,000. The Curators and all our friends went down and worked hard for it, and they finally cut it in two and we got $25,000. We had our architects draw plans and submit bids. When they got through with their plans they showed a very nice building, looked fine on paper, but the lowest bid was $42,000, and we were disappointed. It was suggested that we let it go and try to get it the next year, but several of us thought that would be foolish because they might not give us anything the next time. So we had our architects cut it down and finally spent our $25,000 and got the building enclosed and partly finished, so that we could move in. We felt very much gratified when we got in and held our first meeting there.

Then we got an appropriation of $6000 for two years. Before the next session of the Legislature we importuned all the candidates, and one day on the street Mr. Gilstrap and I met Mr. James H. Davis, chairman of the House appropriation committee, and labored with him. He said he would let us have a basement and money enough to build a heating plant. He had been there when it was very cold and thought we needed a heating plant; so we prevailed upon him to do that. We also took it up with him and said we needed more appropriation; our object was to gather in all the historical data that we could and such things that would be of interest, and that we needed more money. He promised Mr. Gilstrap and me that he would give us $10,000; that he would work for it, and we went away feeling that possibly we had better help him all that we could. He was elected and gave us the $10,000 for the last two years, and now we have $5000 a year and $8350 was appropriated for the heating plant. We hoped to put on an addition, but could only

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build a four-story basement and put in a heating plant. We spent a little over $3000 in that and the rest of the money goes back. We hope after the next session to get enough to finish up and add the more room, which we need. Ultimately we expect to have the building 50 feet wide by 200 feet long, alongside the Stadium. So far our building is good, thoroughly fire-proof, well constructed and will make a fine, handsome building, and we hope to have in the future—and we can see it in our mind's eye—a beautiful structure filled with data and mementoes and curios that we can find throughout the State that are of historical value.

I feel a great pride in that building, as a native son. I have a patriotic pride in my country and I believe there is nothing that will make better citizens than pride in our country. We have a history of which we are proud. I remember as a boy hearing my father talk of Governor Stevens; he was a great admirer of Governor Stevens', and I listened to him when I was 10 or 12 years old telling of the Indian Wars and of what he had done, and about his trip across the plains, and the laying out of the railroad. I read the account of the ascent of Mt. Tacoma and have always known and admired Hazard Stevens from that day, and I have always had the full faith that they reached the top. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—I should be very sorry if we could not hear from Mr. P. B. Van Trump. We feel highly honored that he is here, and he will tell us something about the Mountain; the more he can tell about his association with General Stevens, our honored guest, the better we will be pleased.

MR. VAN TRUMP:

Gentlemen:

It was a very pleasant surprise to me when I received the letter from Mr. Gilstrap with invitation to be present here, and it is a great pleasure to be here. In the first place it affords me an opportunity to become better acquainted with the members of the Washington Historical Society, an organization which has my high regard and admiration for the excellent work which they have been and still are engaged, in rescuing from oblivion the records of events in the history of our Territory and State which are of peculiar value and interest, and in preserving from

entire forgetfulness data and information and the personages who were actors in the drama of early settlement in our Territory; an admiration, too, of your work now in erecting monuments and establishing appropriate tablets to permanently commemorate the events and individuals to which I have alluded.

Secondly, it has been a great pleasure for me to have the opportunity here tonight of meeting my highly esteemed friend, General Hazard Stevens. Meeting him has awakened in me pleasant memories of the past years spent with him long ago in the then little Capital City; it has awakened the memory, too, of what an intelligent, hospitable, public-spirited people the community of Olympia was in those days; the spirit obtained among them of true social equality and co-operative action and mutual effort. I can recall, and the General will also, probably, how many pleasant social functions, public banquets, picnics, clambakes, dances and musicals we both enjoyed and for which the people of Olympia were then celebrated. And how they used these social and public functions as instrumentalities in starting or aiding public improvements. I remember especially how they were used in aiding the constructing of the first long bridge across the Western arm of the bay at Olympia. I recall with what enthusiasm and united action the citizens of Olympia started the roadbed of the first railway, I believe, in the country, which is still in operation. I can recall how each loyal citizen without thought of pecuniary reward shouldered his pick and shovel and tramped to the scene of action; and how the ladies of the city, God bless them, graced the occasion with their presence and liberality, and generously supplied and provided for the fine picnic dinners which we enjoyed while performing our unusual labor. If time would permit, I would like to tell of many of these reminiscences. I am sure you gentlemen will not be offended or jealous when I say that my crowning pleasure here tonight is in meeting my old friend, General Stevens. (Applause). We have been friends for many years, a friendship that is probably cemented and strengthened by our early mountain adventure. It may seem a little strange that I say that it was cemented or strengthened by simply trying to ascend the mountain. To you who now know how easily the mountain can be reached, how luxuriously and in how short a time, it may

seem so; but think how long it took us to make that journey; and how we mutually shared the hardships and dangers of the trip; for, remember, in those days it was almost universally considered that the mountain was not only almost inaccessible but absolutely impossible of successful ascent. This opinion was especially entertained by the old settlers, and when we made public the fact of our intended mountain adventure, we were criticized quite severely by them for an undertaking so foolish and *hazard*ous. (Laughter.) Of course, I did not intend any pun on that. The meeting with the General has, of course, revived vividly to me the memory of the long jaunt we took through the forest primeval, the long hours up the turbulent Nisqually, among the Tatoosh peaks, to the place of our great but then little known and appreciated mountain.

Now a strange mischance happened during this journey, by reason, perhaps, of our unintentional wanderings from the true course, and whereas we approached and at first intended to ascend Mt. Rainier, yet through the skill of our trusty Indian guide, Sluiskin, who was an adept at pathfinding, we were soon put straight upon the proper course, and we finally reached and at last successfully stood upon the summit and inspected the craters of Sluiskin's mighty TAHOMA. (Applause.) Or, as you, at least those among you who are denizens of the city of Destiny, pronounce it with similar sound, Mt. Tacoma.

Mr. Toastmaster, the proposal that I should contribute something to the talk this evening came to me with all the suddenness and unexpectedness that the proposal of marriage did to the maiden, and with more verity; and I tell you that had I known that there would be a possibility or probability of my being called upon for a speech on the topic of the mountain, I would have prepared myself so as to speak to you in a manner that would have interested you more. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR:—We appreciate Mr. Van Trump very much for coming down to speak to us, and I am sure it has been very interesting.

We have some time yet, and a request has been made that we hear from Mr. Dickson.

ADDRESS OF MR. W. H. DICKSON.

Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guest and Gentlemen:

I can assure you gentlemen that as Treasurer of the State Historical Society I am not supposed to make any speeches. I hold the sack.

However, there is one thought that occurred to me this afternoon and that has been more forcibly impressed upon me this evening. I had occasion to visit the State Historical Society today and passed the High School and enjoyed another feast in viewing our Stadium. I then glanced to the left and saw the nucleus of what will some day be a magnificent structure, and in it will be our State Historical Society. Just then the school was dismissed and I saw that teeming, throbbing multitude of youngsters come rushing out into the open air, and I thought to myself, this same event is occurring all over the State of Washington; a half million children, perhaps, are passing out of the schools. I wondered how many are native sons and daughters, and thought there are a large percentage of them which are. A generation from now, two short decades, and they will be in active control of this State. A large percentage of native sons and daughters will scarcely be found in any gathering today. This gathering tonight, numbering two dozen, is fortunate in boasting three native sons in a row—good-looking fellows. In how many other gatherings will you find it? But twenty years from now, the larger portion of our population will be native sons and daughters, and they will be asking the question, what of the history of this State; and what shall the answer be? The answer is in the hands of the people today who are taking cognizance and note of the passing events. Is there anything more instructive, and can there be—than the lesson we have had tonight, gentlemen, in listening to the story told that happened sixty years ago? Think of it! In 1853 Governor Stevens came on the scene. I was not born; many of you were not born. Then followed 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856—and 1857 saw the close of his term, or close to it; and I was then an infant. The children that are today coming forward will be asking as we are today, what of the history of our State? Can you give them anything more impressive than the data and the work we are gathering together? If our honored guest should see fit to let us be the cus-

todian of those relics and data of his father, I am sure there is not a soul in the city of Tacoma who would not pledge his honor and his faith to give them the best place we have to put them, and to take the most sacred care of them, and these children who are growing up—these native sons and daughters—will have an object lesson that will inspire patriotism and love of state. I am more than delighted to have listened to these addresses, and am thankful for one other thing, that I am a member of the State Historical Society. Thirty-one years I have lived in this State and have known and heard of Mr. Van Trump, and I want to get better acquainted and want to extend the right hand of fellowship to him, and also to our host of this evening. I thank you. (Applause.)

MR. SEYMOUR: I believe that we all agree that we have had a splendid, instructive and profitable evening, and I want to thank all the speakers, and especially General Stevens and Mr. Van Trump; and also Mr. Gilstrap for calling the meeting together, and being the instrumentality through whom we have enjoyed this occasion; and I want also to thank all you gentlemen for attendance.

Mr. Gilstrap wants me to announce that the flag that Mr. Van Trump and General Stevens carried to the top of the mountain was presented to the Museum, and is now there; and General Stevens will undoubtedly see it there tomorrow. (Applause.)

PART V

Papers Relating to the History of the State of Washington

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CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF THE INDIAN ATTACK UPON SEATTLE.

By Lucile W. Hewitt of East Tumwater, Wash.

The story of the Indian attack upon Seattle and the important part Duwamish Jim and his sister, Sally, played in saving the people from the horror of a surprise and massacre will probably never be correctly told now. So many of the actors have crossed the Great Divide; so many have come to the End of the Trail. They did their work and left someone else to tell their story, forgetting that what to them was a simple duty would in after years become a part of the history of the great State.

If I could only remember all the incidents as father used to tell them; but I cannot. The first time Jim and Sally came to my father, Capt. C. C. Hewitt, he was sitting in his office late at night, and lost to all outside things, preparing a case that was to come up in court soon. Looking up as one will when someone is looking at them intently, he saw the two faces pressed close to the window pane. "Well, I thought for a moment my time had come," father would say, but looking again he saw one was a klootchman, then he knew they were not on the warpath. Making the sign for silence, they motioned for him to let them in, that they were friendly and wanted to talk. The Indians could speak a few "Boston words," father a few Chinook; with these and the sign language he understood that an attack was to be made upon someone and he must "Kloshe Nanitch." This, I believe, was the night before father started with his company to meet the soldiers coming from Fort Steilacoom. He met the troops on Brannan's Prairie. Just at nightfall they came, weary, footsore, soaked through with the cold rain that was falling, torn with Devil's Club and briar, they presented a sorry spectacle. Father urged Lieutenant Slaughter to push on a little farther where he had built a stockade and they could have a good supper, but he would not; said the men were too exhausted to go a step farther—they would camp for the night and go on in the morning. They had not seen an "Injun" on the way and

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he did not believe there were any in the country. Better versed in Indian warfare, father knew they had probably stalked the troops all the way from Steilacoom—and advised the utmost caution. His advice was thrown to the winds, however, and Lieutenant Slaughter ordered great log heaps lighted. They were in a little clearing where a garden had been made, and the men began digging and roasting the potatoes, their rations were consumed and they had a little salt only to go with their potatoes. Lieutenant Slaughter, father and a few others were sitting in a little root house that afforded some protection from the storm; a soldier was just stooping to come in the door, bringing them some of the hot potatoes, when the Indians fired the first volley. This man was killed at the door. Lieutenant Slaughter was instantly killed—falling forward, he died in father's arms, a ball passing so close to his own head that it cut the hair from his temple; father called to the men to scatter the fires which made the little clearing as light as day, every man was a perfect target in the bright light, and it was the poor aim of the Indians alone that saved the lives of many of those men on that dreary, rainy night so long ago. I do not remember how many were killed; the man who sprang to put out the fire in front of the root house was shot down. It was of this attack Jim and Sally had tried to warn father, and it was their warning that made him so persistent in urging Lieutenant Slaughter to move on to comparative safety, where he had built the stockade. It must have been some time after this for the troops had gone back to Steilacoom and father's company was disbanded, when Jim and Sally again came to warn father that the hostile Indians were in the vicinity and would attack Seattle; that their canoes were hidden on the banks of the Duwamish and they would cross in the night. Taking a few men, father started for the place, finding the canoes, he took an ax and stood in the water breaking them beyond repair, knowing that while he did so the hostile Indians were hiding behind the trees on the bank watching him with loaded guns. The destruction of their canoes delayed the attack upon Seattle, but Jim and Sally told father the hostiles would surely attack the town. Father went among the people warning them of the impending danger, but they only laughed, said it was an Injun lie, the hostiles had gone back across the

mountains, that they did not think he was a man to pay attention to idle rumors; and then finding he could do nothing, his own company disbanded and scattered, father went on board the Decatur and told Captain Gansvort that he could not disclose his source of information but that he must have help to save the town. Captain Gansvort answered, if father considered the information reliable it was enough for him; that whenever he wished he was at his disposal. Father took what men and arms he thought necessary to protect the town and posted a guard with orders to shoot any Indian found on the street after nightfall. This order delayed the attack, for the hostile runners were in town and did not dare go back to camp to report—so both sides waited. Finally the Decatur threw a shell towards the ravine where they thought the Indians were hiding. Father said the yell that arose was that of a thousand demons turned loose from the bottomless pit. The Indians were there indeed and had almost surrounded the town—there were few killed or injured, I believe. But what would have been the fate of Seattle had not Jim and Sally warned father, and the hostile Indians stolen into the town as they intended, to burn and massacre? All through the war these faithful spies came to father telling him all they knew, or believed would happen, always exacting the promise from him to keep their secret, for their own tribe would kill them as quickly as the hostiles. As long as Jim and Sally lived father never divulged the source from which he derived his information during the Indian war. After the attack upon Lieutenant Slaughter father studied Chinook; Jim and Sally tried, with his help, to understand and speak "Boston," so they soon understood each other. A bullet aimed at father as he was crossing a street the night of the attack on Seattle struck an oak water vessel. A lady saw it fall, picked it up and afterwards gave it to father. Seeing the Indian fire, she screamed and father dodged the ball. This ball is now at the A.-Y.-P. fair.

Now it was not Chief Seattle who saved the town, as the "Chee Chacos" are so fond of telling, nor was it Angeline. The two Indians who saved Seattle were Duwamish Jim and his sister, Sally. Chief Seattle was at best a "Sitkum Tilikum" to the whites and his camp a rendezvous for the hostile Indians at all times. Chief Curly was a good friend to the whites.

He was a great friend of father, and he also gave warning of the attack on Seattle. There is an old dirk knife at the fair made out of two files which old Curly gave to father, borrowing the use of a blacksmith's forge to make it. Did any heroes of history ever do more than these Indians? Their lives were all they had to give—and they knew they risked them every time they came to warn father of the movements of the hostile Indians. Out of all that might have been done for them once, only one thing remains that Seattle can do now, and that is to see that a shaft suitably inscribed is erected to their memory.

My father raised the first volunteers in Seattle, armed and equipped them at his own expense and fought through the Indian war. Not one dollar did he ever receive in return for service or the money advanced. Many a trip he made to Olympia in an Indian canoe and paid his own crew of Indians during the war and now his daughter asks Seattle to remember his faithful spies, Duwamish Jim and Sally.

Why these Indians selected father as the one to whom they would impart their information I do not know—it may have been because he had gone to the scene of the White River massacre and buried the dead there—or because they knew he was "Tyee" of the company. Whatever the cause, they saved many a life and untold suffering. Not even the cheap flag that the Grand Army uses to mark the last resting place of the nation's dead waves over father's grave. Repeatedly we have asked this for him and always received the same assurance: "We will surely attend to it next year," but for the seventeen years he has lain in the Olympia cemetery this slight recognition of his services to the State has never been accorded him.

The first time I remember hearing the story of the Indian war told by my father was in the old military cemetery at Fort Steilacoom. Colonel and Mrs. William H. Wallace, father, mother and myself, were standing by Lieutenant Slaughter's grave with some of the officers of the Fort. How I wish I could give it as father told it then! But I remember so little of what he said and the horror of the White River massacre had so impressed him that he could seldom be prevailed upon to speak of it at all—and so much of value has been lost.

LUCILE W. HEWITT.

East Tumwater, Washington, June 21, 1909.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST WAGON ROADS.

The following notes on "The First Wagon Roads" of Washington are by Secretary Gilstrap:

Cowlitz Landing, or Toledo to Tumwater, built in 1845 by settlers. That was on the old Hudson's Bay Trail from Toledo, through Jackson Prairie near Napavine, through Chehalis Bottom, Centralia, Mound Prairie near Tenino, through Bush Prairie to Tumwater.

Government roads 53 and 54 from Steilacoom to Jackson through Natches Pass.

Road from Olympia to Steilacoom, built in 1853—had to make a detour around past Yelm to get to Olympia. Not the old Indian Trail.

First wagon ferry across Nisqually in 1854.

Road from Olympia to Gray's Harbor, built in 1858 or 1859.

McClellan Road. Lieutenant Arnold had charge of building it. Edward Jay Allen had contract.

Nisqually Ferry. John A. Packard, lieutenant, established it and had charge of it. It was a military proposition. Built in 1855 and 1856.

Around Spanaway, etc., for fifty miles or more was all open country and a wagon could be taken across anywhere.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST WAGON ROADS.

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

By Gen. James Clark Strong.

I mention Dr. Marcus Whitman, the missionary who established the Whitman mission in Oregon, in this sketch, as he it was who first created the desire in me to go to Oregon, which tended greatly to mold my future life.

His mother was a member of my father's church in Rushville, N. Y., and other members of his family also lived there, with whom I was well acquainted; in short, he himself was born there.

In the spring of 1843, on his return to Oregon from Washington and Boston, after making that memorable ride across the continent during the winter of 1842 and 1843, he came to Rushville to see his mother, and while there gave a talk in the old church, telling of the missionary work among the Indians. He described the Indians, the country and the climate so vividly that when he said he wanted to get as many as he could to go back with him to settle in the country, I asked him to take me, but he said he wanted only married men, and, of course, unmarried, I did not fill the requirements, but I became so deeply interested that I resolved to go there as soon as I could. It took me seven years to carry out that resolution, as will be seen later on.

Several of us boys were very much interested in what he told us about the two Indian boys, John I-ce and Richard Tac-a-tu-i-tis, the ones he brought back with him from Oregon and left at Rushville during the winter of 1835 and 1836, while he went East and married. They attended the same school we did and we became much interested in them.

I called upon Dr. Whitman the next day and asked him many questions about the Indians, and he, seeing how earnest I was, said, "The Indians need good doctors and if after you have finished your education and studied medicine, you want to

come, we should be glad to have you." This gave me an idea as to how I might get to Oregon.

In the fall of 1849 Brother William was appointed a United States Judge for the Territory of Oregon, and accepted the appointment. He was told to be in New York City by the middle of December, where he would meet Governor Gaines, the newly appointed Governor of the Territory, and General Hamilton, the newly appointed Secretary, each with their families to take passage on the United States store ship Supply that was then going to San Francisco, California. He then asked permission to take me, which was granted.

I do not remember the exact day we went on board at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but I distinctly remember the four next, as I was most terribly seasick.

On the afternoon of the fourth day I had dressed, but could not sit up, at least I thought so. When supper was ready I went down into the cabin, but partook lightly of it, and then took to my bunk again. The next morning I went to breakfast and from that time to the end of the journey around Cape Horn I never felt a qualm, sometimes lashing myself to the rigging to witness the storms.

We had an uneventful voyage between Valparaiso and San Francisco. Here our party was transferred to the sloop of war Falmouth, Captain Pettigrew, who had received orders to take us to Astoria on the Columbia River, Oregon, which he did, arriving there August 13, 1850.

In a few days one of the largest batteaux in the Hudson's Bay Company's service arrived, bringing a cordial welcome from the Chief Factor. This indeed was a novel mode of traveling for our party, for none of us had ever experienced any frontier life.

The tide made a very strong current up-stream, and we reached Cathlamet, twenty-five miles from Astoria, for our first night. This was a most beautiful location, and Mr. James Birnie, a retired Chief Trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, lived here with his family.

The next day at flood tide we started on, going ashore whenever necessary and stopping at night wherever the man in charge of the batteaux thought best. We would get our sup-

per, roll up in our blankets on the ground for the night, get our breakfast in the morning and start on.

Arriving at Fort Vancouver, we were met by the Chief Factor Ogden, who kindly invited us all to accept his hospitality for such time as we desired, but as the officers all wished to go on, he offered to send them at once, so, after thanking him most heartily for his kindness all our party except my brother's wife went to Oregon City in the same batteaux. The baby having taken a severe cold, she thought she must remain and keep him from any more exposure until the arrival of the balance of our goods, which were expected to come by the next mail steamer from San Francisco. I remained with her, and in a short time my brother returned and I went to Oregon City in a canoe paddled by Indians.

In 1850 and '51 there were but few white men on the north side of the Columbia River, except those connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. I took up my residence at Cathlamet in the fall of 1850, and with two men looked after the getting out of the logs for brother William's house on the claim he had taken up. He and his wife planned the house and selected the spot it was to occupy, and we worked at it the best we could. We also cleared off some land at the old Indian village for a garden. I did not remain there steadily, but attended to my duties as Clerk of the Court.

Brother William's wife was a highly educated woman, a graduate of one of the best seminaries for young ladies in the State of New York, and although knowing she would be deprived to a great extent of almost every comfort to which she had been accustomed, still she had the courage to urge on the building of the loghouse, and late in the next spring (1851) was living in her own home at Cathlamet, with two fine baby boys.

There were always quite a large number of Indians living near, and at first she was very much annoyed at having them come into the house without announcing their intention of so doing, squat down on her floors wherever they pleased and watch her every move. I can assure you it required no little amount of courage for a woman with two young babies and not accustomed to Indians to do that.

As time went on the house was made more and more comfortable, and more people settled in the valley of the Elohamon River, the soil of which was very rich, and heavily timbered, and their only outlet was through Cathlamet, which continued to grow rapidly.

During the summer of 1850, before going to Cathlamet to reside, also during the summer and fall of 1851, and much of 1852-3 and 4, I spent at Fort Vancouver, and in traveling up and down the rivers. While at Fort Vancouver I became well acquainted with Major Rufus Ingalls, then Quartermaster at the United States Army Post at Fort Vancouver, and with several officers of the Army stationed there, among whom (later on), was Captain U. S. Grant, as well as with the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. I cannot remember the date, but on meeting Chief Factor Ogden one day he invited me to come and live at his table, whenever I came to Fort Vancouver, and gave me a room which he said I could occupy whenever I wished.

Cathlamet was my home, and it was growing fast, and when I wished to build my house I went to San Francisco and bought everything necessary for it, that I could find already made, including white paint, and ordered them shipped to Cathlamet. They shipped them on a small sailing vessel, which, unfortunately, was blown ashore and lost. Soon as I learned that fact I went to San Francisco and duplicated the order.

From the summer of 1851 I had business either for myself or others that called me to San Francisco, once, and sometimes twice a year, but I think it was on this trip that I met my old schoolmate, Henry M. Brackett, and persuaded him to go up to Cathlamet with me. We had lost track of each other and he had hard luck, having lost everything he possessed in a fire, barely escaping with his life.

After my house was built, brother Charles, who had come to Cathlamet, Bracket and myself kept house in it, taking turns doing our own cooking.

As time went on, division of the Territory of Oregon began to be talked about, of which all of us at Cathlamet were in favor.

Before the Territory was divided, when the subject of hav-

ing a wagon road from the Columbia river to Puget Sound was being agitated, in company with Mr. Dray, William Anderson, William Stilwell, Newell Brewer (settlers in the valley back of Cathlamet) and two Indians, I surveyed a line for a road from Cathlamet to Boisfort Prairie, but found it impracticable, as road building was then understood. The expense of this survey was borne by the interested parties.

We had engaged a young man with whom I was acquainted, to go with the party as surveyor; he had come to Cathlamet and the party was nearly ready to start when he unfortunately cut his foot so badly with the hatchet while sharpening a stake as to prevent his going; so I had to go.

Speaking of my going as surveyor puts me in mind of an incident which I will be pardoned for mentioning here, though a digression; that another person (whose name I cannot now recall) and myself surveyed the East part of Mrs. Esther Short's land claim at Fort Vancouver, into city lots, streets, etc., and that the first legislative assembly of Washington Territory, on March 15, 1854, passed an act naming this land of Mrs. Short's, so surveyed by us, "Columbia City," and made it the County seat of Clarke County. It was where Vancouver on the Columbia River now stands.

We had a pretty hard time of it surveying that road, as it took much longer than we expected, and the packer was careless and lost or wasted not only our provisions, but our ammunition as well, so that we were without food for five days, but we had plenty of fresh, cool mountain water.

It was on this expedition that I, while sitting on a knoll writing up my notes, was made and held a prisoner under a fallen oak by two elk; had they known enough to have placed themselves one on each side of the tree, instead of both remaining on the same side, they could have reached me, and would undoubtedly have put me out of commission before any of my party arrived.

All the property owners interested in the growth of Cathlamet joined forces and built a wharf, but I do not remember the date.

We, whose address was Cathlamet, had to have our mail from the States left at Astoria, and brought up from there by

the little river steamer, which sometimes added several days to the usual thirty from New York to Astoria. We persuaded Mr. Birnie to take the postmastership, which he consented to do, provided Brackett and myself would be appointed deputies, and agree to do all the work. In due time the postoffice was established in Mr. Birnie's store, and many an hour both night and day have Brackett and myself watched for the ocean steamer, pulled out to her and exchanged mail bags.

In the fall of 1852, there were settlers enough North of the Columbia River to call a convention, which convened on November 25, 1852, at Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz River, and petitioned Congress to create the Territory of "Columbia" out of the Northern part of Oregon.

The petitioners were somewhat surprised to learn that Congress not only refused to name the new Territory "Columbia," but insisted upon naming it "Washington," to which the persons having the matter in charge were obliged to consent, and it was only about fifteen months from the date of holding that convention that Oregon was divided and the "Territory of Washington" was in political running order.

Its first legislative assembly convened at Olympia on February 27, 1854. I was duly elected a member of the House, but was not sworn in until April 14 (as can be seen on page ninety-seven of the Journal of the House of that session), and served to the end of the session.

In the winter of 1852-3, Captain U. S. Grant came to Fort Vancouver and remained until the fall of 1854, during which time he and Brother William became such warm friends that he would sometimes get a "leave of absence" and spend it at Brother William's house at Cathlamet. In this way I became well acquainted with him. Captain Grant was a quiet, taciturn man, very energetic and determined to accomplish whatever he undertook—as any one could see by the way he worked at a field of potatoes, or garden truck of some kind, while there at Fort Vancouver—but very much inclined to look upon the dark side of life; while Brother William was jolly, full of life, fond of telling laughable stories, witty and always good company. Why I mention this about Captain Grant will be seen later on.

Not long after the Legislature adjourned, John S. Clemdenin, Esq., the United States attorney for the Territory of Washington, appointed me "Assistant United States Attorney for the Territory of Washington," and, placing me in charge of all his business, left for the States. The next year at the general election I was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the First Judicial District of the Territory of Washington.

When the Indian War broke out I joined a company and served until discharged.

I had taken every opportunity to perfect myself in the Chinook jargon; my best teacher being "Wah-kee-nah," an Indian girl who lived in my Brother William's family, and of whom I have written in a book published in 1893, entitled "Wah-kee-nah, and Her People, the Curious Customs, Traditions and Legends of the North American Indians."

I proved to be a very apt scholar and learned to speak it so fluently and pronounce it so accurately that I was often told by Indians, "Mica wawa siwash wawa hias close," meaning, "You speak the Indian language very well." I remember quite a good deal of it even now.

In the spring of 1856, the Judges concluded that on account of the war they would not hold any courts until fall, that the farmers might put in their crops, repair damages, etc., so about the middle of July, 1856, John D. Biles, who was then Clerk of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, and who was a member of the House in the First Legislature at the same time I was, and myself left for the States, both expecting to return prior to the holding of any Courts. He returned, but I did not, for the following reason:

My aged mother had moved from Rushville to Rockford, Illinois, and was very much opposed to my going back, and when it came near the time for me to start, became seriously ill, and asked me to promise her that I would not return so long as she lived, which I did. She then began to improve and lived nearly five years, dying about two months prior to the breaking out of the Civil War.

Remaining in the East in 1856 was a great disappointment to me as all my interests lay in the Territory of Wash-

ington, but I considered my duty to my aged mother paramount to all others.

After making this promise to my mother I resigned my offices in Washington Territory and formed a partnership with my brother, John C.—the other one of my brothers who graduated at Yale College—who was then practicing law in Buffalo, N. Y., and went there to live.

On November 1, 1859, I married Miss Emily Kennett Efner, youngest daughter of Mr. Elijah D. Efner, a pioneer of Buffalo from 1809. He was a soldier in the war of 1812; was with the troops under General Hull when Detroit surrendered to the British. He firmly believed that the surrender was obtained by the British firing gold at the general, instead of lead at the soldiers. When Buffalo was attacked, he helped man a field-piece on Main Street and kept firing into the British and Indians as they came up Niagara Street from Black Rock, until his position was nearly flanked on both right and left.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NATCHES PASS EMIGRANT TRAIN, THE INDIAN WARS, ETC.

Notes by Secretary Gilstrap of interview with Mr. Van Ogle of Orting relating to the Natches Pass Emigrant Train and the Indian Wars.

Mr. Van Ogle was born in Ohio, in 1825, September 21, in Adams County. Came to Indiana in 1835 to Fountain County at Shawnee Prairie. Came to Washington Territory in 1853, leaving Indiana March 7, 1853.

His direct ancestor was Lord Ogle of Alnwick, Northumberland, England, and he had one uncle killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Colonel Chrisup was his great-uncle. Also a distant relative of King James I. For four hundred years the sisters in the Ogle family were always called Eleanor and Kathleen and Mr. Van Ogle's sisters were also called that.

On the journey to the Pacific Coast were seven months, ten days on the plains. Came first to Blue Mountain, just this side of Grand Round Valley. Then came to Walla Walla and whip sawed lumber from wood and made flat boat to ferry across Columbia, came up the Yakima River part of way and hit Yakima at mouth of Wenas River. Old Chief Owhi lived there, and their first vegetables and potatoes were gotten from old Chief Owhi after crossing plains. Came up the Wenas a ways and crossed over to Natches the 21st day of September. Went down on the Natches River and from there followed the Natches up to the Natches Pass. Crossed the Natches River twenty-six times in all on their journey out here. Then they followed the bed of the river for one-fourth mile, because there was no way of getting out. After they came to summit had to cut their way and follow Indian trail across until they got to summit. Then started down this side of summit. Six miles from summit came down to Greenwater River over to bluff that was about 1,000 feet down and at an angle of about 60 degrees. Had to snub wagons down with ropes. Mr. Sargeant had a rope about sixteen feet long, a one-inch rope.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NATCHEZ PASS EMIGRANT TRAIN, THE INDIAN WARS, ETC.

They had the wagon wheels bound with chains so as not to slip. They had one yoke of oxen besides their cattle, etc. And the cattle, oxen and the emigrants themselves were compelled to slip down themselves as best they could. The Lane's wagon went down and got loose, and was broken to pieces. They cut road in places where they struck the river to get across better. The former settlers had gone out and helped cut roads.

They came to Bear Prairie and went around and cut their road some places, and especially where the Greenwater River runs into the White River.

Came to the place where they were to leave White River and come across Mud Mountain. There they were compelled to leave their cattle to feed, as they had been without food for seven days. They drove them over to Boise Creek to feed. After they had rested for three or four days, they killed a beef. They went after the cattle and came on down. Some of the cattle were so weak after their fast that they could not get to Boise Creek and died on the way before reaching the feeding place. They reached the Mahan place, known now as Clover Creek, about one mile and one-half East of Parkland, on October 17. There was no regular road to get through, so just cut through in places and built bridges to cross over logs, etc.

A road was built by General McClellan the next year.

Van Ogle and other emigrants started for Fort Steilacoom and cut road through clear across open country, down the Natches River. Crossed Natches Pass down Natches River. Then left it and crossed the Wenas and down Wenas to Yakima. From this side went up the Puyallup River and crossed the river east of Alderton, and then across Connell's Prairie, crossed White River and Greenwater River to the Pass.

Van Ogle worked in Thurston County and around Olympia and took a claim over on Mound Prairie. In 1854 sold the claim.

Then in the fall of 1855 the Indian War broke out over the mountains. Van Ogle then volunteered to go over the mountains and to join Gilmore Hays' Company B. Got to summit and express overtook them and brought them back. Got to Connell's Prairie and the front guard, Joe Brennen, saw an Indian and took after him and in doing so his hat blew off,

and Joe recognized it as his brother's hat, and then he knew that his brother had been killed. The next morning they started to go down the White River to the settlements below. Got to the White River and the Indians attacked them. Fought them over eight hours. There was driftwood on both sides of the river. It then got dark and went back to Connell's Prairie to camp. The next day they followed the Indians past where Muckleshoot is, then over onto Green River, fighting along the road. They reached Green River and there they saw the Indians crossing. The soldiers were above on a sort of bluff and looked down on the Indians crossing. So they followed them. It had been raining and they were all wet, and their blankets were also; so they piled up like logs and tried to get warm, and did the best they could. Next day they scouted around there but couldn't do anything. It was still raining, and the river was rising. So they returned to Connell's Prairie and left the Indians. The express had returned and they said that the express that came ahead of them was attacked and Moses was killed and they went out to Connell's Prairie and helped bring Moses in. There they found that Connell and McAllister, the First Lieutenant in Eaton's company, were killed and they found them. Then came to South Prairie. Put a tree across the creek to cross over. The first four men that started across were shot by Indian in ambush, but they could not see any Indians. Had to carry the dead soldiers back to Connell's Prairie on litters, and there they buried them. Two of the dead soldiers were Edgar and Jim McAllister, whom they took home. One other was Connell and he was buried at Connell's Prairie. Then the soldiers went up and camped at Fort Montgomery. They made different trips back and forth on Puyallup. Captain Wool came and discharged them, as he had gone down and talked to Ptolmy and he told Wool that there were no more Indians and that the men were on duty for nothing. So in the spring of 1856 Governor Stevens called for volunteers. Gilmore Hays was Captain again and Frank Ruth was First Lieutenant. Gilmore Hays was then put in as Major and Ruth as Lieutenant Colonel. Van Ogle was then put in as First Lieutenant. Robinson was elected Captain.

The soldiers went and built a block house East of Alderton

and put in a ferry boat. This was on the military road and the block house was built in the regular block house style. It was built to protect the ferry. They then left there and went to Connell's Prairie and built a block house there. They had an Indian fight again, which lasted eight hours. Bill Whitney was wounded and Coffee was wounded slightly. The Indians at this fight surrounded Connell's Prairie in the shape of a half moon. They made a charge. No one was wounded. There were just ten men in the Company headed by Van Ogle and Van Ogle got their drum. That fight wound up the war on this side of the mountains. Van Ogle's Company went over and fought at Grand Round Valley, Oregon. Van Ogle did not go with his Company in this fight as he did not have a horse. Col. Shaw was in charge. Word was sent in by Edgar's kloochman that Queiemuth wanted to come in and give himself up to the Governor if Van Ogle and James Longmire would take him down to the Governor. He came to Yelm Prairie and took him in with Edgar's kloochman. Got to the Governor's office at 3 o'clock in the morning. The Governor got up and took them in. It rained all the way over to the Governor's house. Told the Governor what the Chief had told them to, and he asked them to bring him down to the garrison at the soldier's home. Van Ogle and another man would not go over there. The Governor then sent out word to come and get him. Meantime the men there got sleepy and Queiemuth and Longmire lay down rolled up in their blankets in the middle of the floor. There were no lanterns at that time and they used candles. At last Van Ogle turned side-ways in his chair as some of the other men had done and went to sleep. The kloochman sat down in front of him. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out. The Indian jumped up and passed along to the door and there someone stabbed him. The shot had gone through his hand and lodged against one of his ribs. This did not kill him, but when he was stabbed he fell dead. Queiemuth had McAllister's chest knife and scabbard and it was supposed that Queiemuth was the Indian that killed McAllister. Van Ogle thought that Joe Bunting, McAllister's son-in-law, killed Queiemuth.

They started to go out the day Leschi was hung but did

not go. Not positive that Queiemuth was killed in June, but thinks so.

Van Ogle helped build South Prairie Fort. Were going down to White River and there Indians shot and killed one white man, so they didn't build the fort.

Leschi and Kitsap and Queiemuth were brothers. Leschi was the head, or Chief. They were moderate sized Indians, weighing about 150 or 160 pounds. Leschi, it is thought, was the oldest. Kitsap lived quite a little time after his two brothers were killed. Kitsap was supposed to know of location of gold just above Bear Prairie, but it was never found out very definitely.

When massacre on White River, settlers were going to move out and were to start one morning. Indians were hostile and were lined up all painted up in their war paint, but the settlers passed right along and the Indians never bothered them. It was afterwards found out that the old Chief wouldn't give the order for attack as he had been friendly with the white men and the settlers there had been very friendly to the Indians.

ROADS.

McClellan road was the first road built by the Government. Three trails at that time were the Natches, Snoqualmie, and the one on Cowlitz Prairie. The soldiers crossed on the Natches Pass and went round Grand Round.

Opened road for Pierce County and Thurston County in 1864, one place where McClellan opened road and cut little fir trees down where Van Ogle had cut them down before. They had all grown up again and now McClellan had to cut them all down again. There was no road before Van Ogle came. The Hudson's Bay Company had a sort of a road across Mound Prairie, but that was built after Van Ogle came in.

STORY OF INDIAN ENCOUNTER.

In front of a big stump was a large, flat rock. He told Indian that if he would place a hat there he could shoot it. One of the settlers placed a hat there and he shot and bullet hit rock and glanced over and went through the hat. The Indians thought that Van Ogle could hit the hat shooting from behind a tree.

During the fight on Connell's Prairie while waiting for an order from the Lieutenant, an Indian stepped behind a tree and Van Ogle could see half of the Indian's body. He shot and the Indian walked away with his hand on his breast. The same Indian afterwards worked for him, as the shot had not proved fatal, and one day he told Van Ogle that he knew Van Ogle shot him because he could shoot from behind a tree.

In all of Van Ogle's encounters he never was wounded, though he received several bullets through his clothes.

One time Van Ogle saved Slaughter's life. They had started all in a bunch to cross river. The river was very swift just then and rather slippery. Colonel Slaughter started to cross and slipped down. He would have been carried down the stream, but Van Ogle held him up until they reached the farther shore After reaching the shore the Indians fired.

Connell had settled on Connell's Prairie with Williams in 1853, therefore it was called Connell's Prairie.

Porter came to Porter's Prairie in 1853.

Van Ogle helped lay out road opposite Quartz Mountain.

Later on soldiers' clothing were all worn out and they asked for new clothing, but they were refused as they told them they were soon to be dismissed. They were then asked to guard footmen back to camp, but they refused because they were refused clothing as they were going to be dismissed. They got back to camp and told Captain Hays that he had better let the soldiers have clothes. Went up to Thurston County and there got clothing and was discharged.

Stevens wrote Ogle's diploma as First Lieutenant. Worked for Governor Stevens for two years. Never saw Stevens drunk in all that time. People said he was dissipated, but Ogle did not think so.

When they started across mountain one time Edgar and he met two Hudson's Bay men who told them that if they did not want to get killed they had better go down town with them and they would prove that they were Hudson's Bay men and then they would not be killed by the Indians. So they did and there bought a yard of red ribbon about an inch wide, and tied round their hats. The Indians then would think they were Hudson's Bay, or King George's men and wouldn't kill them. Edgar would not wear the ribbon and so finally he was killed.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY'S FIRST LEGISLATURE.

Address Delivered by Allen Weir at the Organization of Thurston County Pioneer and Historical Society in Olympia, March 2, 1910.

I am to speak of that little band of men selected from the sparse population, by election, in January, 1854, to serve as law makers to draft the legal enactments for the Territory of Washington. They were important and distinguished because historic—the first in their line. Their genuine worth, good judgment and far seeing ability are also abundantly attested by the fact that the laws framed and adopted by them were adequate basis for the subsequent superstructure of legal enactments. These men were distinguished and peculiarly fitted for their important duties, in that they included the best and ablest from the older parts of our common country—men whose sterling qualities, adventurous dispositions and creative faculties had urged them out into a new country to help carve and build a commonwealth worthy of the pride and loyalty of its future citizenship. Their surroundings and the influences under which they were stimulated to high ideals are also worthy of more than passing mention.

On the second day of March, 1853, and as one of his last official acts, President Millard Fillmore signed the act of Congress creating Washington Territory. Its boundaries were Oregon on the South, the Pacific Ocean on the West, British Columbia on the North and Nebraska Territory on the East. At that time there were eight counties in the newly created Territory.

Clarke County, named after the explorer, William Clarke, comprised all of what afterwards became Western Montana, the whole of Idaho and the entire inland empire of Eastern Washington, having its County seat at Vancouver. The entire population of this enormously large County, according to the census taken by the United States Marshal a year later, was 1134 inhabitants.

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Lewis County, named after the explorer, Meriwether Lewis, was the next largest County, having 615 inhabitants.

Pacific County, so named because of its contiguity to the Pacific Ocean, numbered 182 people within its boundaries and comprised the small settlements of Chinook and Pacific City. In the Puget Sound basin there was Pierce County, named after President Franklin Pierce; King County, named after William Rufus King, who was elected Vice President of the United States in 1852, but never lived to take his seat; Jefferson County, named in honor of the distinguished architect of the Declaration of Independence; Island County, comprising Whidby and Camano Islands; and the Whatcom, Skagit and Snohomish country. The entire population of the Puget Sound basin numbered 2,053 white persons.

Isaac Ingalls Stevens was appointed the first Governor of Washington Territory by President Pierce. He was a distinguished officer in the engineer corps of the regular army, and was the first explorer who surveyed the Northern Pacific Railroad from the headwaters of the Mississippi River, through the Snoqualmie Pass to Puget Sound. He entered the Territory in September, 1853, and assumed his executive duties by a proclamation dated September 29, at St. Mary's village, now in Western Montana. A man of strong impulses, vigorous intellect, splendid education and previous training, a man of iron nerve and lofty ideals, accustomed to command and to the exercise of responsibilities, Governor Stevens was easily the foremost of all the public men of this great Northwest. He was eminently fitted to direct and shape the destinies of the magnificent, virgin Commonwealth starting out to do credit to the Father of his Country.

As Chief Executive of the new Territory, Governor Stevens successfully conducted one of the most sanguinary Indian wars that ever devastated the Western frontiers. Afterwards, as delegate from Washington Territory to the Congress of the United States, he was active, vigilant, able and influential, so much so that he was chosen as Chairman of the National Executive Committee of one of the wings of the Democratic party during the Presidential contest of 1860, although he only occupied the humble position, comparatively, of delegate from

a then obscure Western Territory. In 1861 he was defeated for renomination for delegate to Congress by the Democratic Territorial Convention, by the silver tongued orator, Selucius Garfield, who was in turn defeated in the ensuing election by Governor William H. Wallace of Pierce County, the Republican nominee. About that time the news of the fall of Fort Sumter (in April, 1861) reached this Coast by pony express. Immediately, sinking all partisan considerations, Governor Stevens hastened back to Washington City where he offered his services to President Lincoln in support of the Union. He was accepted and given a command, and entered the field in active service, where he speedily rose to the rank of Major General. His war record was brief but among the most brilliant. At Chantilly, in 1862, while bravely fighting in the front rank of his command, two bullets pierced his forehead, and his noble, useful and brilliant life was sacrificed for the salvation of his country and its flag. Had that life been spared, he would inevitably have been considered as one of the eligible ones for selection to command the armies of the United States at the time U. S. Grant was chosen. Small wonder that the people of Washington State should congratulate themselves upon the fact that such a man as Isaac Stevens should have been selected to direct and influence the deliberations of the first Legislative body of this land.

The Governor had arrived in Olympia in November, 1853, where he immediately issued his proclamation, fixing the seat of Government at this place where it has ever since remained; fixing the time of elections, defining the three judicial districts, and apportioning the Council and Representative districts for the first Legislative assembly, and requiring that body to convene on the 27th day of February, 1854.

Let us briefly review the other Territorial officers, representing the National Government, whose official lives were concurrent with that of the first Legislative members, and whose learning, ability and example must have had a salutary effect and stimulus upon their deliberations.

Charles H. Mason, a brilliant young man from Rhode Island, was the first Secretary of the Territory, who filled the office with signal ability, and discharged the duties of Acting

Governor with great credit, during the absence of Governor Stevens. He remained in that office until 1859, when he met an untimely death. The naming of one of our Counties after him indicated the estimation in which he was held by the people.

The first delegate to Congress was Hon. Columbus Lancaster, a native of Ohio, then a resident of Clarke County. He was the first Chief Justice of Oregon, under its Provisional Government, but, abandoning the legal profession, he moved to his farm on Lewis River in 1847, from whence he was next called to the halls of Congress.

J. Patton Anderson was the first United States Marshal and the second delegate to Congress. He never returned to his constituency, but settled in the South and was killed on the Confederate side during the Rebellion.

Major J. S. Clendennin was the first United States Attorney. I have no data for further mention of his career.

The higher judiciary was composed of Edward Lander, Chief Justice, and Victor Monroe and O. B. McFadden, Associate Justices, comprising the Territorial Supreme Court and constituting its first judges. Judge Lander was a ripe scholar and able lawyer. He engaged in the famous controversy concerning the right of the Executive to declare martial law in the Territory, and was arrested while on the bench, by order of Governor Stevens, and in turn imposed a fine upon the Governor for contempt of court, after martial law had ceased. After his term of office had expired he was an independent candidate for delegate to Congress, in 1861, against Garfield and Wallace, but was defeated and afterwards went to Washington City where he engaged in the practice of law.

Victor Monroe was a distinguished lawyer, but remained on the bench a short time only, having been removed by President Pierce, and died within a year thereafter at Olympia.

Last but not least among that historic trio was Hon. Obediah B. McFadden, the old man eloquent, whose able services as Judge, whose distinguished career afterwards as Representative in Congress, whose patriotic and public spirited acts as a citizen, and whose genial and kindly qualities as a man and neighbor, gave abundant cause for the pride that Olympia feels

in his memory. He died in 1875, full of honors and years, bequeathing to his country and to his numerous offspring the rich legacy of a name without stain or blemish. Two of his sons, Frank McFadden and Robert McFadden, and a son, J. Cal. McFadden, now residing, I think, near the Columbia River, and a daughter, Mrs. M. M. Miller, still survive in our midst.

Of Territorial officers there were only two, the Auditor and Treasurer. Daniel R. Bigelow of Olympia was the first Auditor, and from his first annual report we find that during the fiscal year the whole amount paid into the Territorial treasury was $146.67—that amount being paid in nearly equal proportions by King, Island and Thurston counties; all the other Counties being delinquent and leaving an indebtedness of $1,030.56.

William Cook, an old respected citizen of Olympia, was the first Territorial Treasurer, and received for his entire compensation during the first year, being percentage on amounts received and disbursed, the munificent sum of $5.53.

Judge Bigelow, in addition to being a member of the first Legislature, had served with distinction and credit as a member of the Oregon Code Commission before our Territory was created. In fact, when the historic Monticello Convention was in session, of which his law partner, Quincy A. Brooks, was a member, Judge Bigelow was at Salem, Oregon, serving on the Code Commission. In addition to distinguished services as indicated, he was afterwards elected by Thurston County and served with honor and faithfuness in various County offices, among them being that of Superintendent of Schools for a number of terms, Probate Judge and several times member of the Legislature. He delivered a stirring and patriotic Fourth of July oration in Olympia, the first in its line, in 1852. A few years ago, at his original home in our city, he quietly fell asleep after having rounded out more than four score years—a long life filled with illustrious services to his country—surrounded by his numerous descendants, leaving a memory fragrant with the deeds of a Christian gentleman.

Of his family remaining, there is the widow, Mrs. A. E. Bigelow, herself a pioneer who crossed the plains when quite a small girl, following an ox team with her mother, Mrs. Mar-

guerite White, in the early "fifties;" and four daughters and three sons, Tirzah, (Mrs. Royal); Eva, (Mrs. W. P. Bonney of Tacoma); Ruth, (Mrs. A. D. Wright); Miss Margaret Bigelow, and Duncan J. Bigelow, Ray Bigelow and George R. Bigelow, Olympia's present City Attorney.

Personnel of the First Legislature.

The Governor's proclamation in Olympia was issued November 28, 1853. The election of the first Legislature occurred January 30, 1854. Its first meeting took place February 27, 1854. It consisted of twenty-seven members, eighteen of whom constituted the House of Representatives and nine were members of the upper House, styled the "Legislative Council."

Upon convening, Seth Catlin was selected temporary President, and George Galligher, Clerk. The following members were present:

From Clarke County, D. F. Bradford and William H. Tappan.

From Lewis and Pacific Counties, Seth Catlin and Henry Miles.

From Thurston County, D. R. Bigelow and B. F. Yantis.

From Pierce and King Counties, Lafayette Balch and George N. McConaha.

From Island and Jefferson Counties, William P. Sayward. The last named was the only absentee at the opening of the session.

Upon permanent organization there was a deadlock over the office of Chief Clerk, Elwood Evans and Dr. R. H. Lansdale receiving four votes each. On the second day Morris H. Frost of Pierce County was elected; he afterwards resigned and Mr. Evans was elected. U. E. Hicks was chosen Assistant Clerk; J. L. Mitchell of Lewis County was chosen Sergeant-at-Arms, and W. G. Osborne of Thurston County, Doorkeeper. George N. McConaha of King was elected President of the Council on the first ballot, defeating all others.

On the afternoon of the second day, upon completing the organization of the two Houses, the Governor was notified, whereupon his message was delivered before the joint session.

Immediately following, and in accordance with the terms of the act of Congress, the Council proceeded to draw lots to

determine the length of the terms of the individual members, with the following result:

One-year term, Balch, Bradford and Sayward.

Two-year term, Miles, Yantis and McConaha.

Three-year term, Bigelow, Catlin and Tappan.

It would be tedious to follow all the doings of this pioneer body, but a few may be noticed. The first petition received was that of William Robertson to be appointed pilot on Puget Sound. The first bill was House Bill No. 1, to provide for appointment of a Code Commission of three members to codify the laws of the Territory. This resulted in the appointment of Edward Lander, Victor Monroe and William Strong. So well and so promptly was their work performed that they reported it completed on the last day of the session, May 1.

Among the first things done was the adoption of a design for a seal for the Territory. That design, flaunting the Chinook word, "Alki," as a motto, meaning "By and by," was prophetic and full of promise and expectation for the future.

In the House, organization was promptly effected on the opening day, by electing H. C. Mosely, Speaker, pro tem. Twelve of the eighteen members-elect were present. For permanent officers, F. A. Chenoweth received nine votes for Speaker, as against two for Arthur A. Denny and one for H. C. Mosely. B. F. Kendall was chosen Chief Clerk, D. L. Phillips, Assistant Clerk, and A. E. Austin, Sergeant-at-Arms, with J. H. Roundtree, Doorkeeper.

The following were found to have been elected members of the House:

Clarke County, F. A. Chenoweth, H. R. Crosbie, A. J. Bolon, J. D. Biles.

Island County, S. D. Howe, D. F. Brownfield.

King County, A. A. Denny.

Lewis County, H. D. Huntington, John R. Jackson.

Pacific County, A. L. Lewes, J. Schudder. The latter died, however, without taking his seat, before the assembling of the Legislature. Henry T. Fuster was elected to the vacancy, and he also died. James C. Strong was finally elected to this seat, and was sworn in on April 14.

Pierce County, J. M. Chapman, H. C. Mosely, L. F. Thompson.

Thurston County, David Shelton, L. D. Durgin, C. H. Hale, Ira Ward.

Rev. Mr. Close of the Methodist Church was elected Chaplain of the House.

Among the matters acted upon by the two Houses was the matter of a survey of a railroad route to connect Puget Sound with the Columbia River valley. Also, they passed a resolution asking Congress to designate Port Townsend as the Port of Entry of Puget Sound. Olympia had been the first Port of Entry. A. A. Denny also secured action looking to the establishment of a Territorial University at Seattle.

The two Houses, in joint session, elected the following Territorial officers: Territorial Printer, J. W. Wiley, who received fifteen votes as against ten votes for R. L. Doyle. Territorial Treasurer, William Cook, sixteen votes over nine votes for J. Cushman. Librarian, B. F. Kendall, seventeen votes as against nine votes for F. Clark. Territorial Auditor, D. R. Bigelow, fourteen votes against the field. They also elected the following Prosecuting Attorneys in the three judicial districts: First district, F. A. Chenoweth, twenty-three votes; second district, D. R. Bigelow, fifteen votes; third district, Frank Clark, seventeen votes.

So wisely and well were the duties of the Legislature performed that the laws enacted by it, covering a complete code of practice, stand upon our statute books today practically unchanged. They have been merely added to as the growing demands of the country have required legislation on new subjects.

I might enlarge upon the subject by further mention of the individual members, but passing mention of a few must suffice.

George N. McConaha of Seattle, President of the Council, was a brilliant lawyer, a man of quick wit and rare eloquence. He met a sad and premature death by drowning on his way home in a canoe with Captain Barstow and a crew of Indians between Alki Point and Vashon Island.

Daniel Bradford built the first wooden track railroad

over the Cascade portage and afterwards was long and prominently connected with the Oregon Steam Navigation Company.

W. H. Tappan was an Englishman, a painter and an artist, and a man of rare attainments. In 1854 he was engaged in farming on Lewis River, opposite St. Helens.

Seth Catlin, a sterling Jeffersonian Democrat, the founder of Monticello, which he named after the home of Thomas Jefferson. He was prominent in his County's affairs as long as he lived.

Henry Miles, Private Henry Miles, was the man who valiantly held the fort during the Indian war, with Sergeant Packwood, at the crossing of the Nisqually River. Many years after the meeting of the first Legislature he was again a member, and was Speaker of the House.

B. F. Yantis, long since deceased, was an intelligent and upright citizen whose services and example were wholesome. He was a resident of Olympia and left a family with the rich legacy of a strong and honorable name.

Captain Lafayette Balch, an ancient mariner, the founder of the Town of Steilacoom, was a man of striking convictions and individuality, well known to all the old timers, whose memory is fragrant of good deeds.

William P. Sayward of Jefferson County, was a man of large business affairs, the projector and builder of the sawmills at Port Ludlow. He removed many years ago to San Bernardino County, California.

Francis A. Chenoweth, Speaker of the House, was a man of fine ability; he was afterwards a Chief Justice of the Territorial Supreme Court. He removed many years ago to Corvallis, Oregon.

Benjamin F. Kendall, a man of extraordinary talents as a lawyer, was the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs under President Lincoln. He was murderously shot to death in his office in Olympia in 1862 for words editorially spoken by him in the "Overland Press."

Hon. Arthur A. Denny of Seattle, whose name is the synonym of probity and honor, served with credit as Register of the Olympia Land Office, and, in 1865, was elected Dele-

gate to Congress, in an exciting campaign; occupied a large place in the public affairs of the Commonwealth.

Calvin H. Hale of Olympia, who served as Indian Superintendent under Lincoln's administration, was a successful, level-headed business man. He was frequently honored by Thurston County with important County offices.

David Shelton, after whom the County seat of Mason County was named, was the leading "Grand Old Man," and original settler there. He left a numerous family, most of whom are still living, and all of whom are highly respected.

Ira Ward of Tumwater, a man of force of character, who lived an honorable and useful life, and left worthy descendants; his son, Samuel G. Ward, served Thurston County well in different offices, and his grandchildren are still maintaining the honor of the name.

Samuel D. Howe of Island County was a man of affairs. He served many years honorably and acceptably as Indian Agent and Assessor of Internal Revenue.

There was Captain J. A. Bolon from Clarke County, who, while Indian Agent, was foully murdered by the Yakima Indians in 1855, and whose death was the immediate moving cause that produced the terrible Indian war that devastated the Territory for the ensuing two years.

John D. Biles, also from Clarke County, and in 1860 Speaker of the House, afterwards removed to Portland, Oregon, where he was connected with the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company as its Tax Agent.

Henry R. Crosbie, an influential member, was a celebrated Justice of the Peace in Whatcom County during the historic controversy between England and the United States over the rightful ownership of San Juan Island.

Henry C. Mosely was afterwards first Register of the United States Land Office.

H. D. Huntington was one of the pioneer settlers on the Cowlitz River, and a leader of the thought and action of his vicinity.

John R. Jackson was the first Clerk of the District Court in Lewis County, and whose house was used as a hotel and way station by the travelers over the stage road from Olym-

pia to the Columbia River. He was widely and favorably known.

Thus it will be seen that of the members of that first Legislature of Washington Territory, who pioneered the way with wholesome laws and the beginnings of civilization in our Commonwealth, nearly all were men of unusual prominence and distinction among their fellows. It was scarcely accidental that they were so chosen. The session adjourned on May 1, 1854, after having continued sixty-four days. At that time Franklin Pierce was President of the United States; David Atchison of Missouri was Acting Vice President; William L. Marcy of New York was Secretary of State; Samuel Guthrie of Kentucky was Secretary of the Treasury; Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts was Attorney General and Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War.

Almost without exception the actors on the stage of human life of the period of which we have been speaking are gone, and most of them forgotten. As I pen these lines, thoughts and ideas crowd thick and fast for expression. I must leave this field, so prolific, and of such interest, to a pen and a tongue more able and eloquent than mine.

We, surviving pioneers, enjoying this reunion, will before many more years be gathered to our fathers, and be succeeded by other generations advancing to take our places. In the language so aptly quoted by Hon. H. G. Struve, a distinguished citizen of Washington Territory, in 1886, in an address before the Washington Pioneer Association at Seattle: "For them as for us the earth will roll on, and the seasons come and go, the snow flakes fall, the flowers bloom and the harvests be gathered. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness at night. For them as for us shall the years pass by in the sublime procession of the ages. While yet upon the scene of action let us pioneers by precept and example impart to our neighbors and our children and our children's children abiding lessons of zeal, enterprise, patience, virtue and patriotism; and for our preservation be thankful to Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations and yet marks the sparrow's fall."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOTS OF 1885.[1]

By Gov. John H. McGraw.

To His Excellency, Watson C. Squire, Governor of Washington Territory.

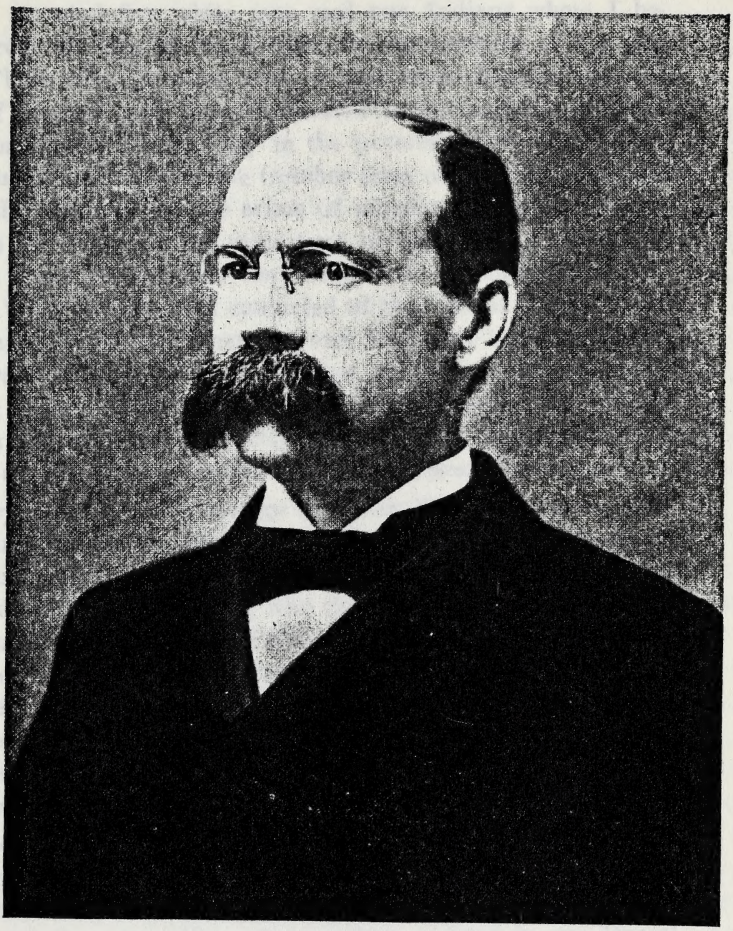
Sir: In compliance with your request that I make a report to you of my official acts in connection with the anti-Chinese riot and disturbances in this county during last fall and winter, I respectfully submit the following brief summary of the steps taken by me to preserve peace, and the occasion therefor:

The commencement of the Chinese troubles in this county was the killing of two Chinese hop pickers and wounding of one or two others at Squak Valley on the night of September 7, 1885, by a party of seven or eight residents of that valley. Messrs. Wold Brothers, hop growers at Squak, had engaged a gang of Chinamen to pick their hops, and were warned before the arrival of the Chinese that Chinese hop pickers would not be tolerated in the valley, and they would be driven out if they came. However, on Saturday, the 5th day of September, about thirty-five Chinamen arrived at Wold Bros.' place and pitched their tents in the hop fields. That evening several white men and Indians, armed with rifles, visited the camp, and endeavored by threats to intimidate the Chinese and thus induce them to leave. The Chinamen did not go; and on Monday night part of the same crowd again visited the Chinese camp and fired a volley into the tents, with the result above stated.

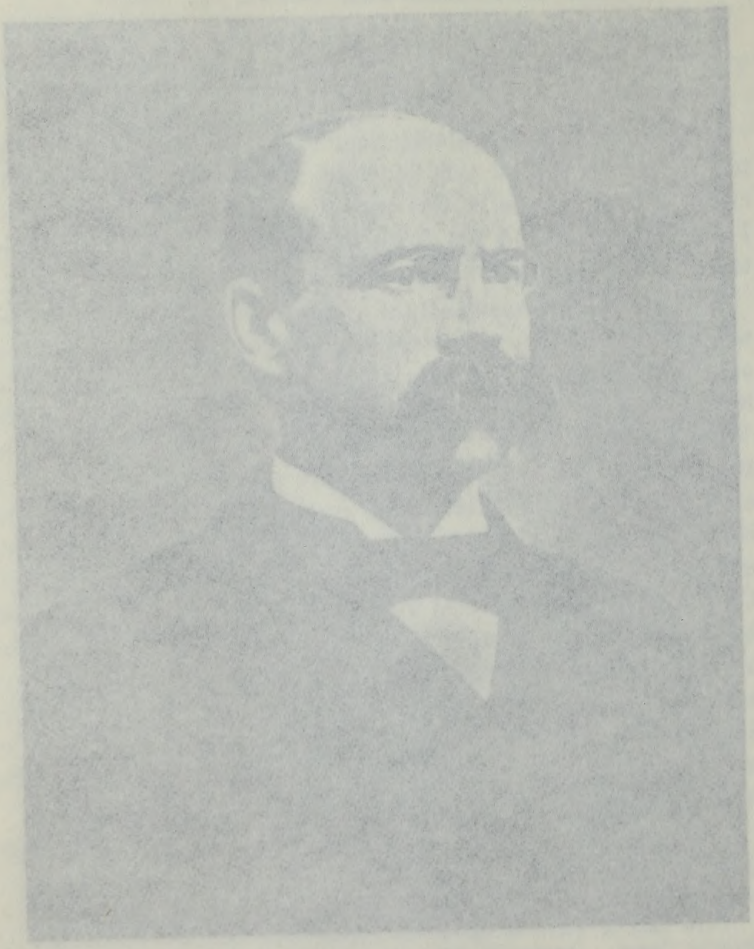
I received information of this occurrence the next day, and immediately went to the scene, accompanied by the Terri-

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[1]In 1885 a wave of agitation against the Chinese swept over the Pacific Coast. Originally this began with Dennis Kearney and the "Sand Lot Orators" of San Francisco. In the year 1885 Chinese coal miners in Wyoming were attacked and the city election of Tacoma, Washington, turned upon the question of the expulsion of the Chinese from that city, which was later accomplished. The agitation spread to Seattle. The story of the frustration of the efforts of the mob constitutes an interesting chapter in our Territorial history. This story is contained in the official report of Sheriff (late Governor) McGraw to Governor Squire.—Editor.



JOHN H. McGRAW, Governor 1893-7



torial Prosecuting Attorney, the Coroner of King County, and the Chief of Police of Seattle, and with their assistance I gathered all the information I could and made as complete an investigation of the affair as it was possible to make, and thereupon an inquest was held by the Coroner, at the conclusion of which I arrested five white men and two Indians whom I believed from evidence obtained were the perpetrators of the outrage. These seven persons were in due form charged with the crime of murder, and were committed to my custody to await the action of the Grand Jury in the premises, and all of them, with some others, were at the October term of the District Court in Seattle, indicted for the crime of murder in the first degree and also for riot. At the same term of Court two of them, on separate trials for murder, were acquitted; and one of the parties was tried for riot, and convicted of the offense. These trials were long, tedious and expensive, and I am sure that the failure to secure a more decisive vindication of the law cannot be attributed to lack of effort on the part of the officers. Myself and deputies earnestly and diligently endeavored to gather and bring to light all the material evidence that could possibly be obtained.

Very soon after the outrage in Squak Valley above mentioned, a party of Chinese laborers at Coal Creek, near Newcastle, in this county, were driven from their houses in the night time by a number of masked persons, who then set fire to and destroyed the shanties from which the Chinese had fled. Immediately after being notified of this occurrence, I secured the services of three intelligent and reliable persons who were in the best positions to do so, to endeavor to detect and bring to justice all who were concerned in the commission of this offense, but all efforts to identify the parties have thus far failed.

About the time of these occurrences, a general anti-Chinese agitation was commenced in this city under the leadership of one R. Jacob Weisbach, then Mayor of Tacoma, who is generally supposed to be a Socialist and Anarchist, assisted by one Daniel Cronin, an itinerant organizer of Socialists, and several other professional agitators. Partly on account of dull times, and partly in consequence of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, having thrown out of employment several thousand laborers, many of whom had found their way to Seattle without

means to go further, these evil designing leaders were able to gather about them a strong force of unemployed and discontented people, who were willing to, and did, create apprehension and alarm by openly threatening to support their leaders in a movement to forcibly expel all Chinese persons from this Territory. At a public meeting held in Seattle in the latter part of September, called an anti-Chinese congress, composed of delegations from Tacoma, Whatcom, Newcastle and a few other places, it was resolved that committees should be appointed in each locality whose duty it should be to notify the Chinese to leave the Territory by the first of November. The apparent method and determination of the movement, and the general apprehension of lawlessness likely to result from it, caused me, after consultation with the Mayor of Seattle and many other leading citizens of the county, to organize a strong force to act as a *posse comitatus* to aid me in suppressing the lawless attempt of the character threatened, if it should be made. Accordingly, on the night of October 3d about four hundred citizens of the county assembled in Seattle, and were sworn in as my deputies, and the following day arrangements were completed for speedily bringing this force together for effective work if the necessity for it should arise. And I also made arrangements to secure the cooperation and assistance of the two organized companies of militia then in Seattle, under command of Captains Joseph Green and J. C. Haines.

This work of preparation on my part for maintaining the law and affording protection to all persons entitled to it seemed for a time to overcome the determination and to change the purposes of the agitators, and served to allay the public apprehension of danger. But over-confidence on the part of the patriotic citizens led to such relaxation of vigilance on their part that the opinion became quite general that what had been done was unnecessary and unwise. This gave renewed confidence in a corresponding degree to the agitators and the discontented element, and their work of preparation for violence went on.

On the evening of November 3d the report came from Tacoma that the forcible expulsion of several hundred Chinese persons from that place had been successfully accomplished. And within a day or two afterwards reports were received that the

deserted houses of the Chinese in Tacoma had been destroyed by fire. These reports caused intense excitement here, and most of the people believed, as I did, that similar proceedings in Seattle could only be prevented by the presence of the United States military force, or an actual collision between the citizens acting as my deputies and the local militia with the turbulent element; and accordingly, for the purpose of avoiding such collision, and probable bloodshed, on the 6th day of November, by telegraph, I informed you of the situation, and urged you to request that a military force be sent here; and also believing that a disturbance was liable to occur before the troops could arrive, under authority of your telegram to me, dated November 5, of which the following is a copy, to-wit:

Dated OLYMPIA, W. T., 5 Nov. 5, 1885.

To John H. McGraw, Sheriff, Seattle, W. T.:

I have just received following dispatch from the government: The issuance of your proclamation receives unqualified approbation. Follow it up with vigorous measures of precaution and prevent violence, and Federal interference not to be used except in case of extreme necessity. The extra expense of such local force as you may have to use I will recommend to be defrayed by Federal Government.

(Signed) L. Q. C. LAMAR, Sec'y.

You will govern yourself accordingly, using Territorial military organizations when necessary.

WATSON C. SQUIRE, Governor.

I incurred an expense of $1,162.24 in the purchase of arms and ammunition necessary to arm and equip the citizens who had volunteered to act as my deputies.

On the night of November 7 a public mass meeting was held under the auspices of the anti-Chinese agitators and being apprehensive that a disturbance might be precipitated in consequence of said meeting and before the troops then expected could arrive, I caused my deputies to assemble under arms at the courthouse, and held them ready to act in case of an emergency during that night. The militia companies under Captains Green and Haines also at my request remained under arms during the night. On the morning of November 8 the 14th U. S.

Infantry under command of Lieut. Col. DeRussy, accompanied by your Excellency, arrived in Seattle, and thereupon all apprehension of an immediate disturbance subsided.

At the time of the occurrence above narrated between four and five hundred Chinese persons were living in this county; and I am now convinced from the facts I have stated and subsequent events that but for the measures adopted as above mentioned, and the determination shown by a large number of the citizens of this county to suppress any riotous or unlawful demonstration against the Chinese, the Tacoma outrage would have been repeated here.

During the time the troops remained here, upon the suggestion of Brigadier-General Gibbon, between three and four hundred who had volunteered to act as my deputies were organized into three separate military companies to render them more efficient in case their services should be required after the troops should be withdrawn. These companies were armed in part with the guns purchased by me as above stated, which were Winchester rifles and double-barreled shotguns, and in part with similar weapons belonging to the men themselves.

During the month of November fifteen of the leading agitators were indicted for conspiracy to deprive the Chinese of the equal protection of the laws and equal rights under the laws, under the Act of Congress known as the Ku Klux Act. After a protracted trial, which was ably conducted by C. H. Hanford, Assistant U. S. Attorney, the fifteen were all, on the 16th day of January, 1886, acquitted. I rendered such assistance as I could consistently with my position to the United States officers in the prosecution of this case. In defending themselves on this trial, the leading agitators all testified that no violence, breach of the peace or unlawful act was intended or would be countenanced by them. They one and all protested innocence, just as the Chicago bomb-throwers have recently protested. This line of defense and the acquittal consequent upon it served to allay apprehension of danger in the public mind, and the citizens once more in fancied security ceased to heed the movements of the agitators, and devoted themselves to their private concerns, while the idle transient population continued to agitate and devise plans for mischief; until the night of the 6th of February, at

which time their plans for action were matured and final preparations made at a public mass meeting, which was held under the management of several of the defendants in the conspiracy trial, together with a Socialist from Tacoma named M. P. Bulger.

On Sunday morning, February 7, about 9 o'clock, a messenger came to me and informed me that the Chinese were being forced from their homes and driven to the steamship Queen of the Pacific, to be transported to San Francisco. I immediately went to the Chinese quarter of town, and there I saw groups of men in and about different Chinese houses assisting in packing up the goods and effects of the Chinese and loading them onto express wagons, and met squads of Chinamen going towards the wharf, each squad being under the escort of three or four white men, followed by a rabble. The mob which I found in possession of the streets at this time I estimated numbered fifteen hundred, composed of the discontented element in Seattle, reinforced by delegations from Tacoma, Portland and other places. The Chief of Police was at the time disabled, and unable to attend to his official duties. The acting chief informed me that he was unable with the small number of officers under him to disperse the mob or do anything more than endeavor to check wanton destruction of the property and effects of the Chinese. I at this time ordered the mob to disperse; but with no other effect than to call forth jeers from the crowd. I then informed some of the leaders that I would not permit them to carry out their designs of forcibly expelling the Chinese from Seattle, and proceeded at once to gather together my deputies and the armed military companies. Upon the issuance of your proclamation commanding the mob to disperse, one of my armed companies attended the United States Attorney and Deputy U. S. Marshal as guard while they read the proclamation publicly in the streets, and in the midst of a turbulent crowd, who jeered and hooted defiantly while it was being read.

This outbreak was entirely unexpected at the time of its occurrence by all the people except those engaged in it, and consequently those upon whom I relied for assistance were, for the most part, not prepared to respond to the alarm given very quickly, and several hours were consumed in gathering and

forming the different military organizations which I have before mentioned; but I wish to have it recorded to the credit of the people of Seattle that these men did rally with as much promptness as under the circumstances should have been expected, and that they were thenceforth steadfast and unflinching in the performance of every duty assigned them, and obedient to the orders given them.

While companies were being formed I went on board the Queen of the Pacific and interviewed a large number of the Chinese then on board of her who had been expelled from their houses by the mob, and I ascertained that they had been furnished with passage tickets by a committee of the anti-Chinese agitators, and that only those who were in possession of tickets for their passage had been admitted on board of the ship. I estimated that from eighty to ninety were then on board of the ship, and about 200 others were then congregated upon the dock; and a number of individuals were then going through town collecting more money to pay the fares of those to whom tickets had not been furnished. I informed the Chinese on the ship that they would not be obliged to leave Seattle, and that all who wished to remain would be allowed to go ashore and that they would be protected. Many of them expressed a desire to take advantage of the free tickets which had been furnished them to go to San Francisco. Others preferred to remain in Seattle but were undecided whether to go or stay.

During the afternoon of that day a writ of habeas corpus was issued by the District Court to the master of the steamship requiring him to bring before the Court the Chinese persons then on board of his vessel who were alleged to be unlawfully deprived of their liberty. The said writ was placed in my hands, and was by me immediately served upon Captain E. Alexander, master of the steamship.

At 7 o'clock the same evening Captain Alexander made a return to the writ alleging that by reason of the mob in the streets he was unable to produce his Chinese passengers before the Court. Thereupon the hearing of the case was postponed until 8 o'clock the next morning, and I was ordered by the Court to assist the captain with whatever force should be necessary to bring said Chinese into Court. The several military com-

panies and my deputies were kept on duty all night. During that afternoon and night I placed and maintained an armed guard around all the Chinese houses in the city. And during the night I placed a strong force in charge of the dock where the Chinese were congregated, which force at daylight next morning under my command escorted all Chinese then upon the dock, as well as those who had been received on board the steamer to the Courthouse, and remained as guard around the Courthouse during the hearing of the case; which resulted in a determination of a few of the Chinese to remain in Seattle. The larger portion of them, however, decided to go to San Francisco on the ship in consideration of the free passage offered them by the committee before mentioned. I then, with the men acting under my command, escorted all the Chinese back to the dock, as they all had their personal effects and baggage there, and we remained as a guard upon the wharf until the sailing of the vessel at about 12 o'clock. The vessel carried away one hundred and ninety-three Chinese passengers. Others wished to go, but the vessel was unable to take them, having reached the limit of her capacity as a carrier of passengers under the laws of the United States. From ninety to one hundred Chinese were left upon the wharf with their baggage and effects. And after it had been agreed between myself and some of those who had been officiating as a committee of the anti-Chinese element that these Chinese persons who were thus necessarily left by the ship would be allowed peaceably to return to their dwellings they started to do so, but were intercepted by several hundred of the mob, who attempted to turn the procession of Chinese in the direction of the railroad depot. This movement of the mob was prevented by a company of my deputies under Captain George Kinnear being quickly advanced in front of the Chinese and thereupon the crowd made an attack upon the guards and attempted to seize and wrench from them their guns. During the struggle which ensued several shots were exchanged between the guards and the mob, resulting in the killing of one of the assailants and the wounding of two others, and in the wounding of one of the special police officers of the city there on duty. The other military companies very quickly came to the support of Captain Kinnear, and the crowd ceased to struggle, although they re-

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fused to disperse after being commanded to do so by me. The Chinese then went to their houses without further molestation. The attention of the angry crowd having been diverted from them to the citizen soldiers whose determination to maintain the laws of the land even at the price of their lives, if necessary, had now become manifest to all. And in my judgment the determination of the mob to resume hostilities and to seek revenge by again attacking the men who were acting under my orders was equally manifest. I therefore determined to await an attack rather than to disperse the mob in the streets by attacking them.

I therefore caused the several companies to be marched to the Courthouse as a place of rendezvous, and immediately afterwards placed sentinels in the principal thoroughfares of the city. About this time your Excellency proclaimed martial law in the City of Seattle, and assumed military command of the city, and my authority and responsibility in the premises as Sheriff of the county ceased, and thereafter the citizens who acted under me continued to serve under the immediate command of your Excellency, and remained on duty day and night until they were relieved by the arrival of the 14th U. S. Infantry on the 11th of February.

On the morning of the 8th a warrant was issued by one of the Justices of the Peace of the city for the arrest of a number of the leading rioters on a charge of riot, and several of them were arrested by my deputies and held to bail by the Justice previous to the proclamation of martial law.

The party of Chinese who left Seattle on the Queen of the Pacific on the 8th of February, included only those who manifested a desire to go, and appeared to go voluntarily. Those who remained included all who stated in Court that they wished to remain in Seattle, and also some others who expressed a desire to go; and some of them did go, voluntarily, very soon afterwards.

The expenses of this affair, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum, and including the amount expended in the purchase of arms and ammunition has been paid by King County, and a claim for re-imbursement will be made against the United States. And inasmuch as the general Government has by its

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treaty with China obligated itself to afford protection to Chinese residing in this country, it would seem to me that the claim of the County is just, and should be paid.

And besides, whatever expenditures I have made since November 5 were made in the belief that your telegram to me quoting that of the Hon. Secretary of the Interior, warranted me in expecting that the United States would assume and pay all reasonable expenses incurred by the local authorities in affording protection to the Chinese.

My own time and labor, and that of my deputies, and the citizens who volunteered to assist me has been given without other compensation than the satisfaction derived from the consciousness that we were doing what at the time seemed necessary in support of a Government worthy of our services.

(Signed) JOHN H. MCGRAW,
Sheriff of King County, W. T.

PART VI

Chapters Relating to Mount Tacoma-Rainier

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MT. TACOMA-RAINIER, VIEWED FROM SEA LEVEL AT TACOMA. (Height 14,408 feet.)

MT. TAGOMA-RAINIER VIEWED FROM SEA LEVEL AT TACOMA, (HIGH MAR [illegible])

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CHAPTER I.

THE ASCENT OF TAKHOMA.

WRITTEN BY GENERAL HAZARD STEVENS.

Reprinted From the Atlantic Monthly of November, 1876.

When Vancouver in 1792 penetrated the Straits of Fuca and explored the unknown waters of the Mediterranean of the Pacific, wherever he sailed from the Gulf of Georgia to the farthest inlet of Puget Sound, he beheld the lofty, snow-clad barrier range of the Cascades stretching North and South and bounding the Eastern horizon. Towering at twice the altitude of all others, at intervals of a hundred miles, there loomed up above the range three majestic, snowy peaks that

"Like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

In the matter-of-fact spirit of a British sailor of his time, he named these sublime monuments of nature in honor of three lords of the English admiralty. Hood, Rainier and Baker. Of these, Rainier is the central, situated about half way between the Columbia River and the line of British Columbia, and is by far the loftiest and largest. Its altitude is 14,444 feet, while Hood is 11,025 feet and Baker is 10,810 feet high. The others, too, are single cones, while Rainier, or Takhoma[1], is an immense mountain mass with three distinct peaks, an Eastern, a Northern and a Southern; the two last extending out and up from the main central dome, from the summit of which they stand over a mile distant, while they are nearly two miles apart from each other.

Takhoma overlooks Puget Sound from Olympia to Victoria, one hundred and sixty miles. Its snow-clad dome is

[1]Takhoma or Tacoma among the Yakimas, Klickitats, Puyallups, Nisqually, and allied tribes of Indians, is the generic term for mountain, used precisely as we use "mount," as Takhoma Wynatchie or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designated Rainier simply as Takoma, or The Mountain, just as the mountain men used to call it the "Old He."

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visible from Portland on the Willamette, one hundred and twenty miles South, and from the tableland of Walla Walla, one hundred and fifty miles east. A region two hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all of Washington Territory, part of Oregon and part of Idaho, is commanded in one field of vision by this colossus among mountains.

Takhoma had never been ascended. It was a virgin peak. The superstitions and traditions of the Indians, as well as the dangers of the ascent had prevented their attempting to reach the summit and the failure of a gallant and energetic officer whose courage and hardihood were abundantly shown during the rebellion had in general estimation proved it insurmountable.

For two years I had resolved to ascend Takhoma, but both seasons the dense smoke overspreading the whole country had prevented the attempt.

Mr. Philemon Beecher Van Trump, humorous, generous, whole-souled, with endurance and experience withal, for he had roughed it in the mines, and a poetic appreciation of the picturesque and the sublime, was equally eager to scale the summit; Mr. Edward T. Coleman, an English gentleman of Victoria, a landscape artist and an Alpine tourist, whose reputed experience in Switzerland had raised a high opinion of his ability above the snow-line, completed the party.

Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a beautiful, maple-embowered town of some two thousand inhabitants, situated at the Southern-most extremity of Puget Sound, and West of Takhoma, distant in the air line seventy-five miles. The intervening country is covered with dense fir forests, almost impenetrable to the midday sun, and obstructed with fallen trees, upturned roots and stumps and a perfect jungle of undergrowth, through which the most energetic traveler can accomplish but eight or nine miles a day. It was advisable to gain the nearest point possible by some trail, before plunging into the unbroken forest. The Nisqually River, which rises on the Southern and Western slopes of Takhoma, and empties into the Sound a few miles North of Olympia, offered the most direct and natural approach. Ten years before, moreover, a few enterprising set-

tlers had blazed out a trail across the Cascade Range, which followed the Nisqually nearly up to its source, thence deflected South to the Cowlitz River, and pursued this stream in a Northeastern course to the summit of the range, thus turning the great mountain by a wide circuit. The best informed mountain men represented the approaches on the South and Southeast as by far the most favorable. The Nisqually-Cowlitz trail, then, seemed much the best, for the Nisqually, heading in the South and Southwest slopes, and the Cowlitz in the Southeastern, afforded two lines of approach by either of which the distance to the mountain, after leaving the trail, could not exceed thirty miles.

One August afternoon Van Trump and I drove out to Yelm Prairie, thirty miles East of Olympia, and on the Nisqually River. We dashed rapidly on over a smooth, hard, level road, traversing wide reaches of prairie, passing under open groves of oaks and firs, and plunging through masses of black, dense forest in ever changing variety. The moon had risen as we emerged upon Yelm Prairie; Takhoma, bathed in cold, white spectral light from the summit to base, appeared startlingly near and distinct. Our admiration was not so noisy as usual. Perhaps a little of dread mingled with it. In another hour we drove nearly across the plain and turned into a lane which conducted us up a beautiful rising plateau, covered with a noble grove of oaks and overlooking the whole prairie. A comfortable, roomy house with a wide porch nestled among the trees, and its hospitable owner, Mr. James Longmire, appeared at the door and bade us enter.

The next morning we applied to Mr. Longmire for a guide, and for his advice as to our proposed trip. He was one of the few who marked out the Nisqually-Cowlitz trail years ago. He had explored the mountains about Takhoma as thoroughly, perhaps, as any other white man. One of the earliest settlers, quiet, self-reliant, sensible and kindly, a better counselor than he could not have been found. The trail, he said, had not been traveled for four years, and was entirely illegible to eyes not well versed in woodcraft, and it would be folly for anyone to attempt to follow it who was not thoroughly acquainted with the country. He could not

leave his harvest, and moreover in three weeks he was to cross the mountains for a drove of cattle. His wife, too, quietly discouraged his going. She described his appearance on his return from previous mountain trips, looking as haggard and thin as though he had risen from a sick-bed. She threw out effective little sketches of toil, discomfort and hardship incident to mountain travel, and dwelt upon the hard fare. The bountiful country breakfast heaped before us, the rich cream, fresh butter and eggs, snowy, melting biscuits and broiled chicken, with rich, white gravy, heightened the effect of her words.

But at length, when it appeared that no one else who knew the trail could be found, Mr. Longmire yielded to our persuasions and consented to conduct us as far as the trail led, and to procure an Indian guide before leaving us to our own resources. As soon as we returned home we went with Mr. Coleman to his room to see a few indispensable equipments he had provided, in order that we might procure similar ones. The floor was literally covered with his traps, and he exhibited them one by one, expatiating on their various uses. There was his ground sheet, a large gun blanket equally serviceable to Mr. Coleman as a tent in camp and a bath-tub at the hotel. There was a strong rope to which we were all to be tied when climbing the snow-fields, so if one fell into a chasm the others could hold him up. The "creepers" were a clumsy, heavy arrangement of iron spikes made to fasten to the foot with chains and straps, in order to prevent slipping on the ice. He had an ice-axe for cutting steps, a spirit lamp for making tea on the mountains, green goggles for snow-blindness, deer's fat for the face, alpenstocks, needles and thread, twine, tacks, screws, screwdriver, gimlet, file, several medical prescriptions, two boards for pressing flowers, sketching materials, and in fact every article that Mr. Coleman in his extensive reading had found used or recommended by travelers. Every one of these he regarded as indispensable. The Alpine staff was, he declared, most important of all, a great assistance in traveling through the woods as well as on the ice; and he illustrated on his hands and knees how to cross a crevasse in the ice on two staffs. This interview nat-

urally brought to mind the characteristic incident related of Packwood, the mountain man, who, as hunter and prospector, had explored the deepest recesses of the Cascades. He had been engaged to guide a railroad surveying party across the mountains, and just as the party was about to start he approached the chief and demanded an advance to enable him to buy his outfit for the trip. "How much do you want?" asked the chief, rather anxiously, lest Packwood should overdraw his prospective wages. "'Well, about ten dollars and a half," was the reply; and at the campfire that night, being asked if he had bought his outfit, Packwood, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth and exhibited with perfect seriousness and complacency his entire outfit—a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco.

Half a dozen carriages rattled gayly out of Olympia, in the cool of the morning, filled with a laughing, singing, frolicking bevy of young ladies and gentlemen. They were the Takhoma party starting on their adventurous trip, with a chosen escort accompanying them to their first camp. They rested several hours at Longmire's during the heat of the day, and the drive was then continued seven miles farther, to the Lacamas, an irregular-shaped prairie two miles in length by half a mile in breadth. Here live two of Mr. Longmire's sons. Their farms form the last settlement, and at the gate of Mr. Elcaine Longmire's house the road ends. A wooded knoll overlooking the prairie, with a spring of water at its foot, was selected as the camping ground. Some of the party stretched a large sail between the trees as a tent, others watered and fed the horses, and others busied themselves with the supper. Two eager sportsmen started after grouse, while their more practicable companions bought half a dozen chickens, and had them soon dressed and sputtering over the fire. The shades of night were falling as the party sat down on the ground and partook of a repast fit for the Olympians, and with a relish sharpened by the long journey and a whole day's fast.

Early in the morning Mr. Longmire arrived in camp with two mules and a pack horse, and our mountain outfit was rapidly made up into suitable bales and packed upon the horses and one of the mules, the other mule being reserved for Long-

mire's own riding. We assembled around the breakfast with spirits as gay and appetites as sharp as ever. Then, with many good-byes and much waving of handkerchiefs, the party broke up. Four roughly clad pedestrians moved off in single file, leading their pack animals, and looking back at every step to catch the last glimpse of the bright garments and fluttering cambrics, while the carriages drove rapidly down the road and disappeared in the dark, sullen forest.

We stepped off briskly, following a dim trail in an easterly course, and crossing the little prairie entered the timber. After winding over hilly ground for about three miles, we descended into the Nisqually bottom and forded a fine brook at the foot of the hill. For the next ten miles our route lay across the bottom, and along the bank of the river, passing ankle-deep in loose sand, and forcing our way through dense jungles of vine-maple. The trail was scarcely visible, and much obstructed by fallen trees and underbrush, and its difficulties were aggravated by the bewildering tracks of Indians who had lately wandered about the bottom in search of berries and rushes. We repeatedly missed the trail, and lost hours in retracing our steps and searching for the right course. The weather was hot and sultry, and rendered more oppressive by the dense foliage; myriads of gnats and mosquitoes tormented us and drove our poor animals almost frantic; and our thirst, aggravated by the severe and unaccustomed toil, seemed quenchless. At length we reached the ford of the Nisqually. Directly opposite, a perpendicular bluff of sand and gravel in alternate strata rose to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, its base washed by the river and its top crowned with firs. The stream was a hundred yards wide, waist-deep, and very rapid. Its waters were icy cold, and of a milk white hue. This color is characteristic of glacial rivers. The impalpable powder of thousands of tons of solid rocks, ground up beneath the weight and resistless though imperceptible flow of huge glaciers, remains in solution in these streams, and colors them milk white to the sea. Leading the animals down the bank and over a wide, dry bar of cobble-stones, we stood at the brink of the swift, turbulent river, and prepared to essay its passage. Coleman mounted behind Van Trump on the little saddle mule, his long legs dangling nearly

to the ground, one hand grasping his Alpine staff, the other the neck rope of the pack mule, which Longmire bestrode. Longmire led, in turn, the pack horse, behind whose bulky load was perched the other member of the party. The cavalcade, linked together in this order, had just entered the stream when Coleman dropped the neck rope he was holding. The mule, bewildered by the rush and roar of the waters, turned directly down stream, and in another instant our two pack animals, with their riders, would have been swept away in the furious rapids, had not Longmire with great presence of mind turned their erratic course in the right direction and safely brought them to the opposite shore. Following the bottom along the river for some distance we climbed up the end of the bluff already mentioned, by a steep zig-zag trail, and skirted along its brink for a mile. Far below us on the right rushed the Nisqually. On the left the bluff fell off in a steep hillside thickly clothed with woods and underbrush, and its foot plowed the Owhop, a large stream emptying into the Nisqually just below our ford. Another mile through the woods brought us out upon the Mishell Prairie, a beautiful oval meadow of a hundred acres, embowered in the tall, dense fir forest, with a grove of lofty, branching oaks at its farther extremity, and covered with green grass and bright flowers. It takes its name from the Mishell River, which empties into the Nisqually a mile above the prairie.

We had marched sixteen miles. The packs were gladly thrown off beneath a lofty fir; the animals were staked out to graze. A spring in the edge of the woods afforded water, and while Mr. Coleman busied himself with his pipe, his flask, his note book and his sketch book, and his pouch of multifarious odds and ends, the other members of the party performed the duties incident to camp life; made the fire brought water; spread the blankets and prepared supper. The flags attached to our Alpine staffs waved gayly overhead, and the sight of their bright folds fluttering in the breeze deepened the fixed resolve to plant them on Takhoma's hoary head, and made failure seem impossible. Mr. Coleman announced the altitude of Mishell Prairie as 800 feet by the barometer. By an unlucky fall the thermometer was broken.

The march was resumed early next morning. As we passed the lofty oaks at the end of the little prairie, "On that tree," said Longmire, pointing out one of the noblest, "Maxon's company hanged two Indians in the war of '56. Ski-hi and his band after many depredations on the settlements, were encamped on the Mishell, a mile distant, in fancied security, when Maxon and his men surprised them and cut off every soul except the two prisoners, whom they hanged here."

For eight miles the trail led through thick woods, and then after crossing a wide "burn," past a number of deserted Indian wigwams, where another trail from the Nisqually plains joined ours, it descended a gradual slope, traversed a swampy thicket, and another mile of heavy timber, and debouched on the Mishell River. This is a fine, rapid, sparkling stream, knee deep and forty feet wide, rippling and dashing over a gravelly bed with clear, cold, transparent water. The purity of the clear water, so unlike the yeasty Nisqually, proves that the Mishell is no glacial river. Rising in an outlying range to the northwest of Takhoma, it flows in a southwest course to its confluence with the Nisqually near our previous night's camp. We unsaddled for the noon rest. Van Trump went up the stream, fishing; Longmire crossed to look after the trail ahead, and Coleman made tea solitaire.

An hour passed and Longmire returned. "The trail is blind," said he, "and we have no time to lose." Just then Van Trump returned; and the little train was soon in readiness to resume the tramp. Longmire rode his mule across the stream, telling us to drive the pack animals after him and follow by a convenient log near by. As the mule attempted to climb a low place in the opposite bank, which offered an apparently easy exit from the river, his hind legs sank in a quicksand, he sat down quickly, if not gracefully, and, not fancying that posture, threw himself clear under the water. His dripping rider rose to his feet, flung the bridle rein over his arm, and, springing up the bank at a more practicable point, strode along the trail with as little delay and as perfect unconcern as though an involuntary ducking was of no more moment than climbing over a log.

The trail *was* blind. Longmire scented it through thickets

of salal, fern and underbrush, stumbling over roots, vines and hollows hidden in the rank vegetation, now climbing over huge trunks that the animals could barely scramble over, and now laboriously working his way around some fallen giant and traveling two hundred yards in order to gain a dozen yards on the course. The packs, continually jammed against trees and shaken loose by this rough traveling, required frequent re-packing—no small task. At the very top of a high, steep hill, up which we had laboriously zig-zagged shortly after crossing the Mishell, the little pack horse, unable to sustain the weight of the pack, which had shifted all to one side, fell and rolled over and over to the bottom. Bringing up the goods and chattels one by one on our own shoulders to the top of the hill, we replaced the load and started again. The course was in a southerly direction, over high, rolling ground of good clay soil, heavily timbered, with marshy swales at intervals, to the Nisqually River again, a distance of twelve miles. We encamped on a narrow flat between the high hill just descended and the wide and noisy river, near an old ruined log hut, the former residence of a once famed Indian medicine man, who, after the laudable custom of his race, had expiated with his life his failure to cure a patient.

Early next morning we continued our laborious march along the right bank of the Nisqually. Towards noon we left the river, and after threading in an easterly course a perfect labyrinth of fallen timber for six miles, and forcing our way with much difficulty through the tangled jungle of an extensive vine maple swamp, at length crossed Silver Creek and gladly threw off the packs for an hour's rest.

A short distance after crossing Silver Creek the trail emerged upon more open ground, and for the first time Nisqually Valley lay spread out in view before us. On the left stretched a wall of steep, rocky mountains, standing parallel to the course of the river, and extending far eastward, growing higher and steeper and more rugged as it receded from view. At the very extremity of this range Takhoma loomed aloft, its dome high above all others and its flanks, extending far down into the valley, and all covered, dome and flanks, with snow of dazzling white, in striking contrast with the black basaltic moun-

tains about it. Startlingly near it looked to our eyes, accustomed to the restricted views and gloom of the forest.

After our noon rest we continued our journey up the valley, twisting in and out among the numerous trunks of trees that encumbered the ground, and several hours of tedious trudging struck our third camp on Copper Creek, the twin brother to Silver Creek, just at dusk. We were thoroughly tired, having made twenty miles in thirteen hours of hard traveling.

Starting at daylight next morning, we walked two miles over rough ground much broken by ravines, and then descended into the bed of the Nisqually at the mouth of Goat Creek, another fine stream that empties here. We continued our course along the river bed, stumbling over rocky bars and forcing our way through dense thickets of willow, for some distance, then ascending the steep bank, went around a high hill over four miles of execrable trail, and descended to the river again, only two miles above Goat Creek. At this point the Takhoma branch or North Fork joins the Nisqually. This stream rises on the west side of Takhoma, is nearly as large as the main river, and it shows its glacial origin by its milk-white water and by its cold, terribly swift and furious torrent. Crossing the Takhoma branch, here thirty yards wide, we kept up the main river, crossing and recrossing the stream frequently, and toiling over rocky bars for four miles, a distance which consumed five hours, owing to the difficulties of the way. We then left the Nisqually, turning to the right, and traveling in a Southerly course and followed up the bed of a swampy creek for a half mile, then crossed a level tract, much obstructed with fallen timber, then ascended a burnt ridge, and followed it for two miles to a small, marshy prairie in a wide canyon or defile closed in by rugged mountains on either side, and camped beside a little rivulet on the East side of the prairie. This was Bear Prairie, the altitude of which by the barometer was 2,630 feet. The canyon formed a low pass between the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers, and the little rivulet near which we camped flowed into the latter stream. The whole region had been swept by fire; thousands of giant trunks stood blackened and lifeless, the picture of desolation.

As we were reclining on the ground around the campfire,

enjoying the calm and beatific repose which comes to the toil-worn mountaineer after his hearty supper, one of these huge trunks, after several warning creaks, came toppling and falling directly over our camp. All rushed to one side or another to avoid the impending crash. As one member of the party, hastily catching up in one hand a frying pan, laden with tin plates and cups, and in the other the camp kettle half full of boiling water, was scrambling away, his foot tripped in a blackberry vine and he fell outstretched at full length, the much prized utensils scattering far and wide, while the falling tree came thundering down in the rear, doing no other damage, however, than burying a pair of blankets.

The following day Longmire and the writer went down the canyon to its junction with the Cowlitz River, in search of a band of Indians who usually made their headquarters at this point, and among whom Longmire hoped to find some hunter familiar with the mountains who might guide us to the base of Takhoma. The tiny rivulet as we descended, soon swelled to a large and furious torrent, and its bed filled nearly the whole bottom of the gorge. The mountains rose on both sides precipitously, and the traces of landslides which had gouged vast furrows down their sides were frequent. With extreme toil and difficulty we made our way, continually wading the torrents, clambering over broken masses of rock which filled its bed, or clinging to the steep hillsides, and reached the Cowlitz at length after twelve miles of this fatiguing work, but only to find the Indian camp deserted. Further search, however, was rewarded by the discovery of a rude shelter formed of a few skins thrown over a framework of poles, between which sat a squaw at work upon a half-dressed deer skin. An infant and a naked child of perhaps four years lay on the ground near the fire in front. Beside the lodge and quietly watching our approach, of which he alone seemed aware, stood a tall, slender Indian clad in buckskin shirt and leggings, with a striped woolen breech-clout and a singular head garniture which gave him a fierce and martial appearance. This consisted of an old military cap, the visor thickly studded with brass-headed nails, while a large circular brass article, which might have been the top of an oil lamp, was fastened upon the crown. Several eagle

feathers stuck in the crown and strips of fur sewed upon the sides completed the edifice, which, notwithstanding its components, appeared imposing rather than ridiculous. A long Hudson's Bay gun, the stock also ornamented with brass headed tacks, lay in the hollow of the Indian's shoulder.

He received us with great friendliness, yet not without dignity, shaking hands and motioning us to a seat beneath the rude shelter, while his squaw hastened to place before us some suspicious looking cakes of dried berries, apparently their only food. After a moderate indulgence in this delicacy, Longmire made known our wants. The Indian spoke fluently the Chinook jargon, that high-bred lingo invented by the old fur traders. He called himself "Sluiskin" and readily agreed to guide us to Rainier, known to him only as Takhoma, and promised to report at Bear Prairie the next day. It was after seven in the evening when we reached camp thoroughly fagged.

Punctual to promise, Sluiskin rode up at noon mounted upon a stunted Indian pony, while his squaw and pappooses followed upon another even more puny and forlorn. After devouring an enormous dinner, evidently compensating for the rigors of a long fast, in reply to our inquiries he described the route he proposed to take to Takhoma. Pointing to the almost perpendicular height immediately back or east of our camp, towering three thousand feet or more overhead, the loftiest mountain in sight, "We go to the top of that mountain today," said he, "and tomorrow we follow along the high backbone ridge of the mountains, now up, now down, first on one side and then on the other, a long day's journey, and at last descending far down from the mountains into a deep valley, reach the base of Takhoma." Sluiskin illustrated his Chinook with speaking signs and pantomime. He had frequently hunted the mountain sheep upon the snow-fields of Takhoma, but he had never ascended to the summit. It was impossible to do so, and he put aside as idle talk our expressed intention of making the ascent.

We had already selected the indispensable articles for a week's tramp, a blanket apiece, the smallest coffee pot and frying pan, a scanty supply of bacon, flour, coffee, etc., and had made them up into suitable packs of forty pounds each, provided with slings like a knapsack, and had piled together under the lee of

a huge fallen trunk our remaining goods. Longmire, who, although impatient to return home, where his presence was urgently needed, had watched and directed our preparations during the forenoon with kindly solicitude, now bade us good-by. Mounted on one mule and leading the other he soon disappeared down the trail on his lonely homeward way. He left us the little pack horse, thinking it would be quite capable of carrying our diminished outfit after our return from Takhoma. Sluiskin led the way. The load upon his shoulders was sustained by a broad band passing over his head, upon which his heavy, brass-studded rifle clasped in both hands, was poised and balanced. Leaving behind the last vestige of trail, we toiled in single file slowly and laboriously up the mountain all afternoon. The steepness of the ascent in many places required the use of both hand and foot in climbing, and the exercise of great caution to keep the heavy packs from dragging us over backwards. Coleman lagged behind from the start, and at intervals his voice could be heard hallooing and calling upon us to wait. Toward sunset we reached a level terrace or bench, near the summit, gladly threw off our packs and waited for Coleman, who, we supposed, could not be far below. He not appearing, we hallooed again and again. No answer. We sent Sluiskin down the mountain to his aid. After an hour's absence the Indian returned. He had descended a long distance and at last caught sight of Coleman. He was near the foot of the mountain, had thrown away his pack, blankets and all, and was evidently returning to camp. And Sluiskin finished his account with expressions of contempt for the "cultus King George man." What was to be done? Coleman carried in his pack all our bacon, our only supply of meat, excepting a few pounds of dried beef. He also had the barometer, the only instrument that had survived the jolts and tumbles of our rough trip. But, on the other hand, he had been a clog upon our march from the outset. He was evidently too infirm to endure the toil before us, and would not only be unable to reach, still less to ascend Takhoma, but might even impede and frustrate our own efforts. Knowing that he would be safe in camp until our return, we hastily concluded to proceed without him, trusting to our rifles for a supply of meat.

Sluiskin led us along the side of the ridge in a Southerly direction for two miles farther, to a well sheltered, grassy hollow in the mountain top, where he had often previously encamped. It was after dark when we reached this place. The usual spring had gone dry, and, parched with thirst, we searched the gulches of the mountain side for water an hour, but without success. At length the writer, recalling a scanty rill which trickled across their path a mile back, taking the coffee pot and a large canteen, retraced his steps, succeeded in filling these utensils after much fumbling in the dark and consequent delay, and returned to camp. He found Van Trump and the Indian, anxious at the long delay, mounted on the crest of the ridge some two hundred yards from camp, waving torches and shouting lustily to direct his steps. The mosquitoes and flies came in clouds, and were terribly annoying. After supper of coffee and bread, we drank up the water, rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down under a tree with our flags floating from the boughs overhead. Hot as had been the day, the night was cold and frosty, owing, doubtless, to the altitude of our camp.

At the earliest dawn next morning we were moving on without breakfast and parched with thirst. Sluiskin led us in a general course about North-northeast, but twisting to nearly every point of the compass, and climbing up and down thousands of feet from mountain to mountain, yet keeping on the highest backbone between the headwaters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers. After several hours of this work we came to a well sheltered hollow, one side filled with a broad bed of snow, at the foot of which nestled a tiny, tranquil lakelet, and gladly threw off our heavy packs, assuaged our thirst and took breakfast—bread and coffee again. Early as it was, the chill of the frosty night still in the air, the mosquitoes renewed their attacks and proved as innumerable and vexatious as ever.

Continuing our march, we crossed many beds of snow and drank again and again from the icy rills which flowed out of them. The mountains were covered with stunted mountain ash and low stubby firs with short, bushy branches, and occasionally a few pines. Many slopes were destitute of trees, but covered with luxuriant grass and the greatest profusion of beautiful flowers of vivid hues. This was especially the case with the

Southern slopes, while the Northern sides of the mountains were generally wooded. We repeatedly ate berries, and an hour afterwards ascended to where berries of the same kind were found scarcely yet formed. The country was much obscured with smoke from heavy fires which had been raging on the Cowlitz the last two days. But when at length, after climbing for hours an almost perpendicular peak, creeping on hands and knees over loose rocks and clinging to scanty tufts of grass, where a single slip would have sent us rolling a thousand feet down to destruction—we reached the highest crest and looked over, we exclaimed that we were already well repaid for all our toil. Nothing can convey an idea of the ruggedness and the grandeur of the mountains.

Directly in front, and apparently not over two miles distant, although really twenty, old Takhoma loomed up more gigantic than ever. We were far above the level of the lower snow-line on Takhoma. The high peak upon which we clung seemed the central core or focus of all the mountains around, and on every side we looked down vertically thousands of feet deep down into vast and terrible defiles, black and fir-clothed, which stretched away until lost in the distance and smoke. Between them, separating one from another, the mountain walls rose precipitously and terminated in bare, columnar peaks of black basaltic or volcanic rock, as sharp as needles. It seemed incredible that any human foot could have followed out the course we came, as we looked back upon it.

After a few hours of this climbing we stood upon the summit of the last mountain ridge that separated us from Takhoma. We were in a saddle of the ridge; a lofty peak rose on either side. Below us extended a long, steep hollow or gulch filled with snow, the farther extremity of which seemed to drop off perpendicularly into a deep valley or basin. Across this valley, directly in front, filling up the whole horizon and view with an indescribable aspect of magnitude and grandeour stood the old leviathan of mountains. The broad, snowy dome rose far among and above the clouds. The sides fell off in vertical steeps and fearful black walls of rock for a third of its altitude; lower down, vast, broad, gently sloping snowfields surrounded the mountain, and were broken here and there by

ledges or masses of the dark basaltic rock protruding above them. Long, green ridges projected from this snowbelt at intervals, radiating from the mountain and extending many miles until lost in the distant forests. Deep valleys lay between these ridges, each at its upper end formed the bed of a glacier, which closed and filled it up with solid ice. Below the snowline bright green grass with countless flowers, whose vivid scarlet, blue, and purple formed bodies of color in the distance, clothed the whole region of ridges and valleys for a breadth of five miles. The beautiful balsam firs, about thirty feet in height, and of a purple dark green color, stood scattered over the landscape, now singly, now in groves, and now in long lines, as though planted in some well kept park. Farther down an unbroken fir forest surrounded the mountain and clad the lower portions of the ridges and valleys. In every sheltered depression or hollow lay beds of snow with tiny brooks and rivulets flowing from them. The glaciers terminated not gradually, but abruptly, with a wall of ice from one to five hundred feet high, from beneath which yeasty torrents burst forth and rushed roaring and tumbling down the valleys. The principal of these far away on our left front could be seen plunging over two considerable falls, half hidden in the forest, while the roar of waters was distinctly audible.

At length we cautiously descended the snow-bed climbing at least fifteen hundred feet down a steep but ancient landslide by means of the bushes growing among the loose rocks, reached the valley and encountered a beautiful, peaceful, limpid creek. Van Trump could not resist the temptation of unpacking his bundle, selecting one of his carefully preserved flies, and trying the stream for trout, but without a single rise. After an hour's rest and a hearty repast we resumed our packs, despite Sluskin's protests, who seemed tired out with his arduous day's toil and pleaded hard against traveling farther. Crossing the stream we walked through several grassy glades or meadows, alternating with open woods. We soon came to the foot of one of the long ridges already described, and ascended it, followed it for several miles through open woods, until we emerged upon the enchanting emerald and flowery meads which clothe these upper regions. Halting on a rising eminence in our course,

and looking back, we beheld the ridge of mountains we had just descended stretching from East to West in a steep, rocky wall; a little to the left, a beautiful lake, evidently the source of the stream just crossed, which we called Clear Creek, and glimpses of which could be seen among the trees as it flowed away to the right, down a rapidly descending valley along the foot of the lofty mountain wall. Beyond the lake again, still farther to the left, the land also subsided quickly. It was at once evident that the lake was upon a summit, or divide, between the waters of the Nisqually and Cowlitz Rivers. The ridge which we were ascending lay North and South, and led directly up to the mountain.

We camped as the twilight fell upon us, in an aromatic grove of balsam firs. A grouse, the fruit of Sluskin's rifle, broiled before the fire and impartially divided gave a relish to the dry bread and coffee. After supper we reclined upon our blankets in front of the bright blazing fire, well satisfied. The Indian, when starting from Bear Prairie, had evidently deemed our intention of ascending Takhoma too absurd to deserve notice. The turning back of Mr. Coleman only deepened his contempt for our prowess. But his views had undergone a change with the day's march. The affair began to look serious to him, and now in Chinook, interspersed with a few words of broken English and many signs and gesticulations, he began a solemn exhortation and warning against our rash project.

Takhoma, he said, was an enchanted mountain, inhabited by an evil spirit, who dwelt in a fiery lake on its summit. No human being could ascend it or even attempt its ascent, and survive. At first, indeed, the way was easy. The broad snow-fields, over which he had so often hunted the mountain goat, interposed no obstacle, but above them the rash adventurer would be compelled to climb up steeps of loose, rolling rocks, which would turn beneath his feet and cast him headlong into the deep abyss below. The upper snow-slopes, too, were so steep that not even a goat, far less a man, could get over them. And he would have to pass below lofty walls and precipices whence avalanches of snow and vast masses of rock were continually falling; and these would inevitably bury the intruder beneath their ruins. Moreover, a furious tempest continually swept the

crown of the mountain, and the luckless adventurer, even if he wonderfully escaped the perils below, would be torn from the mountain and whirled through the air by this fearful blast. And the awful being upon the summit, who would surely punish the sacrilegious attempt to invade his sanctuary—who could hope to escape his vengeance? Many years ago, he continued, his grandfather, a great chief and warrior, and a mighty hunter, had ascended part way up the mountain, and had encountered some of these dangers; and no other Indian had ever gone so far.

Finding that his words did not produce the desired effect, he assured us that, if we persisted in attempting the ascent, he would wait three days for our return, and would then proceed to Olympia and inform our friends of our death; and he begged us to give him a paper (a written note) to take to them so that they might believe his story. Sluiskin's manner during this harangue was earnest in the extreme, and he was undoubtedly sincere in his forebodings. After we had retired to rest, he kept up a most dismal chant, or dirge, until late in the night. The dim, white, spectral mass towering so near, the roar of the torrents below us, and occasional thunder of avalanches, several of which fell during the night, added to the weird effect of Sluskin's song.

The next morning we moved two miles farther up the ridge and made camp in the last clump of trees quite within the limit of perpetual snow. Thence, with snow spikes upon our feet and alpenstocks in hand, we went up the snow fields to reconnoiter the best line of ascent. We spent four hours, walking fast, in reaching the foot of the steep, abrupt part of the mountain. After scanning the Southern approaches, we decided to ascend on the morrow by a steep rocky ridge that seemed to lead up to the snowy crown.

Our camp was pitched on a high knoll crowned by a grove of balsam firs, near a turbulent glacial torrent. About nine o'clock, after we had laid down for the night, the firs around our camp took fire and suddenly burst out in a vivid conflagration. The night was dark and windy and the scene—the vast, dim outlines of Takhoma, the white snow fields, the roaring tor-

rent, the crackling blaze of the burning trees—was strikingly wild and picturesque.

In honor of our guide we named the cascade at our feet Sluiskin's Falls; the stream we named Glacier Creek, and the mass of ice whence it derives its source we styled the Little Nisqually Glacier.

Before daylight the next morning, Wednesday, August 17, 1870, we were up and had breakfasted, and at six o'clock we had started to ascend Takhoma. Beside our alpenstocks and creepers, we carried a long rope, an ice axe, a brass plate inscribed with our names, our flags, a large canteen, and some luncheon. We were also provided with gloves and green goggles for snow-blindness, but found no occasion to use the latter. Having suffered much from the heat of the sun since leaving Bear Prairie, and being satisfied from our late reconnoissance that we could reach the summit and return on the same day, we left behind our coats and blankets. In three hours of fast walking we reached the highest point of the preceding day's trip, and commenced the ascent by the steep, rocky ridge already described as reaching up to the snowy dome. We found it to be a very narrow, steep, irregular backbone, composed of a crumbling basaltic conglomerate, the top only, or backbone, being solid rock, while the sides were composed of loose broken rocks and debris. Up this ridge, keeping upon the spine when possible, and sometimes forced to pick our way over the loose and broken rocks at the sides, around columnar masses that we could not directly climb over, we toiled for five hundred yards, ascending at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Here the ridge connected by a narrow neck or saddle with a vast square rock, whose huge and distinct outline can be clearly perceived from a distance of twenty-five miles. This, like the ridge, is a conglomerate of basalt and trap, in well defined strata, and is rapidly disintegrating and continually falling in showers and even masses of rocks and rubbish, under the action of frost by night and melting snow by day. It lies imbedded in the side of the mountain, with one side and end projected and overhanging deep, terrible gorges, and it is at the corner or junction of these two faces that the ridge joined it at a point about a thousand feet below its top. On the Southern face

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the strata were inclined at an angle of thirty degrees. Crossing by the saddle from the ridge, despite a strong wind which swept across it, we gained a narrow ledge formed by a stratum more solid than its fellows, and creeping along it, hugging close to the main rock on our right, laboriously and cautiously continued the ascent. The wind was blowing violently. We were now crawling along the face of the precipice almost in mid-air. On the right the rock towered far above us perpendicularly. On the left it fell sheer off, two thousand feet, into a vast abyss. A great glacier filled its bed and stretched away for several miles, seamed or wrinkled across with countless crevasses. We crept up and along a ledge, not of solid, sure rock, but one obstructed with loose stones and debris which were continually falling from above, and we trod on the upper edge of a steep slope of this rubbish, sending the stones at every step rolling and bounding into the depth below. Several times during our progress showers of rock fell from the precipice above across our path, and rolled into the abyss but fortunately none struck us.

Four hundred yards of this progress brought us to where the rock joined the overhanging edge of the vast *neve* or snow-field that descended from the dome of the mountain, and was from time to time, as pressed forward and downward, breaking off in immense masses, which fell with a noise of thunder into the great canyon on our left. The junction of rock and ice afforded our only line of ascent. It was an almost perpendicular gutter, but here our ice-axe came into play, and by cutting steps in the ice and availing ourselves of every crevice or projecting point of rock, we slowly worked our way up two hundred yards higher. Falling stones were continually coming down, both from the rock on our right and from the ice in front, as it melted and relaxed its hold on them. Mr. Van Trump was hit by a small one, and another struck his staff from his hands. Abandoning the rock, then, at the earliest practicable point, we ascended directly up the ice, cutting steps for a short distance, until we reached ice so corrugated, or drawn up in short pinnacles, as to afford a foothold. These folds or pinnacles were about two or three feet high, and half as thick, and stood close together. It was

like a very violent chop sea, only the waves were sharper. Up this safe footing we climbed rapidly, the side of the mountain becoming less and less steep, and the ice waves smaller and more regular, and, after ascending about three hundred yards, stood fairly upon the broad dome of mighty Takhoma. It rose before us like a broad, gently swelling headland of dazzling white, topped with black, where the rocky summit projected above the neve. Ascending diagonally towards the left, we continued our course. The snow was hard and firm under foot, crisp and light for an inch or two, but solidified into ice a foot or less beneath the surface. The whole field was covered with the ice-waves already described, and intersected by a number of crevasses which we crossed at narrow places without difficulty. About half way up the slope, we encountered one from eight to twenty feet wide and of profound depth. The most beautiful vivid emerald green color seemed to fill the abyss, the reflection of the bright sunlight from side to side of its pure ice walls. The upper side or wall of the crevasses was some twelve feet above the lower, and in places overhanging it, as though the snow-field on the lower side had bodily settled down a dozen feet. Throwing a bight of the rope around a projecting pinnacle on the upper side we climbed hand over hand and thus effected a crossing. We are now obliged to travel slowly, with frequent rests. In that rare atmosphere, after taking seventy or eighty steps, our breath would be gone, our muscles grow tired and strained, and we experienced all the sensations of extreme fatigue. An instant's pause, however, was sufficient to recover strength and breath, and we would start again. The wind, which we had not felt while climbing the steepest part of the mountain, now again blew furiously and we began to suffer from the cold. Our course—directed still diagonally towards the left, thus shunning the severe exertion of climbing straight up the dome, although at an ordinary altitude the slope would be deemed easy—brought us first to the Southwest peak. This is a long, exceedingly sharp, narrow ridge, springing out from the main dome for a mile into mid-air. The ridge affords not over ten or twelve feet of foothold on top, and the sides descend almost vertically. On the right side the snow lay firm and smooth



MT. TACOMA-RAINIER, VIEWED FROM NEAR PRESENT ENTRANCE TO RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

for a few feet on top, and then descended in a steep, unbroken sheet, like an immense flowing curtain between the Southern and Northern peaks, and which is inclosed by them as by two mighty arms. The snow on the top and left crest of the ridge was broken into high, sharp pinnacles, with cracks and fissures extending to the rocks a few feet below. The left side, too steep for the snow to lie on, was vertical, bare rock. The wind blew so violently that we were obliged to brace ourselves with our Alpine staffs and use great caution to guard against being swept off the ridge. We threw ourselves behind the pinnacles or into the cracks every seventy steps, for rest and shelter against the bitter, piercing wind. Hastening forward in this way along the dizzy, narrow and precarious ridge, we reached at length the highest point. Sheltered behind a pinnacle of ice we rested a moment, took out our flags and fastened them upon the Alpine staffs and then, standing erect in the furious blast, waved them in triumph with three cheers. We stood a moment upon that narrow summit, bracing ourselves against the tempest to view the prospect. The whole country was shrouded in a dense sea of smoke, above which the mountain towered two thousand feet in the clear, cloudless ether. A solitary peak far to the Southeast, doubtless Mount Adams, and one or two others in the extreme horizon, alone protruded above the pall. On every side of the mountain were deep gorges falling off precipitously thousands of feet, and from these the thunderous sound of avalanches would rise occasionally. Far below were the wide-extended glaciers already described. The wind was now a perfect tempest, and bitterly cold; smoke and mist were flying about the base of the mountain, half hiding, half revealing its gigantic outlines; and the whole scene was sublimely awful.

It was now five P. M. We had spent eleven hours of unremitting toil in making the ascent, and, thoroughly fatigued, and chilled by the cold, bitter gale, we saw ourselves obliged to pass the night on the summit without shelter or food, except our meager lunch. It would have been impossible to descend the mountain before nightfall, and sure destruction to attempt it in darkness. We concluded to return to a mass of rocks not

far below and there pass the night as best we could, burrowing in the loose debris.

The middle peak of the mountain, however, was evidently highest, and we determined to first visit it. Retracing our steps along the narrow crest of Peak Success, as we named the scene of our triumph, we crossed an intervening depression in the dome, and ascended the middle peak, about a mile distant and two hundred feet higher than Peak Success. Climbing over a rocky ridge which crowns the summit, we found ourselves within a circular crater two hundred yards in diameter, filled with a solid bed of snow and inclosed with a rim of rocks projecting above the snow all around. As we were crossing the crater on the snow, Van Trump detected the odor of sulphur, and the next instant numerous jets of steam and smoke were observed issuing from the crevices of the rocks which formed the rim on the Northern side. Never was a discovery more welcome! Hastening forward we both exclaimed, as we warmed our chilled and benumbed extremities over one of Pluto's fires, that here we would pass the night, secure against freezing to death, at least. These jets were from the size of that of a large steampipe to a faint, scarcely perceptible emission, and issued all along the rim among the loose rocks on the Northern side for more than half the circumference of the crater. At intervals they would puff up more strongly, and the smoke would collect in a cloud until blown aside and scattered by the wind, and then their force would abate for a time.

A deep cavern, extending into and under the ice, and formed by the action of heat, was found. Its roof was a dome of brilliant green ice with long icicles pendent from it, while its floor, composed of the rocks and debris which formed the side of the crater, descended at an angle of thirty degrees. Forty feet within its mouth we built a wall of stones, inclosing a space five by six feet around a strong jet of steam and heat. Unlike the angular, broken rocks met with elsewhere, within the crater we found well-rounded bowlders and stones of all sizes worn as smooth by the tritulation of the crater as by the action of water. Nowhere, however, did we observe any new lava or other evidences of recent volcanic action excepting

these issues of steam and smoke. Inclosed within the rude shelter thus hastily constructed, we discussed our future prospects while we ate our lunch and warmed ourselves at our natural register. The heat at the orifice was too great to bear for more than an instant, but the steam wet us, the smell of sulphur was nauseating, and the cold was so severe that our clothes, saturated with the steam, froze stiff when turned away from the heated jet. The wind outside roared and whistled, but it did not much effect us, secure within our cavern, except when an occasional gust came down perpendicularly. However, we passed a most miserable night, freezing on one side, and in a hot steam-sulphur bath on the other.

The dawn at last slowly broke, cold and gray. The tempest howled still wilder. As it grew light, dense masses of driven mist went sweeping by overhead and completely hid the sun, and enveloped the mountain so as to conceal objects scarce a hundred feet distant. We watched and waited with great anxiety, fearing a storm which might detain us there for days without food or shelter or, worse yet, snow, which would render the descent more perilous, or most likely impossible. And when, at nine o'clock A. M., an occasional rift in the driving mist gave a glimpse of blue sky, we made haste to descend. First, however, I deposited the brass plate inscribed with our names in a cleft in a large bowlder on the highest summit—a huge mound of rocks on the East side of our crater of refuge, which we named Crater Peak—placed the canteens alongside, and covered it with a large stone. I was then literally freezing in the cold, piercing blast, and was glad to hurry back to the crater, breathless and benumbed.

We left our den of refuge at length, after exercising violently to start the blood through our limbs, and in attempting to pass around the rocky summit, discovered a second crater, larger than the first, perhaps three hundred yards in diameter. It is circular, filled with a bed of snow, with a rocky rim all around and numerous jets of steam issuing from the rocks on the Northern side. Both craters were inclined—the first to the West and the latter to the East, with a much steeper inclination, about thirty degrees. The rim of the second crater is higher, or the snow-field inside lower, than that of

the first, and upon the East side rises in a rocky wall thirty feet above the snow within. From the summit we obtained a view of the Northern peak, still partially enveloped in the driving mist. It appeared about a mile distant, several feet lower than the center peak, and separated from it by a deeper, more abrupt depression or gap than that separating Crater and Success Peaks. Like the latter, too, it is a sharp, narrow ridge springing out from the main mountain, and swept bare of snow on its summit by the wind. The weather was still too threatening, the glimpses of the sun and sky through the thick, flying scud, were too few and fugitive to warrant us in visiting this peak, which we named Peak Takhoma to perpetuate the Indian name of the mountain.

Our route back was the same as on the ascent. At the steepest and most perilous point in descending the steep gutter where we had been forced to cut steps in the ice, we fastened one end of the rope as securely as possible to a projecting rock and lowered ourselves down by it as far as it reached, thereby passing the place with comparative safety. We were forced to abandon the rope here, having no means of unfastening it from the rock above. We reached the foot of the rocky ledge or ridge, where the real difficulties and dangers of the ascent commenced, at 1:30 P. M., four and a half hours after leaving the crater. We had been seven and a half hours in ascending from this point to the summit of Peak Success, and in both cases we toiled hard and lost no time.

We now struck out rapidly and joyfully for camp. When nearly there Van Trump, in attempting to descend a snow bank without his creepers, which he had taken off for greater ease in walking, fell, shot like lightning forty feet down the steep incline, and struck among some loose rocks at its foot with such force as to rebound several feet into the air; his face and hands were badly skinned and he received some severe bruises and a deep wide gash upon his thigh. Fortunately the camp was not far distant, and thither with great pain and very slowly he managed to hobble. Once there, I soon started a blazing fire, made coffee and roasted choice morsels of a marmot, Sluiskin having killed and dressed four of these animals during our absence. Their flesh, like the badger's, is ex-

tremely muscular and tough, and has a strong, disagreeable, doggy odor.

Toward the close of our repast, we observed the Indian approaching with his head down, and walking slowly and wearily as though tired by a long tramp. He raised his head as he came nearer and, seeing us for the first time, stopped short, gazed long and fixedly, and then slowly drew near, eyeing us closely the while, as if to see whether we were real flesh and blood or disembodied ghosts fresh from the evil demon of Takhoma. He seemed both astonished and delighted to find us safe back, and kept repeating that we were strong men and had brave hearts: "Skookum tilicum, skookum tumtum." He expected never to see us again, he said, and had resolved to start for Olympia to report our destruction.

The weather was still raw and cold. A dense cloud overhung and shrouded the triple crown of Takhoma and made us rejoice at our timely descent. The scanty shelter afforded by the few balsam firs about our camp had been destroyed by the fire, and the situation was terribly exposed to the chilly and piercing wind that blew from the great ice-fields. Van Trump, however, was too badly hurt to think of moving that night. Heating some large stones we placed them at our feet, and closely wrapped in our blankets slept soundly upon the open ground, although we awoke in the morning benumbed and chilled.

We found many fresh tracks and signs of the mountain-sheep upon the snow-fields, and hair and wool rubbed off upon the rocks, and places where they had lain at night. The mountain sheep of Takhoma is much larger than the common goat and is found only upon the loftiest and most secluded peaks of the Cascade Range. Even Sluiskin, a skillful hunter and accustomed to the pursuit of this animal for years, failed to kill one, notwithstanding he hunted assiduously during our entire stay upon the mountain three days. Sluiskin was greatly chagrined at his failure and promised to bring each of us a sheep-skin the following summer, a promise which he faithfully fulfilled.

The glacial system of Takhoma is stupendous. The mountain is really the grand focal center and summit of a region

larger than Massachusetts, and the five large rivers which water this region all find their sources in its vast glaciers. They are the Cowlitz, which empties into the Columbia; the White, Puyallup and Nisqually Rivers, which empty into Puget Sound, sixty, forty and twelve miles, respectively, North of Olympia; and the Wenass, which flows Eastward through the range and empties into the Yakima, which joins the Columbia four hundred miles above its mouth. These are all large streams from seventy to a hundred miles in length. The White, Puyallup and Cowlitz Rivers are each navigable for steamboats for some thirty miles and like the Nisqually show their glacial origin by their white and turbid water, which indeed gives the former its name.

The Southwestern sides of the mountain furnish the glaciers which form the sources of the Nisqually, and one of these, Sluiskin Falls, has been already described. The Nisqually glacier issues from the deep abyss overhung by the vast rock along the face of which our route of ascent lay, and extends in a narrow and somewhat crooked canyon for two miles. The ice at its extermity rises in an abrupt wall five hundred feet high, and a noisy torrent pours out with great force from beneath. This feature is characteristic of every glacier. The main Cowlitz glacier issues from the Southeast side, just to the right of our ridge of ascent. Its head fills a deep gorge at the foot of the Eastern front or face of the great mass of rock just referred to, and the Southern face of which overhangs the main Nisqually glacier. Thus the heads of these glaciers are separated only by this great rock, and are probably not more than a mile apart, while their mouths are three miles apart. Several smaller glaciers serve to swell the waters of the Cowlitz. In like manner the glaciers from the Western side form the Puyallup, and those from the Northern and Northwestern sides the White River. The principal White River glacier is nearly ten miles long, and its width is from two to four miles. Its depth or the thickness of its ice must be thousands of feet. Streams and rivulets under the heat of the sun flow down its surface until swallowed by the crevasses, and a lakelet of deep blue water an eighth of a mile in diameter has been observed upon the solid ice. Pouring down from the mountain, the ice

by its immense weight and force has gouged out a mass upon the Northeastern side a mile in thickness. The geological formation of Takhoma poorly resists the corroding power of these mighty glaciers, for it seems to be composed not of solid rock but of a basaltic conglomerate in strata, as though the volcanic action had burst through and rent in pieces some earlier basaltic outflow, and had heaped up this vast pile from the fragments in successive strata. On every side the mountain is slowly disintegrating.

What other peaks can offer to scientific examinations or to the admiration of tourists fourteen living glaciers of such magnitude, issuing from every side, or such grandeur, beauty, and variety of scenery?

At daylight we broke up our camp at Sluiskin's Falls, and moved slowly, on account of Van Trump's hurt, down the ridge about five miles to Clear Creek, where we again regaled ourselves upon a hearty repast of marmots or "raw dog," as Van Trump styled them in derision both of the viand and the cooking. I was convinced from the lay of the country that Clear Creek flowed into the Nisqually, or was, perhaps, the main stream itself and that the most direct and feasible route back to Bear Prairie would be found by following down the valley of these streams to the trail leading from the Nisqually to Bear Prairie. Besides, it was evidently impossible for Van Trump, in his bruised and injured state, to retrace our rough route over the mountains. Leaving him as comfortable as possible with all our scanty stock of marmots and flour, sufficient to last him nearly a week in case of need, I started immediately after dinner, with Sluskin leading the way, to explore this new route. The Indian had opposed the attempt strenuously, insisting with much urgency that the stream flowed through canyons impossible for us to traverse. He now gradually veered away from the course of the stream, until ere long he was leading directly up the steep mountain range upon our former route, when I called him back peremptorily and kept him in the rear for a little distance. Traveling through open timber, over ground rapidly descending, we came at the end of two miles to where the stream is hemmed in between one of the long ridges or spurs from Takhoma and the high mountain chain

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on the South. The stream, receiving many affluents on both sides, its clear waters soon discolored by the yeasty glacial torrents, here loses its peaceful flow and for upwards of three miles rushes furiously down a narrow, broken and rocky bed in a succession of falls and cascades of great picturesque beauty. With much toil and difficulty we picked our way over a wide "talus" of huge, broken granite blocks and boulders, along the foot of a vast mountain of solid granite on the South side of the river, until near the end of the defile, then crossed the stream and soon after encountered a still larger branch coming from the North, direct from Takhoma, the product, doubtless, of the glaciers on the Southern and Southwestern sides. Fording this branch just above its confluence with the other, we followed the general course of the river, now unmistakably the Nisqually, for about four miles; then leaving it, we struck off nearly South through the forest for three miles; and emerged upon the Bear Prairie. The distance was about thirteen miles from where we left Van Trump, and we were only six hours in traveling it, while it took seventeen hours of terribly severe work to make the mountain route under Sluiskin's guidance.

Without his help on the shorter route, too, it would have taken me more than twice the time it did. For the manner in which, after entering the defile of the Nisqually, Sluiskin again took the lead and proceeded in a direct and unhesitating course, securing every advantage of the ground, availing himself of the wide rocky bars along the river, crossing and recrossing the milky flood which rushed along with terrific swiftness and fury and occasionally forcing his way through the thick timber and underbrush in order to cut out wide bends of the river, and at length leaving it and striking boldly through the forest to Bear Prairie, proved him familiar with every foot of the country. His objections to the route evidently arose from the jealousy so common with his people for further exploration of the country by the whites. As long as they kept within the limits already known and explored they are faithful and indefatigable guides, but they invariably interpose every obstacle their ingenuity can suggest to deter the adventurous mountaineer from exposing the few last hidden recesses that remain unexplored.

Mr. Coleman was found safe in camp, and seemed too glad to see us to think of reproaching us for our summary abandonment. He said that in attempting to follow us he climbed up so precipitous a place that, encumbered with his heavy pack, he could neither advance nor recede. He was compelled, therefore, to throw off the pack, which rolled to the very bottom of the mountain, and being thus delivered of his necessary outfit, he was forced to return to camp. He had been unable to find his pack, but having come across some cricketer's spikes among his remaining effects, he was resolved to continue his trip to, and make the ascent of Rainier by himself; he had just completed his preparations and especially had deposited on top of the lofty mountain which overlooks the prairie two caches, or stores, of provisions.

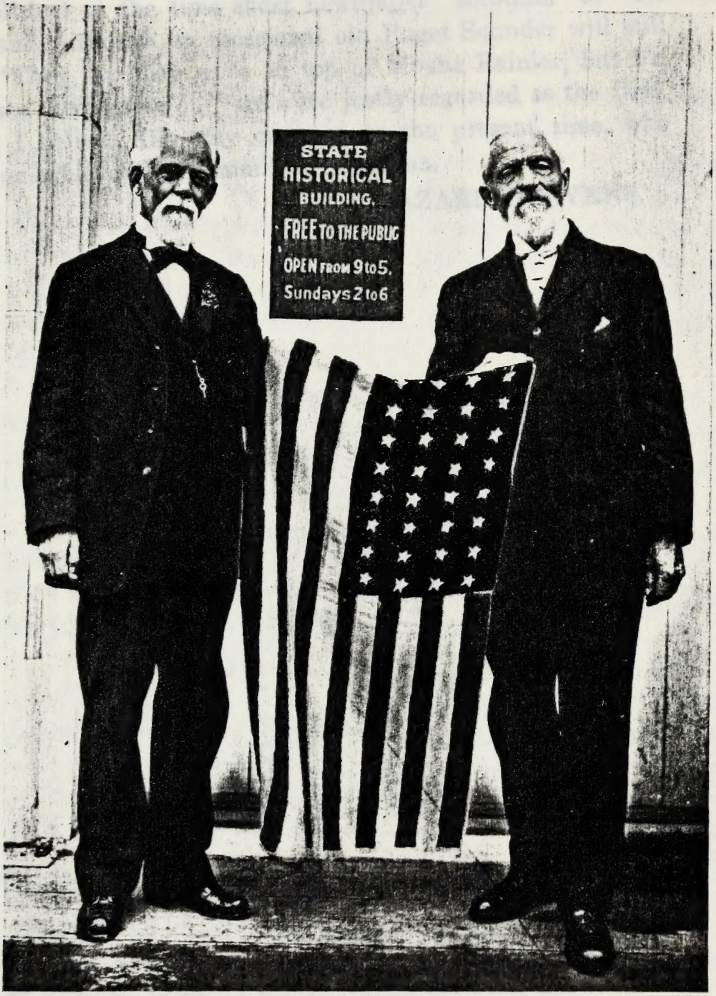
At daylight next morning, Sluiskin, with his little boy riding one of his own ponies, himself riding our little calico-colored pack horse, now well rested and saucy, started back for Van Trump, with directions to meet us at the trail on the Nisqually. A heavy, drizzling rain set in soon afterwards. Mr. Coleman, who had gone early to bring in the contents of his mountain-top caches, returned about noon with a very small bundle and, packing our traps upon Sluiskin's other pony, we moved over to the rendezvous, pitched Coleman's large gum-sheet as a partial shelter, made a rousing fire and tried to be comfortable. Late in the afternoon the pony set up a violent neighing, and in a few minutes Van Trump and Sluskin with his little boy behind him, rode up, drenched to the skin. By following the bed of the river, frequently crossing and recrossing, the Indian managed to ride to the very foot of the Nisqually defile, when, leaving the horses in his boy's care, he hastened to Van Trump and carefully led and assisted him down. Despite the pain of his severe hurts, the latter was much amused at Sluskin's account of our trip, and of finding Mr. Coleman safe in camp making tea, and for long after would repeat as an excellent joke Sluskin's remark on passing the point where he had attempted to mislead me, "Skookum tenas man hiyu goddam."

We sent the horses back by the Indian to Bear Prairie for grass, there being no indications of the rain ceasing. The storm

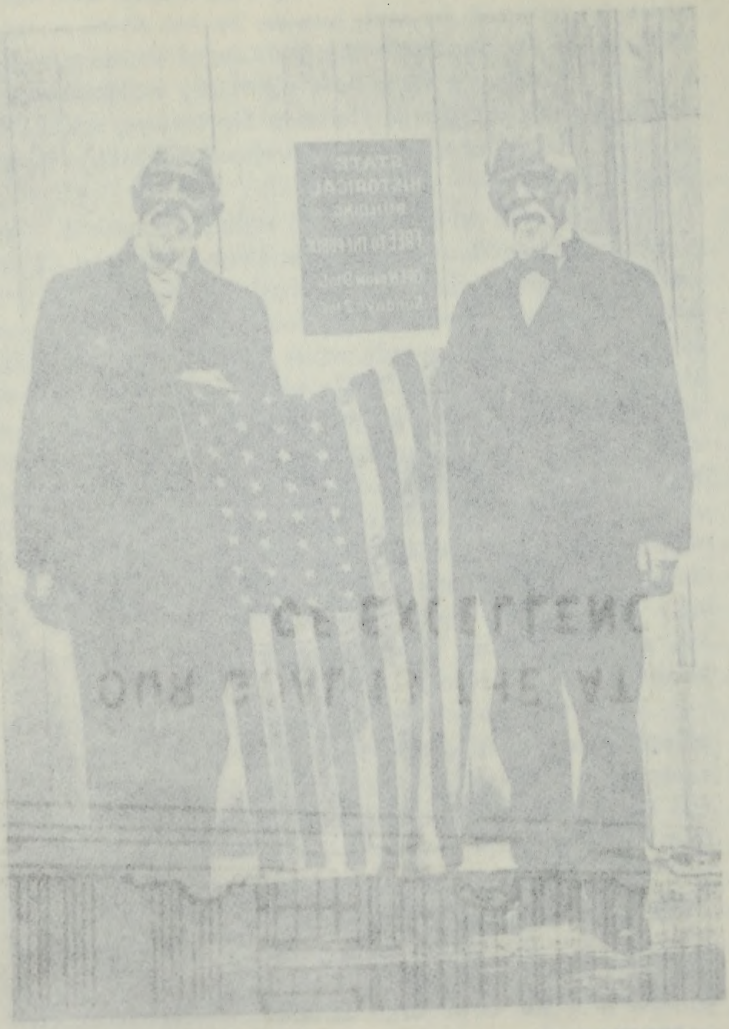
lasted three days, during which we remained sheltered beneath the gumsheet as far as possible, and endeavored to counteract the rain by heaping up our fire in front. About eight o'clock on the second morning, Sluiskin reported himself with our horse, which he returned, he said, because he was about to return to his lodge on the Cowlitz, being destitute of shelter and food for his family on Bear Prairie. He vigorously replenished the fire, declined breakfast, jeered Coleman for turning back, although probably the latter did not comprehend his broken lingo, and departed.

Sluiskin was an original and striking character. Leading a solitary life of hardship amidst these wilds, yet of unusual native intelligence, he had contrived, during rare visits to the settlements, to acquire the Chinook jargon, besides a considerable stock of English words, while his fund of general information was really wonderful. He was possessed of a shrewd sarcastic wit, and making no pretense to the traditional gravity of his race, did not scruple to use it freely. Yet, beneath this, he cherished a high sense of pride and personal independence. Although of the blood of the numerous and powerful Yakimas, who occupied the country just East of the Cascades, he disdained to render allegiance to them, or any tribe, and undoubtedly regarded the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, or even the great father at Washington himself, with equally contemptuous indifference.

As the last rays of the sun one warm, drowsy summer afternoon were falling aslant the shady streets of Olympia, Mr. Longmire's well-worn family carry-all, drawn by two fat, grass-fed horses, came rattling down the main street at a most unusual pace for them; two bright flags attached to Alpine staffs, one projecting from each door, fluttered gaily overhead, while the occupants of the carriage looked eagerly forth to catch the first glimpse of welcoming friends. We returned after our tramp of two hundred and forty miles with visages tanned and sun-scorched and with forms as lean and gaunt as greyhounds, and were received and lionized to the full, like veterans returning from an arduous and glorious campaign. For days afterward, in walking along the smooth and level pavements, we felt a strong impulse to step high, as though still striding over the



STEVENS AND VAN TRUMP WITH FLAG THEY CARRIED
TO TOP OF MT. TACOMA-RAINIER



STEVENS AND VAN TRUMP WITH FLAG THEY CARRIED TO TOP OF MT. TACOMA-RAINIER

innumerable fallen logs and boughs of the forest, and for weeks our appetites were a source of astonishment to our friends and somewhat mortifying to ourselves. More than two months elapsed before Mr. Van Trump fully recovered from his hurts. We published at the time short newspaper accounts of the ascent, and, although an occasional old Puget Sounder will still growl, "They say they went on top of Mount Rainier, but I'd like to see them prove it," we were justly regarded as the first, and, as I believe, the only ones up to the present time, who have ever achieved the summit of Takhoma.

HAZARD STEVENS.

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HAZARD STEVENS.

CHAPTER II.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

PREPARED AND READ BY REV. P. F. HYLEBOS.

Tacoma, the monarch of mountains, to the student unfolds an object lesson of nature's perfect work; to the artist it pictures a bright landscape of unsurpassed beauty; to the emigrant just arriving on the wave washed shores of Puget Sound, it portrays a mighty king robed in the ermine of perpetual snow, crowned with the golden rays of the sun, and sublimely reigning over the wealthy woods, the rich valleys and plains of Washington; to the native born son of the forest it answers the idea of a god.

On clear days it seems to be three or four miles away from the City which bears its name, but in reality the distance is sixty miles and its height being 14,528 feet, it can be seen for over one hundred miles away.

Near its base Douglas fir abounds, many of the trees growing to a height of two hundred feet, or even more, and they are interspersed with dozens of mineral springs whose temperature ranges from fifty to ninety degrees.

The weary mountaineer who climbs its rugged sides gets an occasional peep at the mountain goats and finds an abundance of wild flowers, botanists having gathered and classified over four hundred varieties, and at the same time his astonished eye is struck with the not uncommon vision of numerous glaciers between beautiful parks and valleys. At a height of seven thousand feet, timber gives way to perpetual snow, and as the glaciers descend from the snow fields, they present all the characteristics of those of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and their precipitous crevasses are as striking and as worthy of close study as those of Mount Blanc or Monta Rosa groups.

The combination of ice scenery with woodland scenery of the grandest type, is to be found nowhere in the world, unless it be in the Himalayas, and although fairly well acquainted with the many mountains of the new world, I dare say the American

Continent offers nowhere such a wonderful structure of nature's grandest and most awe-inspiring accomplishments.

Last among these we must mention an immense crater in which there are steam jets still showing the heat of an extinct volcano that must have been in full eruption in the far back ages of the past. With the use of a rope one hundred feet long, this crater was recently measured. It was found to be one thousand six hundred feet from East to West and one thousand four hundred and fifty feet from North to South.

Sometimes clouds of steam spouting forth from it, can still be seen many miles away, and it is the heat of this steam that makes lichens grow at the crater's rim, whilst two different species of mosses find warm lodgment on the many surrounding volcanic rocks that serve to tell the last tale of bygone volcanic eruptions. Geologists and mountain climbers of note, after a weary day's journey, have spent a restful night in the temperate mouth of the crater, and felt perfectly safe.

As already mentioned, this beatiful Mount Tacoma, the white robed king of all the primeval attractions of the wild and unsettled Northern Pacific Coast, was once worshipped by the Indians, for they thought it was God. They often visited the mountain and marvelled much at nature's rare and varied beautiful display, through which they passed as they ascended its vast acclivities. The grandeur of all they saw was an inspiration to them. There were clusters of trees which they claimed were planted by the hands of unseen smaller gods, so orderly were they set out; the song of the water-falls here seemed sweeter to them than the music of their tamanwas, or Indian sorcerers; the lakes were calmer; the foliage was of a more delicate shape and the brighest colors; the ferns were much taller here and more graceful; the small but very numerous meadows were carpeted in the deepest green and interwoven with dainty flowers and coyly rising buds. No wonder that as they traveled toward the lofty peak they thought they walked in Paradise. Surely God had worked hard to beautify His home, such was the natural conclusion of these wild children of the forest.

Many, many snows have fallen since, but one day, the Indians say, this god grew angry and his wrath showed tongues

of fire, which ignited an immense fir forest on the Southwest side of the mountain, and nothing was left when the flames died away but a bleak strip of land where later blue grass and bunches of flowers grew, and this changed the original forest into blue prairie. This extensive prairie the natives named the land of peace, the home of quiet and of rest, where all wickedness must cease, where murder or theft must never be committed, where one must be good no matter how bad he was before entering this land, because it was cleared by the fire of this god's tongue. Even Indians deserving the greatest punishment for the worst of crimes would be sent here by their chiefs to meditate upon their sinful and evil deeds, with strict orders not to return unless they vow to their mountain god that if they ever visited this happy land again they would come back not dirty with badness but covered with deeds of the brave. The Indian custom was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but when the blood culprit took refuge in this place of peace, his soul was cleansed of crime and he was freed from the revenge of his fellow men. All contentions ceased upon entering and even the warrior laid down his arms before he crossed its border, to take them up again on his return, for none would ever dare to steal them during his absence.

Connected with this place was one of the strangest coincidences that, I guess, was ever heard of in Indian traditions. No Indian would venture beyond this plain, because he was sure that there dwelt the evil spirit, and it was claimed that he could be both felt and seen.

Beyond the place of peace, so ran an old Indian legend, was a steep perpendicular rock in which was a great crevice and from it flowed milk that was not milk, as the old Indian described it to me. You could catch it, said they, and you would not have it; again you could catch it, and you would not have it. You would always catch it and you would never have it. It would run swiftly between your fingers as it was very heavy. I am inclined to think that the liquid that flowed from the mountain crevice was most probably quicksilver, which may be found some future day, but no one has as yet explored the place. Indians dare not venture there alone, neither will they point it out to a white man, for they fear to even mention the fact

of the existence of this place, because it is the home of the devil, and great evil might befall them as a punishment for talking too much. To the questioner they close ears and mouth, quickly turn their backs, and leave him as wise as he was in the beginning.

Surely the foregoing legends indicate that our aborigines had formed a queer conception of God, and a strange picture of the evil one.

But ever by his side he felt the power of the Great Spirit, who dwelt on Mount Tacoma, watching, guiding and protecting him or leading him to destruction. He knew not how to worship him, and his dark untutored mind could only picture him in things that were either most beautiful or extremely terrifying or altogether beyond the reach of his hands or mind.

Our natives always had an enduring faith in a supreme being, fearing punishment for evil-doing and expecting reward for their bravery.

They believed that those who lived a wicked life would be transformed after death into an animal whose habits corresponded with their own mode of living. If they indulged in laziness, treachery, theft or murder, they would be transformed into such animals as a pig, a bear, or a snake. Those who fought for the defense of their hunting ground or the rights of their fellow men would be rewarded by living the after life in the shape of a small yellow bird, which was the idol of nearly all the tribes living North of the Columbia River. The braver their lives the more beautiful would be their plumage, and the sweeter their song. It was considered a great crime to kill this bird, and often when the young Indian wandered away alone for the first time with his bow and arrows to try his aim, and brought back the yellow whistler, cold in death, he was not praised for his straight shot, but severely punished, and his waywardness was the indication of a black future before him. But while the young Indians were encouraged to protect the favored yellow bird, they were as strongly impressed with the obligation of killing a species of lizards very common on this Coast. These animals were supposed to breathe jealousy and dissension wherever they happened to roam. Whilst talking on this Indian topic, allow me to relate to you a few more of their relig-

ious notions in regard to the hereafter. The souls of great chiefs were supposed to inhabit the bodies of large eagles, while the cruel head men would be seen after death prowling around the forest in the form of panthers and cougars, which, by the way, were very numerous in early days all through the virgin forests bordering on Puget Sound.

Squaws, too, suffered in the life hereafter and their whining, painful voices were heard of a cold winter night moaning in the plaintive hymns which sounded through the branches of the fir trees, as the Northern winds blew their stiffening cold breath over the forests of the Pacific slope. When a squaw was buried it was thought that she might become a man in the next life, if she had been very good at skinning the game that the warriors brought to camp, or in drying and smoking their provisions of camas roots and salmon. But woe to her if she had failed in any of her wigwam duties, for then there was nothing left for her in the next world but to be a miserable slave amongst the neighboring tribes of her Indian enemies.

I commenced by giving you a white man's idea of the grandeur of Mount Tacoma—that naturally brought to your mind the very pertinent question: What is the Indian's idea of the mountain? I have described as I could the superstitious ideas of the Indians in regard to it. This led me to give you some further insight into the superstitions of our Northern tribes which may more or less correspond with these of the tribes you yourselves are teaching, and now I will conclude by revising the superstitions of some white men in regard to this mountain. As you are teachers of the Indian schools all over the country, tell your scholars of the white man's superstition when he called this mountain Rainier instead of Tacoma, as the Indians always did. I do not think it out of place to explain here the meaning of the name, Tacoma.

Out in the West we are explorers, and the Indians were explorers before us. The word Tacoma is not a word used by French, Spanish or Portuguese explorers, but amongst the Puyallup or the Klickitat explorers, amongst the natives of this country, it is a word as common as "Pa" and "Ma" amongst the whites. Rainier is a white man's foreign superstition, which some of our neighbors have welcomed in their jealous

bosoms. The natives of this country give the name of Tacoma to that immense pile of snow that towers over the balance of the Cascade Range. Let me explain this more fully: "Ta" in their mother tongue is somewhat of a prefix and when placed before an adjective it makes the superlative degree of that adjective. When the Indians speak of beings or objects which they want to compare and wish to point out the largest, the highest or the best of the objects they are comparing, they will put the prefix, "ta," before its name. When a Puyallup Indian sees a band of ki-uten (that is, of horses) he points out the largest one of the group by saying "ta-kiuten." In the Puyallup language the word "co" means water; and the word "ma" means frozen. The two words joined together mean frozen water, and as the Indian vocabulary is not always rich, they also mean ice, snow, because these, after all, are nothing but frozen water. And so, when the Puyallup looks at the Cascade Range, he hails each one of these piles of snow that compose it "homa," pronouncing the "h" with a guttural sound, or with a hawk, simply with the assistance of a little throat pressure. We cannot do it, we say "coma." Pointing his finger to the highest heap of snow, which he considers the home of the deity, he calls it "Tahoma;" and hence naturally enough the beautiful name of Mount Tacoma. You may press our throats, but we will never say Mount Rainier.

CHAPTER III.

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO THE INDIAN NAMES OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN, CONDUCTED BY MR. BENJAMIN L. HARVEY, OF TACOMA, IN 1908.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Tacoma, Washington.

SIR:—In reply to your letter of February 15:

You will understand that, being a resident of neither Seattle nor Tacoma, I have no personal interest in continuing the present discussion concerning the name of America's noblest mountain. I wish, however, to direct your attention to certain facts which influence me in the position I have taken. First, let me call your notice to the fact that you find no trouble in using the name of Captain Puget although your pen stumbles over the name of Admiral Rainier. As I understand it, both were Englishmen with the same prejudices and much the same training. Nor would I expect you to object to the name given to the sister volcano in Whatcom County, namely, Mount Baker. This by way of introduction to the real argument I wish to submit to you, which I believe is rather new and possibly not even in the repertoire of the average Seattle boomer.

In 1901, I was in charge of the investigation of the Northwestern boundary of the United States and of your State between Osoyoos Lake and Puget Sound and in the course of this investigation, I made use of the old boundary map, which had not been published, but of which I had secured photographs from the State Department. On those old maps, which antedated much of the settlement of your State, the prominent geographic features—rivers, lakes and mountains—were given both the English names and the old Indian names, in many cases only the Indian names, since the country was then comparatively unknown to white men. Now the interesting fact is that Mount Baker was given not only this English name but the old Indian name as well of Ta-ho-ma. In other words, the Indians applied this name, which, as you know, signifies The Great Mountain, not only to the mountain which so beautifully looms up above your own city, but also to the mountain somewhat similar in general appearance, in the Northern part of your State and very likely to others of the volcanic cones in Washington. The fact is that the Siwash would speak of the largest mountain in his immediate vicinity as "the mountain" just as the Tacoma man will today refer to "the mountain," meaning Mount Rainier, whereas in the vicinity of the Nooksak, you will hear the ranchman designating Mount Baker as "the mountain." The name Ta-ho-ma or Tacoma, as applied to a mountain, thus having no distinctive value, it was necessarily abandoned and the more distinctive

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names of Baker and Rainier have been applied to the mountains that are so well worth naming.

As a member of an organization devoted to exact geographic work, I am compelled to stand for the authoritative name of Rainier, which is supported by the Board of Geographic Names, which in turn bears the stamp of approval of President Roosevelt, to whom your letter refers in this connection.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE OTIS SMITH, *Director.*

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HEIGHTS, MAY 5, 1908.

Mr. George Otis Smith, Director United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.:

SIR:—Please allow me to thank you for your very interesting letter of February 28th in regard to the name "Mount Tacoma."

It is always good to have both sides of a question presented and you will of course understand that there is no personal feeling so far as I am concerned in regard to this name. I was very much pleased to receive your letter. If you could send me the date of the map you mention it would be of much interest.

I have gone to some trouble in trying to get evidence in regard to this name and the enclosed copies of letters may interest you.

As to the meaning of the Indian word "Ta-ho-ma" and the application of the word "Regnier:"

There is a question whether or not the Indians applied this word "Ta-ho-ma" promiscuously. Colonel C. P. Ferry, an old resident of this section, says they did not and that to say that they did is a mistake. Professor W. H. Gilstrap, Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, says: "Ta-co-bid," "Ta-ho-ma," and "Tacoma" are not generic terms which may be applied indiscriminately to any high or snow-covered mountain. They are simply the different forms as given by the different families or tribes of the Indian name for Mount Tacoma and are notably the name of one mountain, as "Pah-too" is for Mount Adams, "Seuq" of Saint Helens, "Kulshan" of Baker and "Wyeast" of Hood.

You state that we do not object to the use of English words as applied to other natural features of this State. As a matter of fact, it is my belief that it would be much better to apply all the old Indian names to those objects, and particularly when the name of an Englishman who may have fought against the American Revolutionary cause is applied to anything in this State, named after General George Washington. As my friend, the Honorable Francis W. Cushman, would say, when I write such words as for instance "P-p-p-u-g-g-e-t-t Sound," just see how the typewriter "stutters." I should say that it would be much better for this State to apply the old Indian name "Whulge" to the body of water we call the "Sound" instead of "Puget Sound." Also, I would much rather see the old In-

Mount Tacoma-Rainier

names of Baker and Rainier have been applied to the mountains that are so well worth naming.

As a member of an organization devoted to exact geographic work, I am compelled to stand for the authoritative name of Rainier, which is supported by the Board of Geographic Names, which in turn bears the stamp of approval of President Roosevelt, to whom your letter refers in this connection.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE OTIS SMITH, Director.

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HOTEL, MAY 8, 1909.

Mr. George Otis Smith, Director United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.:

SIR:—Please allow me to thank you for your very interesting letter of February 25th in regard to the name "Mount Tacoma."

It is always good to have both sides of a question presented and you will of course understand that there is no personal feeling so far as I am concerned in regard to this name. I was very much pleased to receive your letter. If you could send me the data of the map you mention it would be of much interest.

I have gone to some trouble in trying to get evidence in regard to this name and the enclosed copies of letters may interest you.

As to the meaning of the Indian word "Ta-ho-ma" and the application of the word "Tegahler."

There is a question whether or not the Indians applied this word "Ta-ho-ma" promiscuously. Colonel C. P. Terry, an old resident of this section, says they did not and that to any that they did is a mistake. Professor W. H. Gilbert, Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, says: "Ta-co-bid," "Ta-co-ma," and "Tacoma" are not generic terms which may be applied indiscriminately to any high or snow-covered mountain. They are simply the different forms as given by the different families or tribes of the Indian name for Mount Tacoma and are notably the name of one mountain, as "Pah-to" is for Mount Adams, "Seup" of Saint Helens, "Kelshus" of Baker and "Wyeast" of Hood.

You state that we do not object to the use of English words as applied to other natural features of this State. As a matter of fact, it is my belief that it would be much better to apply all the old Indian names to those objects, and particularly when the name of an Englishman who may have fought against the American Revolutionary cause is applied to anything in this State, named after General George Washington. As my friend the Honorable Francis W. Cushman, would say, when I write such words as for instance "P-u-g-e-t Sound," just see how the typewriter "stutters." I should say that it would be much better for this State to apply the old Indian name "Whulge" to the body of water we call the "Sound" instead of "Puget Sound." Also, I would much rather see the old In-

dian name, "Kulshan," applied to Mount Baker than the present official one. To Mount Adams I would apply the old Indian name of "Pah-too;" and so on. It seems to me, for instance, if instead of "Puget Sound," the official designation was the Indian word "Whulge," it would be much more distinctive and more historically correct. We have "Long Island Sound" and other "Sounds" in the East, but probably no other "Whulge." And it would make this section of our country distinctive and original in its names.

For the sake of argument, granting that the word, "Ta-ho-ma," means a "Great Mountain" or "Snow Mountain" and was applied to many other mountains, yet I can see no reason why, if "Kulshan" is applied to Mount Baker, "Pah-too" to Mount Adams, "Seuq" to Mount St. Helens, and so on, that there should be any lack of "distinctive value" as you suggest. (See "Beer Versus History"). By applying these old Indian names we forever fasten on this section of the American Union the spirit of the original inhabitants and owners of the land and throw over the State a pleasing spell of romance.

Did you know that this Old Oregon Country is the only part of the dominion of the United States over which a foreign flag has never lawfully waved in the breeze? Historically the present State of Washington is the most American of any section of the Union. Thus, in New England, French and British flags have waved. In California, Spanish flags have whipped the breeze. But here no flag of any nation has lawfully done this. The American Nation is the first lawful owner of this land among the civilized nations of the world.

Would it not be especially suitable and proper in this great State, named after the greatest American of them all, and which is more American than any other section of the country, insofar as its past ownership is concerned, to have only, as near as possible, original, local, American names for its greatest natural features?

In conclusion I might say that I have no English prejudices, as my ancestry is English.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJ. L. HARVEY.

BEER VERSUS HISTORY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS IN "OUT WEST MAGAZINE."

The established order is always strong—often too strong. We are all of us loath to give up Santa Claus and other amiable myths of childhood; all of us dislike—unless we are born with the broad English "a" in our mouths—to discover that by reason of its etymology the tomayto of our New England youth is properly tomatho. And when a stupid blunder becomes too long-radicated in us, we never will change, even though we know better.

Several thoughtful people have protested to the Lion concerning the effort of the Landmarks Club to have the inappropriate name of

Mount Rainier changed back to the original form, which the city now bears. This argument is:

"Tacoma" is not an Indian word, but a corruption. The Indian word is Ta-(h)-ho-ma. This means simply Snow Mountain and was applied to other white peaks by the same Indians.

Despite some lengthy letters these are the only arguments advanced.

Now in the United States there are thousands of geographical names derived from Indian languages. At least ninety per cent of them are far worse corruptions than Tacoma for Ta-(h)-ho-ma. For instance, to follow the proposed plan, "Niagara" would be spelled Nee-a-gah-ra; "Loyalsock" is as near as we get to Lawysaquik; "Long Tom" is our version of Lung-tum-ler; "Lehigh" is for Lechauwekink —and so on for thousands more. French and Spanish names have not fared any better at our hands. "Key West" is Cayo Heuso. "Loose" is l'Ours; "Picketwire" is for Purgatoire.

Obviously, the City of Tacoma is not a sinner above others. If we can come as close with the mountain, we shall do better than the average. Furthermore, the Landmarks Club, while it has some sentiment, also has some practical horse sense. Imagine trying to get routine clerks and map-makers in Washington to write "Ta-(h)-ho-ma." As for Tacoma, they can as easily be induced to correct a good many historic names in California. And that will be "good enough for poor folks."

No one who is familiar with the derivation of geographical place-names in the United States will urge the other argument. If it is true that Tacoma is "just a common name for any old snow mountain"—well, so is Sierra Nevadas. Anybody who knows anything about Indian languages is aware that this procedure is universally characteristic. Niagara means "Cross the neck." There are some other necks beside the hackman's paradise. When you speak of the "Green Mountains," most people are aware what you mean—though there are a few other elevations of the same color elsewhere on this agreeable planet.

As a matter of fact, ninety per cent of the place-names in the United States are as promiscuous.

Until some serious argument is brought on the other side, it will still seem worth while to restore to the noble peak which glorifies the horizon of the City of Tacoma its ancient name—or rather as near to it as American haste will allow us to spell. As before suggested, the unidentified Rear Admiral Rainier, whom his countrymen have not thought fit to place in any text book of reference, may properly be left as trade-mark for the well-spoken-of-beer which has adopted him. Otherwise, it would be in order to move to replace the historic name of Monterey with the name of the other British Admiral, Semour, who came thither in a critical time on the same errand that Vancouver had—namely, to take the Pacific Coast for England. Really,

it is not too late to undo the ignorant christening of the second peak of the United States—even though it has blundered along for more than a century. There is a class of Americans now on the Coast to whom education is not a matter of suspicion.—Charles F. Lummis in "Out West Magazine."

BELLINGHAM, WASH., MARCH 25, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 North Puget Sound Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—I have taken some pains to investigate the use of the word "Ta-ho-ma," as applied by the Indians to mountains. I do not believe this word was applied promiscuously to mountains of great size. The best authority upon the Indian jargon as spoken by the Siwashes of this region in the early days, is Postmaster Hugh Eldridge of this city. Mr. Eldridge was born and raised here, and in his younger days heard more Indian than English spoken. He tells me that the natives had no word meaning mountain, but had a special word or phrase name for everything and the mountains in this vicinity, that is Mount Baker or other large mountains, were described as "Hias-te-cope" meaning the "Great White," with a further description as to specific locations when the Olympics were distinguished from the Mount Baker group.

I trust this information may be of some service to you, and I may assure you that Mr. Eldridge has few, if any, superiors on Puget Sound as authority on the Indian language, and I believe his knowledge of that subject is better and more accurate than that of your other informant. In order to make sure, however, I am corresponding with Rev. Father Boulet, an aged Catholic missionary, who has spent more than forty years among the different tribes of the Northwest, and his version of the matter I should regard as final. As soon as his advice is received I shall communicate it to you.

Yours very truly,

ROSS WELCH, *Secretary.*

BELLINGHAM, WASH., MARCH 31, 1908.

Benjamin L. Harvey, Esq., 2612 N. Puget Sound Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Since I wrote you the other day I have talked with Father Boulet, the missionary I mentioned, who has spent the greater part of his life time among the various tribes of Indians on Puget Sound. As I told you his version of the matter of names applied to the mountains along the Coast, I should regard as authentic. He tells me the word "Ta-ho-ma" does not mean "the great mountain," but "White Rock;" that it was the Indian name for Mount Baker, and was applied to this mountain exclusively. The name applied to the mountain Southeast of Tacoma by the Puyallup Indians was "Tu-ah-ku," the meaning of which I have forgotten, if indeed it was given to me. The discussion of the ancient Indian lore is beginning

to interest me, and I shall take occasion to ascertain the meaning of this last word when next I meet the old missionary.

Yours very truly,

ROSS WELCH, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM SECRETARY GILSTRAP.

TACOMA, WASH., MARCH 14, 1908.

Mr. Ben L. Harvey.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 11th received and noted.

The word "Ta-ho-ma" or "Ta-cho-ma" was Klickitat name of the mountain; "Ta-co-bet," "Ta-co-bu" and "Ta-co-ban" are the Sound Indian names, all meaning our Mount Tacoma.

"Tacobet," "Tahoma" and "Tacoma" are not generic terms which may mean to be applied indiscriminately to any high or snow-covered mountain. They are simply the different forms as given by the different families or tribes of the Indian name for Mount Tacoma, and are solely the name of that one mountain as "Pah-too" is of Adams, "Seuq" of St. Helens, "Kulshan" of Baker and "Wyeast" of Hood. Our book, "July 4th, 1841-1906," gives some information on the mountain. The State Historical Society is in favor of retaining the original Indian names of mountains, rivers and localities.

Anything we can do to assist you we will take pleasure in doing it. I would be glad to see you and talk the historical matters over.

W. H. GILSTRAP.

LETTER FROM PROF. MEANY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

UNIVERSITY STATION, SEATTLE, WASH., MARCH 21, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 No. Puget Sound Avenue, Tacoma, Wn.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of March 17 is before me.

There are many different languages among the Indian tribes of Puget Sound.

In years gone by white people have sought to trace the word Tacoma to words sounding more or less like that word in the several Indian languages or dialects. These efforts have produced varying results as to sound and meaning. None of the results have been satisfying to me. So far as I know the word was first used out here by Theodore Winthrop in "The Canoe and the Saddle" about 1853 and he speaks of Tacoma the Great and Tacoma the Less.

United States Geological Survey Bulletin 258 (Place Names in the United States) page 295: "Tacoma; city in Pierce County, Washington. From the Indian name meaning 'Mountain.'"

I consider the best authority on our Puget Sound Indian languages to be Dr. Charles M. Buchanan of Tulalip Indian Agency, Washington. He says Tacoma is an Algonquin word and was im-

ported by Winthrop from East of the Rocky Mountains, where it was known and used by white men before Puget Sound was explored or settled.

If you are sufficiently interested I would suggest that you write him.

Yours faithfully,

EDMOND S. MEANY.

TULALIP INDIAN AGENCY, TULALIP, WASH., APRIL 17, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 North Puget Sound Avenue, Winthrop Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your inquiry of the 16th instant stating that Professor Edmond S. Meany of the State University of Washington had referred you to me for information relative to the meaning of the word "Tacoma."

Among the earlier pioneers to settle in the Puget Sound region was Ezra Meeker, who is yet living, and who has recently traveled East with oxen over the Old Oregon Trail. Three years ago (1905) Meeker published his interesting book, "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound." On page 179 of this book you will find the following relative to the word "Tacoma:"

"We have a like curious phenomenon in the case of Winthrop first writing the word Tacoma, in September, 1853. None of the old settlers had heard that name, either through the Indians or otherwise, until after the publication of Winthrop's work ten years later, 'The Canoe and the Saddle,' when it became common knowledge and was locally applied in Olympia as early as 1866, said to have been suggested by Edward Giddings of that place.

"However, as Winthrop distinctly claimed to have obtained the word from the Indians, the fact was accepted by the reading public, and the Indians soon took their cue from their white neighbors.

"It is an interesting coincident that almost within a stone's throw of where Winthrop coined the name that we find it applied to the locality that has grown to be the great City of Tacoma.

"On the 26th of October, 1868, John W. Ackerson located a mill-site on Commencement Bay, within the present limits of the City of Tacoma, and applied the name to his mill. He said he had gotten it from Chief Spot of the Puyallup tribe, who claimed it was the Indian name for the mountain, Rainier."

In this connection it is important to note (1) that Meeker was already in this section when Winthrop (1853) made the trip referred to ("Canoe and Saddle"); (2) that Meeker was an early settler and pioneer in the vicinity of Tacoma and in the vicinity of the Puyallup Indians, and that the town of Puyallup (which he named) had been his home for forty years (see page 182 of his "Reminiscences"); and (3) that Meeker has, from the beginning, been known as the firm friend of the Indians and that they esteemed him and held him in

respect and confidence. All of these things would appear to give him the right to speak with authority on the subject. He ascribes the word "Tacoma" to the invention of Winthrop.

Myself, I do not believe that the word "Tacoma" is known to any of the native tribes of the Puget Sound region as, generically, a genuine Indian word of this region. I have commonly believed it to be (even before I knew of the claims of the City of Tacoma, Washington) an Indian word of Algonquin origin, and by the Algonquian stock applied to objects of unusual altitude, or, as some of them express it, "almost up to the sky" or "almost up to Heaven." You will find that Tacoma, Washington, is very, very far indeed from being either the first or the only possessor of the right to and use of this name. You will find a Tacoma in Florida, and in Virginia, as well as in Washington. You will find a long-established Takoma Park in the District of Columbia (which I knew before I knew Tacoma, Washington). You will find a Tecoma in Nevada, and a Tekoma in Nebraska—you will even find a Tacome in Mexico. In this connection it is to be recalled that Indian orthography is far from being absolute since few, if any, Indian tongues are written tongues *per se*, and such spelling as exists is the effort (more often faulty than otherwise) of the white man to express (in his way) an Indian word. It will therefore readily occur to you that the word Tacoma is very far from having any particular or peculiar local significance so far as this vicinity or this State may be concerned.

The Puyallup Indians and the Tulalip Indians both speak dialectic variants of the Niskwalli linguistic root stock, which is in turn a variant of the Salishan stock. What the Puyallup word for Tacoma is, or for Mount Rainier is, I do not know. I have long been unable to ascertain that the Tulalip Indians have ever had any special word for Rainier other than to speak of it as the "mountain" or "*the* mountain." Their word for mountain is "sbah-det." Their word for the place where Tacoma (the City of Tacoma) stands was "shuh-bah-lup," (accent the second syllable) which means, literally, a dry place, such as one might find under a tree. With few exceptions the word "Tacoma" and its variant forms and spellings will be found either in Algonquian territory (past or present) or somewhat adjacent thereto—or carried from either. Winthrop was born in, lived in, and died in territory subject to such conditions.

The Government official who wrote you that the word "Tacoma" meant "Great Mountain" probably had in mind the Algonquian meaning of the word referred to above, as such would be a legitimate application and use of the word, apparently.

I have also heard, on good authority (by this I mean Indian authority since it is on a subject concerning which an intelligent Indian would probably be a better authority than even an intelligent white man) that some of the tribes North of us (allied to the Clallams and the Lummis) used the word "Tah-hoh-mah" (or a very similar word)

for Mount Baker and that it was so used for Mount Baker exclusively. This corroborates the statement of the Reverend Father Boulet, and also partially corroborates the statement of your aforesaid United States Government official.

I have heard the Reverend Father Hylebos of Tacoma, Washington, state that the word "Tacoma" referred to the mountain "Rainier" and that it consisted of "Tah-koh-mah" meaning "the frozen water" (snow). The allusion is obvious. I do not agree with the father, however.

My own opinion is that Winthrop was the first to actually use the written word "Tacoma" with a local application, and that in so doing he probably confused the better known Algonquian word with the word used exclusively for Mount Baker—or else that he knowingly and deliberately created fiction rather than chronicled fact.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN, *Superintendent, etc.*

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HEIGHTS, APRIL 21, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to thank you for your great kindness in writing your very interesting letter of April 17th in regard to the meaning of the Indian word "Tacoma."

Inasmuch as you state that you *do* not know the Puyallup Indian word for the mountain "Rainier" I am sending you a legend of that tribe in regard to it. Some years ago my mother and I visited Longmire Springs on the South side of Mount Tacoma. While there a young Indian named Matthew Seattle, said to be a nephew of the old Indian Chief after whom the City of Seattle was named, also visited the place. At the same time a school teacher in the Tacoma High School was at the Springs, and she had been young Seattle's favorite teacher when he attended the school. Seattle was an educated Indian and was then studying law. We had a copy of "Canoe and Saddle" by Winthrop with us and Seattle read the chapter entitled "Tacoma" and said he had heard the Indians tell the legend many times and explained it to us. Then he recited the following legend as the, or rather one of the, Puyallup legends about the mountain:

"When Do-ki-bahl (changer of all things) saw that his work was done he went and sat on a high mountain. And from this he gazed upon his work and then said to the mountain, 'You shall be Ta-co-bid (Tacoma), because upon you I rested and you are so near to the divine.' PORTCOMUS."

"Portcomus" was Matthew Seattle's Indian name. At the request of my mother young Seattle wrote out the legend and I now have the original.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TULALIP INDIAN AGENCY, TULALIP, WASH., APRIL 22, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Winthrop Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—I thank you very much indeed for your kindness in writing your interesting letter of the 21st instant. When I stated that I did not know the Puyallup "Indian" word for the mountain "Rainier" I had in mind the word "Ta-ko-bid" (or "Tah-koh-buh," as some pronounce it), but I have never considered that a genuine Indian word but merely the Indian attempt to say the word "Tacoma." Several very intelligent Indians (some of the most intelligent and reliable I have known) agree with me in the belief that it is merely an Indian attempt to say a word that they have heard the whites use, and this appears to corroborate Meeker. If Winthrop's legend was true it is singular that Meeker (who was in the vicinity before Winthrop, who has known the Indians most of his life, and who was their intimate, *confidante*, and friend, and who could himself converse with the Indians direct without the mediation of an interpreter) never heard it and could never obtain any history of it in more than forty years of life among the same Indians.

I knew Matthew Seattle quite well and I know his father, John, who yet lives. There is not a drop of blood of old Chief Se-at-tlh in the veins of either John or Matthew. They had absolutely no right to the name "Seattle," though it was quite a common trick among Indians to adopt the name of another Indian who had become well known. As a matter of fact, John and Matthew did not belong to even the same tribe as Se-at-tlh—the latter lived, died and was buried (1866) upon one of the reservations under my jurisdiction, on the Port Madison Indian Reservation of this Agency.

I regret to say that Matthew was really most superficially educated, but was not lacking in surpassing effrontery and audacity, and was, to say the very least, most mendacious—I never knew his equal in these respects. He literally luxuriated in the credulity of some of his too trusting friends. Seattle (the City) exploited him as a scion of her old Chieftain namesake in the Fourth of July celebration of the year 1895, but soon afterward learned of the grievous and egrerious blunder, and never repeated it. Almost any of the old pioneers can recall this, and the reasons therefor. I knew Matthew for some years as one of the most dissolute, dissipated, diseased, lying, unprincipled and brazen young fellows of his kind that it has ever been my fortune to meet. I do not say this with either acrimony or animus—I have neither. I have merely known Matthew very, very well—as man, as physician and as Indian Agent.

The nearest living relatives of old Chief Se-at-tlh are Mrs. C. J. Thompson, Mrs. Ernest Loughrey and Mrs. Jackson Temple, all half-blood married adults, all granddaughters of the old Chief, and all resident upon the Port Madison Indian Reservation (Suquamish P. O.) of this Tulalip Agency. These three women all have children enrolled in our agency schools. Among the earlier pioneers coming to

this country or vicinity in the early 50's was William De Shaw who located at Agate Point on Bainbridge Island, directly across the narrow Agate Passage from Port Madison Reservation (this reservation lies about twenty miles North and West of Seattle.) De Shaw (whom I have known personally) was a white man (now deceased) and quite a notable character in his way. He married a daughter of old Se-at-tlh and from this union sprang the three women referred to herein. De Shaw for many years conducted a sort of trading post at Agate Point—until, in fact, his ramshackle building was burned about ten or twelve years ago.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN, *Superintendent, etc.*

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HEIGHTS, APRIL 30, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to thank you for your very interesting letter of the 22nd.

I take it from your letter that you do not put much faith in Matthew Seattle's legend. There seems to be the same central idea in his legend as you say is in the meaning of the word "Tacoma." According to your understanding of this word it means "almost up to heaven." In young Seattle's legend he says it means "resting place of the Divine." It seems to me that there is a similarity of ideas here.

As to Mr. Meeker never having heard the word "Tacoma" before Winthrop's time, it appears to me that that might be possible and yet not prove that there was no such word. I am sending you copies of two letters I have received from Mr. Ross Welch, Secretary of the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce. In one you will see that he says that Mr. Eldridge of Bellingham, an old resident and authority on the Indian subjects, never heard the use of the word "Tacoma," or one similar to it, as applied to Mount Baker. In the other letter he says that Father Boulet is an authority and he has heard of a word, "Ta-ho-ma," and that it means "White Rock." Here are two men, authorities on the subject, and both living in the same place. One has never heard of the word but the other has. Now, it seems to me that Mr. Meeker's case might have been the same. If you will notice you will see that Mr. Meeker never heard of any Indian name for the mountain except as told by Winthrop. Does it not seem strange that the Indians would have had names for almost every other object except this great mountain? They surely must have had some name for it. Is it not strange that no protest was made when Winthrop's book first came out as to the supposed misapplication of this word? Seemingly, according to Mr. Meeker himself, the Indians took up with it at once and many of the white people also. Now if this was fiction why did they do so? Again, what object would Winthrop have in inventing such a story? So far as I can learn no other part of his book has been questioned.

Mr. Dave Kellogg, an old resident of Seattle, writes to Col. C. P. Ferry, another old resident of Tacoma, as follows: "Proudly dominating all the lesser peaks of this range and the Olympics, 14,500 feet above the sea stands the mountain called by Vancouver 'Mount Regnier.' In this case, as in all others, Vancouver seems to have ignored the fact that the natives whom he found in possession of the land had a rich vocabulary of their own applying to every natural object to be seen, even the most insignificant. Had he consulted the wild people dwelling along the shores of this inland sea he would have learned that his Mount Regnier was called by them 'Tacobat.' Further search would have been rewarded by the discovery that the Indians on the East side of the range called the same mountain 'Tac-homa,' the difference in pronunciation being due to the varying dialects of the tribes, and so he just dealt out what English names he had in stock. The word 'Tac-homa' is Klickitat and means 'blue sky.'"

George Gibbs, said to be one of America's great philologists, lived on the shores of "Whulge" and in 1853 published a Neskwalli dictionary in which he gives the name of the mountain as "Takob."

Judge James Wickersham in his book on the meaning of the word Tacoma has the following:

"SEATTLE, WASH., JAN. 25, 1893.

"I, Angeline, the daughter of Seattle, do say that the old Indian name for the great mountain at the head of the Nisqually is 'Tacobet,' and that my father, Seattle, always called it by that name.

"ANGELINE, *her* (x) *mark, Daughter of Seattle.*"

"TACOMA, MARCH 11, 1893.

"I, Moses Seattle, do say that I am the son of James Seattle, who was the son of Seattle, Chief of the Duwamish tribe. I know the Indian name of the great mountain at the head of the Puyallup River. The Indian name is and always was Tacobet. My father and all my people always called it Tacobet. The Indian name for Seattle is 'Seachl.' MOSES SEATTLE."

There seems to be an Indian word, "Tacopa," meaning "white" and a New Mexican word, "Acoma," meaning "city of the sky."

P. B. Van Trump, an old resident of this section and one of the first mountain climbers, calls the mountain "Tacoma."

Also, General A. V. Kautz, in 1857, climbed the mountain and wrote a description of the trip and called the mountain "Tacoma."

In 1866 there was organized a lodge of Good Templars in Olympia, Wash., and it was styled "Tacoma Lodge No. 4."

In a book, "Log Cabin on the Columbia," page 204, is found the following:

"The Umatillas have poetic minds. To them white Tacoma with her gushing streams means a mother's breast, and the streams themselves, like the falls of the distant Shoshone, were the falling splendors."

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"MOSES SEATTLE."

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"The Umatillas have poetic minds. To them white Tacoma with her gushing streams means a mother's breast, and the glorious Olympians, like the falls of the distant Shoshone, were the lasting splendors.

Do not these facts give us good grounds for saying that the word "Tacoma" has authentic local application?

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HEIGHTS, JULY 23, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip Indian Agency, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—It may interest you to learn that, after inquiry there, I have ascertained that "Takoma Park," D. C., was named "after the mountain" here in Washington State and probably after this City of Tacoma. The namer of Tacoma Park, Mr. B. F. Gilbert, saw the name "Tacoma" and being struck with its euphonious sound adopted it as the name of his place.

If you will kindly tell me your reasons for believing that the word "Tacoma" is an Algonquin Indian word and your evidence for so believing I will greatly appreciate it. Judge Wickersham in his little book on the subject advances the theory that it is a Mongolian word brought over many years ago in an early migration. From here, he thinks, it was taken to Mexico. If you would like to read Judge Wickersham's book on the name Tacoma I can send it to you. As I have but one copy and it is out of print I would have to ask you to return it.

Very respectfully,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TULALIP INDIAN AGENCY, TULALIP, WASH., AUGUST 12, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 North Puget Sound Avenue, Winthrop Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—Your letters of July 23, 1908, and August 10, 1908, have been received and read with much interest. I am much too busy just now with annual reports, quarterly accounts, census, etc., to be able to reply at length—for which reasons kindly pardon the seeming brevity of this letter.

I am not able to give you, surely, off-hand, my authority for believing "Tacoma" (in its variant forms) to be of Algonkin or Algonquian origin. You will not find Algonkin origins uncommon in proper geographical names—"Eskimo," for example, Powell states is the Algonkin name for one who "eats fish or flesh raw." The Algonkin linguistic stock had by far the largest and widest distribution of all linguistic stocks (Indian) on the North American continent—you will find Tacoma (in its variant forms) equally widely distributed. The Puyallup does not attain to the dignity of a linguistic root stock but is merely one of the dialectic variants of the Salishan linguistic stock, commonly referred to as a Niskwalli variant. It is hardly possible that from so circumscribed and so relatively trivial a dialect so widespread and common a geographical term as "Tacoma" could have sprung. My Indian information is to the effect that "Ta-ko-ba" was

the attempt of the Puyallup Indians to reproduce what the whites called "*the* mountain." Many pseudo-Indian words were so formed (witness "siwash," which is merely the Indian attempt to say the French word "sauvage"—it is a corrupted French word and no Indian word at all; witness also "Snoqualmie" which is a white man's corruption of the Indian word "Sdoh-kwahlh-bhuh;" etc., without number). The explanation certainly does not lack plausibility, or analogy.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN, *Superintendent, etc.*

P. S.—I would appreciate the opportunity of perusing Judge Wickersham's claims as to the Mongolian origin of the word "Tacoma," and would return the monograph to you in good condition. I thank you for the tender.

My impression is that somewhere, in desultory reading on ethnologic subjects, I picked up the Algonkin theory of the origin of "Tacoma" and that it was advanced by Major J. W. Powell, late Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology—but I am not at all certain on this point.

TULALIP INDIAN AGENCY, TULALIP, WASH., AUGUST 17, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 North Puget Sound Avenue, Winthrop Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter (and Judge Wickersham's pamphlet) of the 15th instant has reached me, for both of which I thank you. I have never seen this pamphlet before and am much surprised to find here and there suggestions, at least, of many of the statements already communicated by myself.

I note (page 7) Col. B. F. Shaw's letter dated April 3, 1892. The Scadgits (or Skagits) are under this agency. I have never heard that "Tacoma" means plenty of food, or a woman's breasts. The word, as I have understood it for years, for a woman's breasts (and what is derived therefrom, namely, "milk") is, for *one* breast, "skahboh." The word "haik," which he uses, is undoubtedly his way of spelling "hayk" (pronounced like the name of the fish "hake"), and means "big," "large." I do not agree at all with the fanciful suggestion of this letter. The same is true of Mr. Flett's explanation on page 9.

I was very much interested in the letter of Mr. J. T. McKenney, pages 9 and 10, under date of February 8, 1892. He calls the word "Tacopa" or "Ta-co-pe" and says it means "white"—this is doubtless his spelling of the Chinook *jargon* word "tkohp," or "tuh-kohp" (pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable and a suggestion of forcible aspiration after it.) This is not far at all from the usual pronunciation of the word "Tacoma" and is the most plausible suggestion in the whole pamphlet. Of course in the dialectic variants of the tribes allied to the Niskwalli linguistic stocks (see my article or paper read before the State Philological Society, "Dialectic Variants

of the Nisqually Linguistic Root Stock of Puget Sound," printed in the Washington Historical Quarterly, Vol. I, No. 2, January, 1907, Seattle, Washington, pp. 30-35, particlularly the middle paragraph of page 32), the letters "b," "m," and "p" are synonymous and interchangeable, as are also the letters "d" and "n." Therefore "tuh-kahp" may also be pronounced "tuh-kohm" or "tuh-kohb"—the terminal aspiration converts them into "tuh-kohm-hah" or "tuh-kohb-hah"—could you come nearer to "Tacoma?" Of course we must bear in mind that the local Indian tongues are not written tongues and that therefore each and every one is entitled to his guess in the way of orthographic depiction of the verbal phonetic groups.

I note the affidavit of Moses Seattle, page 20. He is now dead, but he used to be one of my Port Madison Reservation Indians—old Seattle lived, died and is buried at Port Madison or "Old-Man-House." Port Madison is under this agency. His affidavit that Seattle's name was pronounced "Seachl" is worthless as he was not familiar enough with the phonetics of the English tongue to know what "Seachl" spelled. The genuine name was "See-at-tluh" (first and last syllables short, second syllable long and also strongly accented. On page 20, about the center of the page, I note a numerously mark-signed statement headed "Puyallup Indian Reservation" and dated January 30, 1893. Among the "Puyallup" Indians signing by mark are (first row) Major Hamilton and Ellen Howard. They are husband and wife, are both living, here at Tulalip, where they are allotted and live—I greeted Major Hamilton as I came over to the office this morning. I do not know where the other signers live. These statements carry little weight with me.

About the middle of page 23 is a very amusing explanation claiming that "Tacoma" is derived from "ta" (the), "ko" (water) and "ma" (to scatter like snow). I heard Reverend Father Hylebos make this same statement in Tacoma in August, 1906. Now "ta" in Indian is not an article but a demonstrative pronoun indicating an object particularly pointed out. "Ko" is used by the Indians to indicate *drinking* water, that is a water that is palatable. I can give a fanciful explanation just as romantic as the above—far more plausible—and just as untrue. Bear in mind that the Indian word for "father" is "ban" or "bad" and remember also that "b," "m" and "p" are synonymous and interchangeable. What is the matter with "tah" (that), "koh" (water), and "man" or "mad" (father)—"that father of drinking water" (remember that the glaciers of the mountain feed the fresh water streams radiating from the mountain). Isn't it plausible? But it is all made out of the whole cloth and is purely imaginary.

I am returning the pamphlet and thank you for the courtesy.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN, *Superintendent, etc.*

TACOMA, WASH., WINTHROP HEIGHTS, AUGUST 22, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Superintendent, etc., Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 17th, giving your opinion of Judge Wickersham's pamphlet, received. Please allow me to thank you for your interest.

As I am not acquainted with the Indian language I am unable to answer any of your technical arguments.

In a general way the condition seems to me to be this:

(1) There is an old or old official United States Government map, antedating the general settling of the State of Washington, giving the name as applied by the Indians to the great mountain as Taho-ma or a variant of this.

(2) The name Tacoma was applied as coming from the Indians to the mountain by Winthrop in "Canoe and Saddle" in 1853.

(3) George Gibbs, a noted authority on the subject, in 1853, gives the word in his dictionary.

(4) Judge Wickersham in his booklet quotes B. F. Shaw, Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, James G. Swan, Elwood Evans, J. T. McKenney, C. P. Ferry, Francis Henry, Edwin Eells, P. B. Van Trump, Hazard Stevens, and others, who should be authorities on the subject, together with numerous Indians, all giving an Indian word similar to Tacoma.

(5) V. G. Bogue, the engineer who surveyed the Northern Pacific Railroad over the Cascades in 1880, says that he employed Indians as guides through the mountains on both sides of the range both near and away from the mountain and that all said the name of the mountain was Tacoma or Tajoma, which he says means "nourishing breast."

(6) Some present-day Indians say the Indian name is Tacoma.

It seems that none of this evidence "appeals to you." I would like to know what kind of evidence would appeal to you. Apparently the only evidence that appeals to you is the evidence that supports your theory that the word Tacoma is not a native Indian word. You must not take this as being said in a spirit of ill feeling as it is not at all. I think you are inclined to be a little prejudiced. Let us try and get the truth, no matter what it is.

I should say that in order to prove your contention that Tacoma is not a local Indian word but an Algonquin Indian word imported here that you must prove:

(a) That Tacoma is not a local word.

(b) That it is an Algonquin Indian word.

(c) Show that it was used in Algonquin territory prior to its use here, say before 1850.

It seems to me that it is just as plausible and reasonable to say that the word originated here in the State of Washington and was carried away as to say that it was imported from Algonquin territory here.

Thanking you for the interest you have shown and hoping that

I may have the pleasure of further corresponding with you and with best wishes, I am

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TACOMA, WASH., OCTOBER 1, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip Indian Agency, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is a copy of an article that appeared some years ago in the Whatcom Reveille in regard to the word Tacoma. It may interest you if it does not convince you.

Also enclosed is a letter copy from V. G. Bogue which explains itself.

If Tacoma were an Algonquin word as you think and means "almost up to heaven," it would seem strange to me that it would have that meaning as I understand that there are no very high mountains in that territory.

Two books, "The Siwash," by J. A. Costello, Seattle, 1895, and "McCarver and Tacoma," by Thomas W. Prosch, Seattle, 1906, have been published and contain quite a good deal of information about the Indian. I suppose you have read them.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Winthrop Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your enclosures, which I am returning herewith. Please do me the justice to remember that I sought no controversy with you, and have only expressed my opinion upon your solicitation. The "Siwash'" is largely a reprint of irresponsible and occasional newspaper articles with some substantial trimmings of imagination. Many of your "authorities" are of similar ilk. If I have been biased and handicapped by fourteen years of daily and intimate association with the actual sources of such information (instead of rehashes of same) then that is my misfortune. While it is immaterial what you think of my opinion (solicited), and while I do not at all agree with you, nevertheless I trust I at least respect your opinion.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN.

TACOMA, WASH., OCTOBER 12, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip Indian Agency, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of October 5th received.

I certainly regret very much if I have been unjust to you. It was farthest from my intentions to be so. I certainly think that you are sincere in your opinion about the word "Tacoma." However, it seems strange to me that Father Boulet, E. Eells, Judge Swan, Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, and others would not be considered authority

I may have the pleasure of further corresponding with you and with best wishes, I am

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TACOMA, WASH., October 3, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip Indian Agency, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is a copy of an article that appeared some years ago in the Whatcom Reveille in regard to the word Tacoma. It may interest you if it does not convince you.

Also enclosed is a letter copy from V. G. Boone which explains itself.

If Tacoma were an Algonquin word as you think and means "at most up to heaven," it would seem strange to me that it would have that meaning as I understand that there are no very high mountains in that territory.

Two books, "The Siwash," by J. A. Costello, Seattle, 1895, and "McCarver and Tacoma," by Thomas W. Prosch, Seattle, 1906, have been published and contain quite a good deal of information about the Indian. I suppose you have read them.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Whitaker Heights, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your enclosures, which I am returning herewith. Please do me the justice to remember that I sought no controversy with you, and have only expressed my opinion upon your solicitation. The "Siwash" is largely a reprint of irresponsible and occasional newspaper articles with some substantial trimmings of imagination. Many of your "authorities" are of similar ilk. If I have been biased and handicapped by fourteen years of daily and intimate association with the actual sources of such information (indeed of remarks of same) then that is my misfortune. While it is immaterial what you think of my opinion (solicited), and while I do not at all agree with you, nevertheless I trust I at least respect your opinion.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN.

TACOMA, WASH., October 12, 1908.

Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, Tulalip Indian Agency, Tulalip, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of October 8th received.

I certainly regret very much if I have been unjust to you. It was farthest from my intentions to be so. I certainly think that you are sincere in your opinion about the word "Tacoma." However, it seems strange to me that Father Bouiet, R. Reid, Judge Swan, Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, and others would not be considered authority

on the subject. It would seem to me that there was just as much authority for saying "Tacoma" is a local Indian word as to say many others are. Steilacoom, for instance. Could you prove in any other manner than has been attempted with "Tacoma" that "Steilacoom" is an Indian word?

I expect to follow the matter still further and if I find evidence that "Tacoma" is not a local Indian word will take pleasure in so acknowledging to you.

"Acoma" in New Mexico has a history from the sixteenth century as an Indian pueblo. Its meaning seems to be "city of the sky."

It would seem to me that if "Tacoma" is not a real local word, then the Indians themselves are misled.

Hoping that you will pardon the seeming lack of appreciation of your efforts to throw light on the subject and hoping to have the pleasure of further letters from you, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

TACOMA, WASH., SEPTEMBER 7, 1908.

Mr. Thomas W. Prosch, Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—I am trying to prove that the word "Tacoma" is a local Indian word, that it was applied to the mountain that now has the official name of "Rainier" by the Indians, and that the word "Tacoma" was not invented by Theodore Winthrop.

After reading your very interesting article deposited with the Washington State Historical Society and called "The Naming of Tacoma," I thought you might have some of the proof I desire. Particularly if you can answer Ezra Meeker that none of the old settlers ever heard the Indians use the word "Tacoma" before Winthrop's time and that you believe the word is a genuine Indian word.

Enclosed you will find letters from Prof. Edmond S. Meany and Dr. Charles M. Buchanan that will explain themselves. If you can answer any of the objections raised by these two writers you will greatly oblige.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy and with best wishes,

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

SEATTLE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—I would be glad to gratify you in the matter of the word or name Tacoma if I were able, but I am afraid it is impossible for me so to do.

My first knowledge of the word came in 1866, when I had been a resident of Steilacoom eight years and when it was adopted as the name of a Good Templar Lodge in Olympia. I feel quite sure that prior to that time Tacoma had never appeared in any Washington

on the subject. It would seem to me that there was just as much authority for saying "Tacoma" is a local Indian word as to say many others are. Stellacoom, for instance. Could you prove in any other manner than has been attempted with "Tacoma" that "Stellacoom" is an Indian word?

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Territory publication and I feel equally sure that it never appeared in print anywhere until the coming of Theodore Winthrop's "Canoe and Saddle" in 1862. I have not been able to find it in any of the written letters, records, diaries, narratives, or the prints of the Territory or the Nation. None of the early representatives of the Bitish or American Governments—Vancouver, Lewis and Clarke, Wilkes, Elijah White, Fremont, et al—seem to have heard of it, though it was directly in their line, and so also may be said of the first missionaries, the Hudson Bay men, the Governor Stevens expedition, the settlers of fifty and sixty years ago, no one, so far as I have learned, wrote the word, put it in type, or otherwise used it before Winthrop. I do not mean to say with Meeker, that Winthrop coined the word. He may have heard it, or something like it, among the Indians, and he used it in his "Canoe and Saddle" book. Winthrop was a stranger, a mere passer-through, and it must have been difficult for him to communicate intelligently with the savages about him. If you don't think so, try it on with an Indian, even now, who cannot speak the English, wnich was the case with the Indians generally in his day. He also wrote his book several years afterward, and then with the help of a Chinook jargon dictionary. I only mean to say that the word was not in use on Puget Sound before 1866, and that after it came to us but few of us for a number of years knew its alleged meaning. The knowledge was spread rapidly, however, after the name Tacoma was given to the town on Commencement Bay by General McCarver.

Very truly,

THOMAS W. PROSCH.

SEATTLE, SEPTEMBER 18, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Tacoma.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 15th is before me. I note with interest the alleged (by the Secretary of the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce) statement of Father Boulet concerning the Indian names of Mounts Baker and Rainier. It is new to me that Baker was Tahoma, and probably is or will be to other citizens. That Rainier was Tuahka among the Indians has at least partial confirmation in one quarter. Myron Eells, one of the best informed and most conscientious of our writers upon such subjects, in an article upon our aboriginal geographical names, published in the American Anthropologist for January, 1892, said:

"A very intelligent Puyallup Indian, whose reservation is near the foot of the mountain, told me that it means "the mountain," being pronounced by his people 'Takoba,' but that this was not the name by which the Indians originally called it, as their name was 'Tuwakhu' or 'Twahwauk.'"

In the same article Mr. Eells also says:

"Mr. M. W. Walker, who has lived much among the Indians on

the East side of the Cascade mountains, is confident that the word originated among some of these Indians, probably the Tahamas, was originally Takhoma, and means the gods."

Father Boulet lived about ten years in the Yakima country, doing missionary work among the Indians, I think, from about 1866 to 1876. He is about seventy-five years old and lives now at Ferndale. He will undoubtedly reply to an inquiry from you.

I am not filled with faith concerning the reliability of information derived from the Indians. Captain George Vancouver, while off the present City of Tacoma, struck the keynote of their character when he said: "The little respect which most Indians bear to truth, and their readiness to assert what they think is most agreeable for the moment, or to answer their own particular wishes and inclinations, induced me to place little dependence on this information, although they could have no motive for deceiving us."

I do not entirely agree with some writers that the Indians were possessed of so many names, or such enduring and expressive ones. I could give a dozen different meanings for Tacoma, Tahoma or Takobat, reported by these writers, not one of which possibly was founded upon truth, and the absolute truth concerning which will certainly never be known. At any rate the Indians were always ready to adopt for themselves the personal names given them by the whites, and even more freely gave up their local names for the names substituted by the white men. They always seemed to have little or no interest in old things—in their old men and women, their old names, their old personal goods, their old homes—any and everything they had they were ready to change, to abandon, to sell, to give up in one way or another, when called upon so to do or it was to their advantage. Veneration was small in them, for the truth as well as for other things. Forty years ago no white man on Puget Sound could be convicted on Indian testimony. I feel quite sure that the faith in alleged Indian names, in meanings, legends and traditions, is much greater among the people who have come to Washington during the last thirty years than it is among those who came here during the thirty years before.

* * * * * *

Very truly,

THOMAS W. PROSCH.

TACOMA, WASH., SEPTEMBER 15, 1908.

Editor of The Whatcom Reveille, Bellingham, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is a copy of an article, reprinted in the Tacoma Ledger some years ago and purporting to be copied from your paper, in regard to the word "Tacoma."

Will you kindly tell me the name of the writer of the article if possible and whether or not he is a first class authority on the subject, an old settler, an Indian Agent, or what.

Also, will you please tell me whether you can prove that " 'Ta-

coma' is Nisqually pure and simple." Also, can the statement be proven "it originally (Tacoma) was applied to the one mountain and that mountain the one that guards in majestic splendor the mouth of the Puyallup River?"

I am gathering evidence in regard to the name Tacoma and will place your letter in the Washington Historical Society records.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN L. HARVEY.

ARTICLE FROM "THE WHATCOM REVEILLE" OF BELLINGHAM, WASH.

"Mr. Weir has had some experience that ordinarily would entitle him to consideration. He would not argue that the mountain is Rainier because Rainier beer was named after it. His argument seems to be that any old mountain is a 'Ta-ko-bid' or a 'Ta-ko-ba.' He says he has frequently heard the Makah and Clallam Indians use the mixture of jargon and dialect such as 'Yaka tupsu takope.' He quotes what he terms Clallam and Makah words in support of the allegation that to any and all Indians, any white mountain was 'ta-ko-bet.'

"Mr. Weir has in reality never got down to the first principle. His acquaintance with the natives began long after the advent of the trader. The contact with the whites had overcome tribal animosities; treaties of peace had been made, reservations set aside, the Clallam and ancient Nisqually stocks had begun to inter-marry and a new and different order of things was already accomplished. Mr. Weir had acquired a knowledge of the Chinook jargon and of many Indian words as a better means of communication with the natives, on whom the whites depended for many things. He was one of the many who needed some means of communication with the natives in pursuit of his affairs. Had he learned dialects for the purpose of acquiring knowledge of Indian customs and traditions, he would have found in the mixed dialect the natives of his day used words of Clallam origin and words of Nisqually-Klickitat origin. The trader had long since destroyed the pure dialects of the ancient races.

"As a matter of fact, there were two distinct stock languages on Puget Sound; the Nisqually, spoken by the Nisquallys, the Klickitats, Snoqualmichs and Skagits, each of which tribe had a number of subdivisions; and the Clallam tongue, spoken by Clallams, Tsongish, Sannich, Cowichan, Semiakmoo and Lummi Indians. The Nisqually said 'wha,' sounding the 'a' long, for no; the Clallam word for no is 'ou-win-na' or 'ou-wit-ta' in Cowichan. *'Tacoma' is Nisqually pure and simple. 'Takoba' is the Snoqualmich rendering, and 'Takobet' the Skagit.*

"Mr. Weir's acquaintance with the Clallams began after the latter had intermarried with the Skagits. It was natural that the word should have lost its significance. It originally was applied to the one mountain and that mountain the one that guards in majestic splendor

the mouth of Puyallup River. Before the trader came the Indians of the Nisqually alliance and those of the Clallam were enemies. When Mr. Weir landed in Port Townsend those animosities were gone. There was no more opportunity for warfare between the tribes. They were marrying each other and speaking each other's languages. The word Tacoma had lost its individual significance and had become to the Clallams, who had not lived forever under the mystic spell of Tacoma's splendor, a mere generic term—any white mountain.

"The Clallams had a name for individual mountains. They didn't call Mount Baker, visible to them, a 'tako-bet.' They did call it the 'white mountain,' but the word they used was 'P'kowitz.' The Lummi who lived nearer the snows of Baker called it 'Kulshan.' The Nisqually designated the great inlet known as Puget Sound by the name of 'Whulge,' while the Clallam (properly S'kallam) called it 'K'uklults.'

"There was originally a vast difference between Clallam and Skagit. Today there is little or none. But one tribe of the Nisqually stock retains much of its dialect in its original purity. That is the Nooksack, an inland branch of the Skagits. They still speak pure Skagit, which differed from the Nisqually most in a frequent interchange of 'b' for 'm.' So in 'Squally the word was Tacoma and in Skagit and Snoqualmich Takoba and Takobet.

"There is little likelihood that the mountain's rightful and ancient name will ever be restored. This article we wish to serve a purpose other than one of interference in a squabble between towns who have only selfish aims. Tacoma would advertise herself and Seattle spirit is up in arms. But when men of long residence, like Mr. Weir, write loosely of a rather deep and important subject, we protest. Judge Swan is dead and can't set them right. If Judge Wickersham, who is authority, were to attempt it, the allegation that he is a Tacoman would detract from the force of his statements."—Whatcom Reveille.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 *North Puget Sound Avenue, Tacoma, Washington.*

MY DEAR MR. HARVEY:—I am in receipt of your letter of August 22, containing enclosures in which you say to me that you are trying to trace the origin of the word "Tacoma," and suggesting that a copy of the enclosures may interest me. I have often heard that a little learning is a dangerous thing and for that reason I do not give too much credence to the later day Indian lore learning. I suggest that if you want to know the Indian name of the great mountain at the head of the Puyallup River that you ask the Indians to give it to you. It is a simple question of fact and not one of deep philology. I have read the enclosed letters with interest, but they do not determine the fact. What name did the Indians of Puget Sound give to the great mountain? Did it have a specific name? Winthrop tells

us, and so does George Gibbs, in his great dictionary, and so do a multitude of early writers of Puget Sound that the Indian name for Baker was Kul-shan, while that for the mountain at the head of the Puyallup was Tacoma. If you have any doubt about the authority of those early explorers ask the Indians. They know. It is a simple question of fact. Philological discussions are only interesting if you should fail to get direct evidence of the fact. *Ask the Indians.*

Very truly yours, JAMES WICKERSHAM.

WIDE USE OF THE NAME TACOMA.

Town.	*County.*	*State.*
Tacoma	Pierce	Washington
Tacoma	Alachua	Florida
Tacoma	Fleming	Kentucky
Tacoma	Dent	Missouri
Tacoma	Delaware	New York
Tacoma	Belmont	Ohio
Tacoma	Panola	Texas
Tacoma	Wise	Virginia
Tecoma	Elko	Nevada
Tekamah	Burt	Nebraska

Other uses of the word: Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.; Tecoma, Mexico; Tecome, Mexico; Tacuba, Mexico.

TACOMA, N. Y., NOVEMBER 23, 1908.

Benjamin L. Harvey, Tacoma, Wash.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of November 9 in regard to the name of this postoffice, I will say that the name Tacoma has no local significance. I got the postoffice established here and the name that I sent to the Department they did not want as there were others in the State so near like it, and they wished me to send other names, so I sent them the name of Tacoma after your city and the name was adopted.

Respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER AUSTIN.

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., JULY 15, 1908.

W. Tindall, Esq., Secretary Board of Commissioners D. C.

DEAR SIR:—From Mr. Harvey's letter I infer that what he wants to know is the "origin" of the word "Tacoma." On that point I can give him no definite information. When Mr. Gilbert started Takoma Park he took a fancy to that name and so named it.

I have seen it somewhere stated (but cannot now remember where) that the word was first used by Theodore Winthrop in one of his romances of the Far West, and that he got it from the Indians who applied it to the mountain with the significance of "a high place," "exalted," "heaven." But I suppose Mr. Harvey knows all this. I am sorry I cannot give him more information.

Respectfully yours, C. M. HEATON.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER 14, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, Tacoma, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—We have your letter of the 9th instant, and assure you we appreciate the inquiry.

Replying, we attach no particular meaning or significance to the word "Takoma" other than a suggestion to consumers that they would do well to profit by what the word implies: *Take Home a Biscuit*, and thereby secure the best bakery product of its kind that has ever been manufactured.

The application of the name to our product was suggested by one of the officials of our company.

Awaiting your further pleasure, we are,

Yours truly, LOOSE-WILES CRACKER & CANDY CO.,
F. B. HOUSTON, *Manager.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 4, 1908.

Mr. Benjamin L. Harvey, 2612 *No. Puget Sound Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.*

DEAR SIR:—Referring to your letter of July 21 I beg to suggest that you will find a discussion of the word "Tacoma" by Rev. Myron Eells in the American Anthropologist, Vol. V, No. 1, Washington, January, 1892. A Puyallup Indian informed Eells that the word, pronounced Ta-ko-ba in his language, means "the mountain." The word is certainly not Mongolian and there is no reason to suppose it is Algonquian.

The Bureau can hardly undertake to look up the question in regard to the first use of the word Tacoma on a map, as this might require several days.

The mountain was named Rainier by Vancouver in 1792 in honor of his friend, Rear Admiral Rainier. It is understood that the Tacoma Academy of Sciences has made and published the results of its investigations on the application to the mountain of the name Tacoma.

Very truly yours,

W. H. HOLMES, *Chief.*

"The Umatillas have poetic minds. To them white Tacoma with her gushing streams means a mother's breast, and the streams themselves, like the falls of the distant Shoshone, were 'falling splendors.'" —"Log Cabin on the Columbia," page 204.

MOUNT RAINIER OR MOUNT TACOMA?

ENGINEER V. G. BOGUE'S EXPERIENCES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE GREAT PEAK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1895.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR:—In a recent number of The Tribune I saw the statement in its editorial columns that Mount Rainier is the correct name of the great peak which some people insist on calling Mount Tacoma. It

is true that the official geographical name is Mount Rainier. It was so called by the early English naval officers after Admiral Rainier of the English navy. It is believed, however, that the Admiral himself never saw the mountain. The Indian name is Tacoma, or Tajoma, as it would be pronounced in Spain, with the long accent on the second syllable.

In the years 1880 and 1881, as a civil engineer in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railway, it was my duty to make a series of explorations and surveys of the Cascade range, in which is situated Mount Rainier. The explorations covered the entire range between Mount Adams and Snoqualmie Pass, and were extremely difficult. Indians were often employed as guides or for packing provisions and supplies through canyons and forests which had hitherto been generally, if not wholly, sealed against the intrusion of white men. All these Indians, whether from the Eastern or Western slope, called the mountain Ťacoma. This name means in English "The Nourishing Breast." One familiar with the geography of the region, with the great streams which find their sources in the mountain, can understand the significance of this expression. Those who prefer the appellation Mount Tacoma have, therefore, some basis for their preference

It is probable that the name Mount Rainier will always be retained as officially correct. But I have often thought that the name of some one of our own great heroes, like Washington, Lincoln or Grant, should be chosen for this grand monarch of mountains, which presents the most sublime single spectacle to be found on the continent, or perhaps in all the world.

The explorations mentioned furnished many opportunities for beholding the peak, both in storm and sunshine, at sunrise and at sunset, and by moonlight. The mountain seemed always with us, although we were often distant therefrom. Sometimes as night drew near we pressed forward, eager to gain a certain last elevation or divide for our rude bivouac on the snow. At last, attaining the point of vantage, worn out with the toils of the day, wet to the skin, eager to remove the weight of snowshoes from our feet, and half famished with hunger, the vast snowy slopes of Mount Rainier would burst upon our vision. It was curious to watch the result upon the little party of men who accompanied me, whose lives, apparently, had not been such as would cultivate in them a love of beauty or sublimity in nature. The change in their faces, their expressions of pleasure and the heartiness with which they would take hold of the closing duties of the day, were evidence of their deep appreciation of the scene, and that some of the noblest attributes of human nature may be common to us all. Then, when night came and we wrapped our blankets about us, we slept soundly, without fear, for the mountain stood guard and it seemed as though God himself dwelt therein.

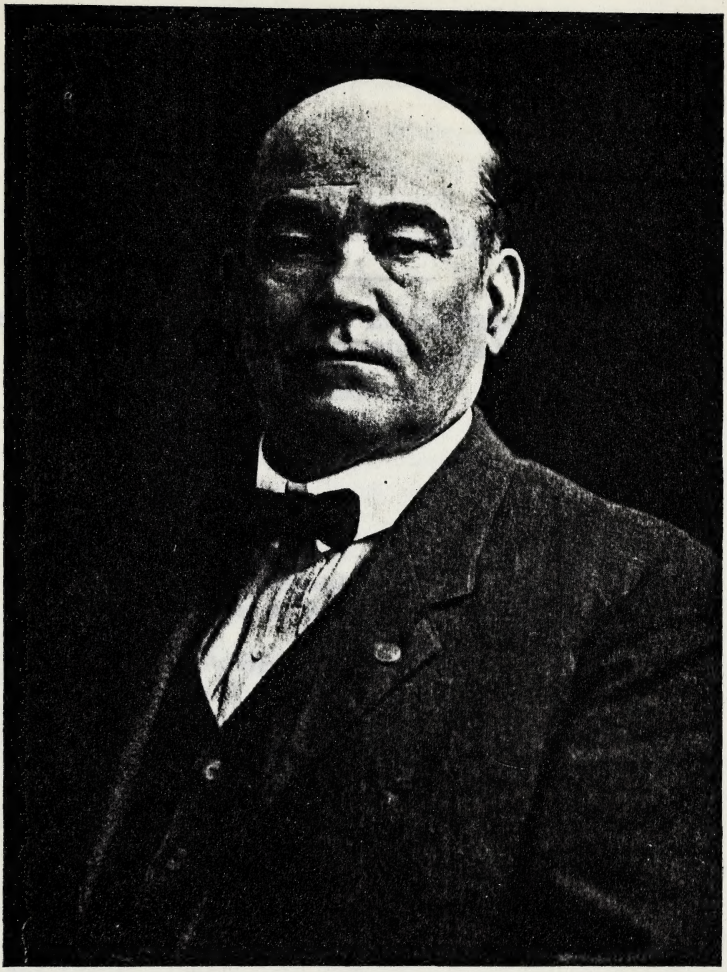
VIRGIL G. BOGUE.

PART VII

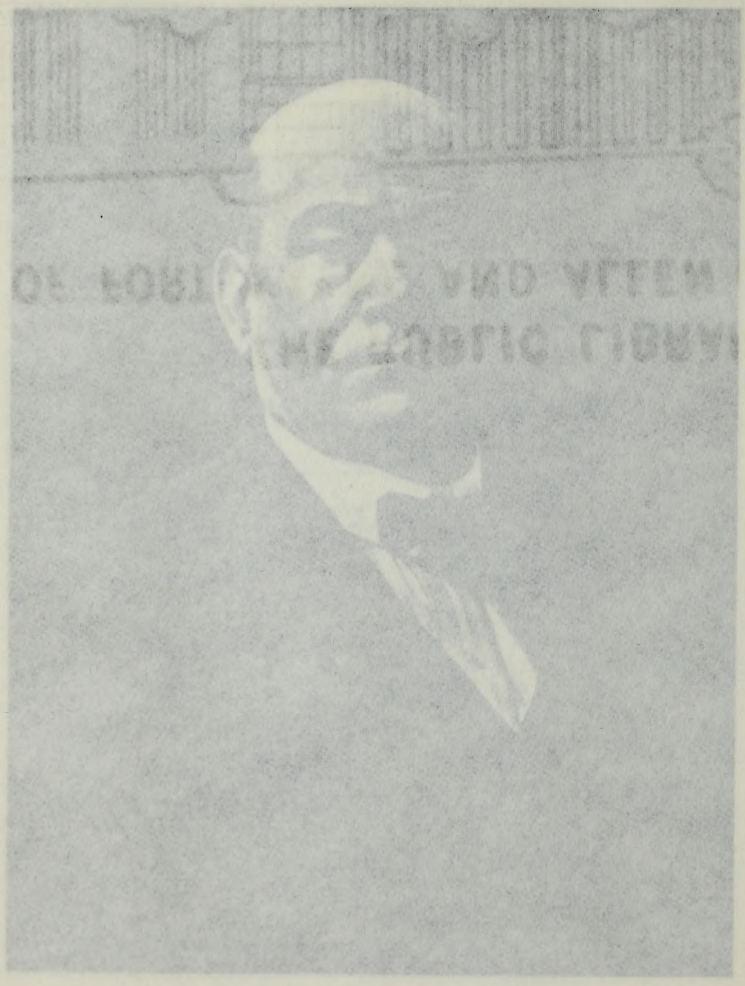
Biographical Sketches.

PART VII

Biographical Sketches.



SAMUEL G. COSGROVE, Governor January-March 1909



CONTENTS OF PART VII.

BIOGRAPHIES OF DECEASED LIFE MEMBERS AND CURATORS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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2. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Denny.
3. Rev. Myron Eells.
4. Charles S. Fogg.
5. W. H. Gilstrap.
6. Conrad L. Hoska.
7. Edward Huggins.
8. Robert Laird McCormick.
9. Governor Albert E. Mead.
10. John Meeker.
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12. Rev. George F. Whitworth.

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BIOGRAPHIES OF CURATORS AND LIFE MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS.[1]

1.

Governor Samuel G. Cosgrove.

By Walter S. Davis.

By the law of 1903 the Governor of Washington became ex-officio member of the Board of Curators of the Washington Historical Society. Accordingly the biographies of those filling the office of Governor since that date and who have passed away may very properly appear in this list of memorial sketches. Accordingly brief biographical notices of Governors Cosgrove and Meade are here given. Ex-Governor John McGraw died in June, 1910, but having held the office of Governor before the Governor became ex-officio member of the Board of Curators, his biography is not here given. In Part V, however, will be found his interesting account of the anti-Chinese riots in Seattle in 1885, while he was Sheriff of King County.

The annals of the public life of the State of Washington record no more pathetic event than the death of Governor Samuel G. Cosgrove. It having been his life's ambition to fill the office of Governor of his adopted State, compelled by declining health to return to the more genial winter climate of California only a few days after his inauguration, after a heroic battle with the Grim Conqueror, Governor Cosgrove gave up the struggle for life on March 28, 1909, a little more than two months after his inauguration.

Samuel G. Cosgrove was born in Ohio in 1847. He was a soldier of the Union, taking part in Sherman's march to the sea. At the Ohio Wesleyan University he was a room-mate of Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, and they remained good friends until Governor Cosgrove's death.

Attracted by the promises of the Great West, he located

[1]With the exception of numbers 1 and 9 these bigraphical notices are the reports to the Society made by the Committee on Memorials of the Board of Curators.

BIOGRAPHIES OF CURATORS AND LIFE MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS.[1]

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in Nevada, then in California and in 1882 settled at Pomeroy, Garfield County, Washington. Here he became a farmer and a lawyer.

In politics Mr. Cosgrove was a Republican, and he early had the ambition to be Governor of this State. One of the biographical sketches says: "The machinations of conventions always kept him out of it, however, but the direct primary gave him a chance and he won."

His victorious hour came in 1908 and was due to the second choice provision of the Direct Primary Law of 1907.

During the campaign the dreaded Bright's disease began to make inroads upon his previously good health.

The writer of this sketch remembers how well he looked in April of 1908, but how changed by August.

Soon after the election he sought the milder climate of California, removing there till the inauguration week in January. With heroic courage and determination he came up to Olympia and went through the inaugural ceremonies, but the same week returned to California, where the end of life came suddenly on March 28, 1909, he being the second Governor since statehood to die in office, Governor Rogers having died in 1901, shortly after entering upon his second term.

His body was brought to Olympia and lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol building during the morning of March 31, and was viewed by many hundreds of griefstricken citizens. At 1 o'clock the body was removed to the hall of the House of Representatives, where a large concourse of his countrymen had gathered, including several of his predecessors in office. The floral offerings exceeded any seen in Olympia since the death of Governor Rogers. "The most elaborately beautiful piece was a floral chair four feet in height, composed of roses and lilies, resting on a mount of violets. Hovering over the chair was a flock of snowy doves. This piece was emblematic of the Governor's empty seat and was selected by State Superintendent Dewey as the offering of the State officials."

The funeral sermon by Rev. C. E. Todd was unusually touching and beautiful, pronouncing Governor Cosgrove "Our Governor, citizen and patriot, statesman and churchman, the

true, loyal and noble hearted." Dr. Todd recalled the words of Governor Cosgrove at his inauguration, that it seemed he had been called back from the valley of the shadow of death to leave a parting message.

In accordance with a long cherished wish of the departed Governor, his mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of our State Capitol, beside the State's soldier dead.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er.
Dream of battlefields no more,
Morn of toil nor night of waking."

2.

MRS. A. A. DENNY.

The Historical Society is called upon at times to record the death of prominent citizens of the State who had a distinguished part in our early history, who were not directly connected with this organization.

Of such was Mrs. A. A. Denny, widow of A. A. Denny of Seattle, who came to the end of the journey of the earthly life in January, 1911.

A. A. Denny was an early and active pioneer of this Society and served a term as its President. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Denny are indissolubly connected with the founding of the City of Seattle and all their life they were prominent in the business and educational affairs of that city.

This is not the time to pass any special eulogy upon a life that is itself its own best eulogy. No one who passed through the experiences of a pioneer on Puget Sound, raising a family in credit, acquiring a competency, and leaving a distinct impress upon the community should be overlooked in our records.

3.

REV. MYRON EELLS,

Who was an honorary member of the Society, passed away at his home in Mason County just prior to our annual meeting in 1907, but owing to the limited time between his death and the annual meeting, no suitable action was taken at that time.

Rev. Myron Eells, D. D., was a son of the late Cushing

Eells, D. D., who with his wife came as missionaries across the plains in 1838. He was born October 7, 1843, at Tshimakain, now known as Walker's Prairie, Stevens County, Washington.

After the Whitman massacre and Indian troubles in 1848, the Eells family settled in the Willamette Valley, where young Myron grew to manhood. He graduated from Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, about 1866. He then went East and attended Hartford Theological Seminary three years; was ordained in 1871, after which he spent three years in Boise, Idaho, where he met and married Miss Maria Crosby in 1874, and shortly afterward came to the Snohomish Reservation, having been appointed missionary to the Indians under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. This position he held until the time of his death. His work, however, had so enlarged that his ministrations took in the white people on both sides of Hoods Canal, covering a distance of one hundred miles of shore line, to visit which he often rowed his own boat or walked long distances.

He left surviving him a widow and five sons: Edwin T., Arthur H., Chester C., Walter C. and Roy W. Eells, and also one brother, Edwin Eells of Tacoma, who is well known to us all.

In addition to laboring with and for the Indians and white people in the vicinity where he lived, he devoted much of his time to educational matters.

He was a trustee of Pacific University, from which he graduated, for thirty years and was also a trustee of Whitman College, which was founded by his father, for about seventeen years. In his home district he took an active part in all matters pertaining to education and the betterment of society.

Partly as a recreation from the more active duties of his life, he did a great deal of literary work, writing three books published by the Congregational School and Publishing Society, entitled "Ten Years at Snohomish," a book of some 270 pages, published in 1884. Also "Indian Missions" and "Father Eells," which latter book was published in 1896, 342 pages; all being bound volumes of historical interest. He had thoroughly studied and wrote extensively on the Whitman con-

troversy, espousing the cause of Whitman's heroism, patriotism and fidelity. He published a pamphlet of 122 pages answering Prof. E. G. Bourne's attack on the Whitman legend. He also published a number of other pamphlets including one on the life of Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., also like pamphlets in regard to President J. W. Marsh, D. D.; R. H. Spaulding and others identified with the early church history of this country. He left unpublished a number of works, some only partly completed. He was also a scholar of Indian languages and wrote a number of books for the Smithsonian Institute, and thus left behind him a record of value to the student and the historian, as well as the impress of a character strong and essentially Christian.

4.

CHARLES S. FOGG,

A member of the Washington State Historical Society, died at his home on Park Heights, Tacoma, on the morning of September 26, 1907, having been in poor health for a number of years.

He was born at or near the town of Stetson, Maine, October 1, 1851, the son of parents whose family traced its origin back to the years of the American Revolution. He received a sound public school education, and at sixteen the family removed to Iowa; returning to Maine, he completed his education at the Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport. In 1870 he commenced the study of law in the office of his brother, Edward S. Fogg, at Panora, Iowa, and completed his course at the Iowa State University. He commenced the practice of his chosen profession in 1871, and practiced in Iowa and Nebraska until 1888, when he removed to this State. His practice in Iowa and Nebraska netted him material success and reputation of a high character, as he was a student by nature and diligent and untiring in his work, and he was identified with a great volume of important litigation. With this prestige of success and wealth of experience, he was well fitted to forge to the front when he commenced practice in this State. He was married in 1873 to Miss Delia I. Seydel, who, with their four sons, survives him. He was Mayor of Stuart,

Nebraska, and Vice President of the First National Bank of that city.

His health was already impaired when he removed to this city, but his energy and zeal as a lawyer still impelled him to continue in his practice, and for many years he maintained one of the principal law offices of the city in the Fidelity building, making a specialty of advising and consulting and managing the affairs of large corporations and moneyed interests. In March, 1903, when he permanently retired from his office, his practice was considered one of the most profitable in the State.

Charles S. Fogg was a man who lived up to a high ideal of his duty toward his family and the community. Each of his four sons, Fred S., Horace, Frank and Edward, have had the advantage of a college education, and his eldest son, Fred. S., was in partnership with him for some years before he retired, and is now carrying on his father's business. Charles S. Fogg was recognized as having unusual strength of character, a force and influence appearing to radiate from him, the sincerity and purity of his motives constituting the keynote. His home and private life was ideal, and seldom has a man been more sincerely mourned.

He was much interested in the work of the State Historical Society and cheerfully assisted in its aims by subscribing some years ago as a life member.

MARSHALL K. SNELL,
R. E. DUNLAP,
W. J. BOWMAN.

5.

WILLIAM HENRY GILSTRAP

A Memorial by P. G. Hubbell on Behalf of the Board of Curators of the Washington State Historical Society, August 30, 1914.

William Henry Gilstrap, age sixty-five years, Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, and Curator of the Ferry Museum, landscape and portrait painter, died at his home, 620 South I Street, Tacoma, Washington, August 2, 1914.

Born near Beecher City, Illinois, April 24, 1849, Mr. Gil-

strap grew to manhood on a farm, afterwards studying art in Chicago and other cities, and making a mark as a landscape and portrait painter. He married Miss Eunice Denman, December 12, 1878. Mrs. Gilstrap survives him, together with two sons, E. F. Gilstrap of Portland, Oregon, and R. M. Gilstrap of Winchester, Washington; a half-sister, Mrs. Euphemia High of Decatur, Illinois, and a brother, D. P. Gilstrap, of Arroyo Grande, California.

Mr. Gilstrap came to Washington August 27, 1890, having stopped on his way at Omaha and other cities to give exhibitions of his paintings, which included portraits of President James A. Garfield, John A. Logan, A. T. Hoopes, a noted Evangelist, and Marie Litta Von Elsner, a famous prima donna.

After arriving in Tacoma, he was instrumental in forming classes of the Tacoma Art Club, and promoting its interest in studies of the art gallery of the Ferry Museum, which contains many historical and classical models from the noted sculptors of Europe.

Mr. Gilstrap was active in raising funds for the work of the Museum, and on being elected Secretary of the Historical Society labored with much zeal in the interest of both Associations.

The exhibit made by the Historical Society at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition attracted wide attention, and was largely due to his personal efforts. He was made an honorary member of the Pierce County Pioneer Association and was ever ready to serve in any capacity to contribute to the comfort and welfare of the pioneers. He was zealous in the Historical Society's work, placing monuments and markers in various places of historic interest in the State, and did valuable service in making the purposes of the Society known throughout the State. Uniformly courteous and kindhearted, he was successful in interesting people of all classes in historical research, and particularly in developing their knowledge of their own localities.

As an officer and Chairman of the Building Committee of the First Christian Church, Mr. Gilstrap did valuable service.

In his passing, Tacoma and the State lose a public spirited citizen and a faithful officer. In paying this tribute the members of the Board of Curators of the Washington State His-

torical Society add expression of their keen sense of a personal loss in the severance of associations which memory will ever cherish.

6.

CONRAD L. HOSKA.

The Historical Society is called upon to record the death of one of the prominent citizens of the State in the person of Conrad L. Hoska, a member of this Society who died suddenly in June, 1910. He was an undertaker and had been Coroner of Tacoma. He was a Thirty-second Degree Mason and a member of Afifi Temple. He was a public spirited citizen and worthy of honorable mention in our records.

7.

HON. EDWARD HUGGINS,

A pioneer resident of Pierce County, passed away at the residence of his son, Thomas, in Tacoma, January 24, 1907, one week after our annual meeting of that year. Mr. Huggins left a widow and six sons: William, now in Brazil; Thomas and David W., both of Tacoma; Henry of Los Angeles; John W. of Lake Sequalitchew, and Dr. Joseph Huggins of Philadelphia.

Edward Huggins was born in London, June 10, 1832. On October 10, 1849, he sailed in the Hudson's Bay Company ship "Norman Morrison" for Victoria, B. C., where he entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. In March, 1850, he was sent to Fort Nisqually to serve as clerk and trader under Dr. W. F. Tolmie, who at that time was the agent in charge. Up to 1851-2 the Hudson's Bay Company store at Nisqually was the only trading establishment between Forts Victoria and Vancouver on the Columbia River, except a small American establishment at Olympia.

The Company kept a large supply of goods on hand, worth at times from $50,000 to $100,000, and for some years after 1850 it had a monopoly of the Indian trade. Mr. Huggins remained at the Fort until 1855 in the capacity of trader and clerk. When the Indian War broke out, the Company's interests upon the plains became disorganized and its manager

and herders refused to remain at the station on account of the hostility of the Indians.

Edward Huggins thereupon volunteered to take charge of the business of his Company in that vicinity and in the fall of 1855, with about fifteen or twenty men, went to Muck and managed to safely care for the Company's stock throughout the Indian War. In the fall of 1859 he succeeded Dr. Tolmie as manager of the Company's business at Fort Nisqually.

In 1867 he was ordered to take charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading establishment at Fort Kamloops, in British Columbia, but he preferred to remain at Fort Nisqually and was permitted to do so.

In 1869 the United States Government purchased from the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies the rights they claimed under the treaty of 1846 in Washington Territory, and in May, 1870, Mr. Huggins made the formal transfer of the property belonging to the two companies in Pierce and Lewis Counties to the United States. The business of his companies being closed in the Territory, he was ordered to take charge of a Fort in British Columbia, but he chose to remain in this, the country of his adoption. He had already become an American citizen in 1857.

On the retirement of the Company, he took as his pre-emption claim part of the old Nisqually lands, which he owned until a short time before his death. Here he followed farming and stock raising.

He served three terms as County Commissioner, being twice Chairman of the Board. In 1887 he was elected as County Auditor of Pierce County, and moved to Tacoma, and resided in this city until 1897, when he returned to his old homestead at Fort Nisqually.

Mr. Huggins was married in October, 1857. He was a man who kept a careful record of all important events, and particularly during his life in this country, and was considered the best authority on local historical matters in this vicinity.

He took deep interest in the history of this State, and was one of the organizers of the Washington State Historical Society in October, 1891, and was one of its incorporators in

1897. He was a member of the first Board of Curators, and was re-elected five times; Chairman of the Board one term, and Treasurer four terms, and was always ready and willing to give valuable historical facts and data to the Historian. In the death of Edward Huggins this Society has lost one of its most faithful members, and the State a citizen of the highest type of the early pioneer.

8.

HON. R. L. MCCORMICK.

In the performance of our duty at this first bi-monthly meeting in the year 1911, the Officers and Curators of the Washington State Historical Society with sad hearts are brought to record the decease of one of its most honored members in the person of our beloved friend, patron and President, R. L. McCormick, whose earthly life came to a close in the City of Sacramento, California, February 6, 1911.

We desire here to record and to place among the annals of this Society our appreciation of his devotion to its claims, his attendance upon its meetings, his generous contributions to its support, his services as Curator and President, his judgment as counsellor, his deep interest in the early history of our State, his American patriotism and his fairness to the records made by all our pioneers. He was ever ready to sacrifice his time from his private business to visit any part of the State at any time and at his own expense to carry forward the work of this Society.

Robert Laird McCormick was born near Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, October 29, 1845. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary Army. Both of his grandfathers were in the war of 1812. Mr. McCormick attended school at Saunders Institute, a Presbyterian Military Academy, at Philadelphia, and at the Tuscarosa Academy at Mifflin. Pa. After leaving school he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Erie Railroad and later was engaged in various enterprises, being for many years one of the officers of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company.

In 1867, Mr. McCormick married Anna E. Goodman in Ohio. His widow and two sons, William Laird and Robert Allen, survive him.

During all the time that Mr. McCormick resided in Waseca, Minn., except the first year, he was mayor of the city. In 1880 he was elected to the Minnesota State Senate, where he served through four sessions.

In 1884 Mr. Weyerhaeuser and Mr. McCormick established the Sawyer County Bank at Hayward, Wis., of which Mr. McCormick was President. He served as President of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

With all his many business interests and enterprises, Mr. McCormick was much of a student. At his home he had one of the finest libraries in the Northwest and it was one of the pleasures of his life to spend hours with his books whenever he could get away from the cares of business. He was fond of history and devoted much time and research to the early history of the explorers and discoveries of this country, particularly in the Lake Superior region, and of late, the Pacific Northwest.

As President of the Washington State Historical Society, he, with the Secretary of the Society, W. H. Gilstrap, visited many places in all quarters of the State in the interest of the Society, especially in erecting and dedicating monuments marking historical spots. Mr. McCormick was also a life member and President of the Ferry Museum of Tacoma.

During his life he was also interested in other educational institutions, having served as President of the School Board of Hayward, Wisconsin; the Hayward Library Association; the Ashland Academy, at Ashland, Wisconsin; and since coming to Tacoma was a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Puget Sound.

He was a Thirty-second Degree Mason and was at one time Grand Commander of the Minnesota Knights Templars. He was a member of the Mystic Shrine; also of the Sons of Veterans and through his ancestry he was enabled to join the Society of the War of 1812, and also the Sons of the American Revolution.

9.

GOVERNOR MEAD, 1861-1913, (BY W. S. DAVIS)

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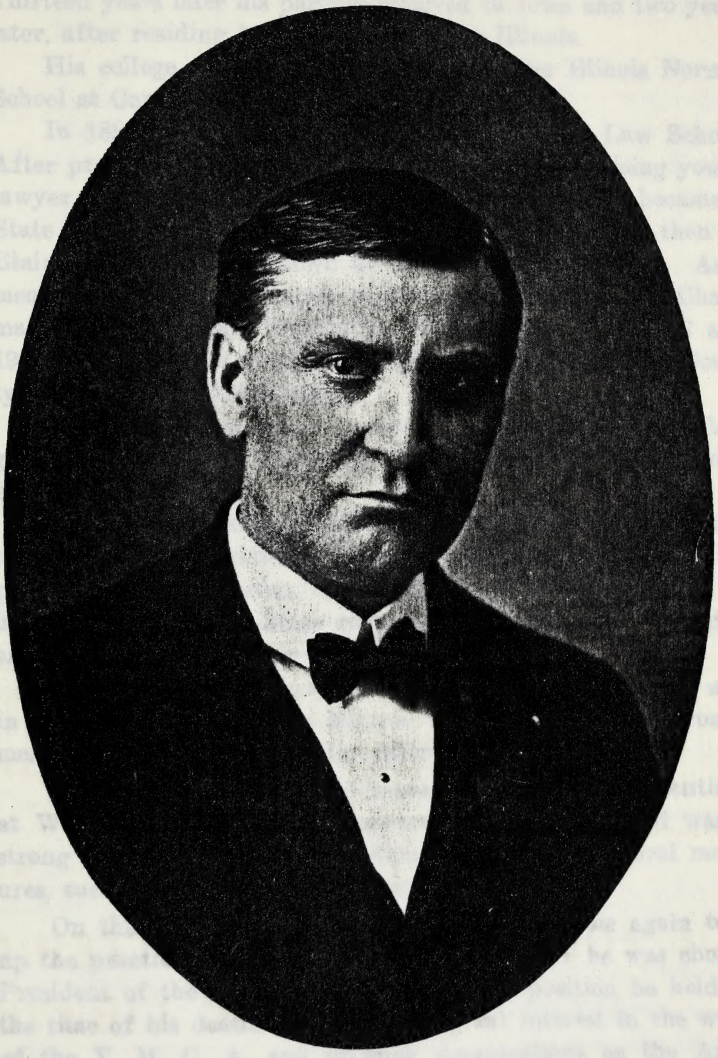
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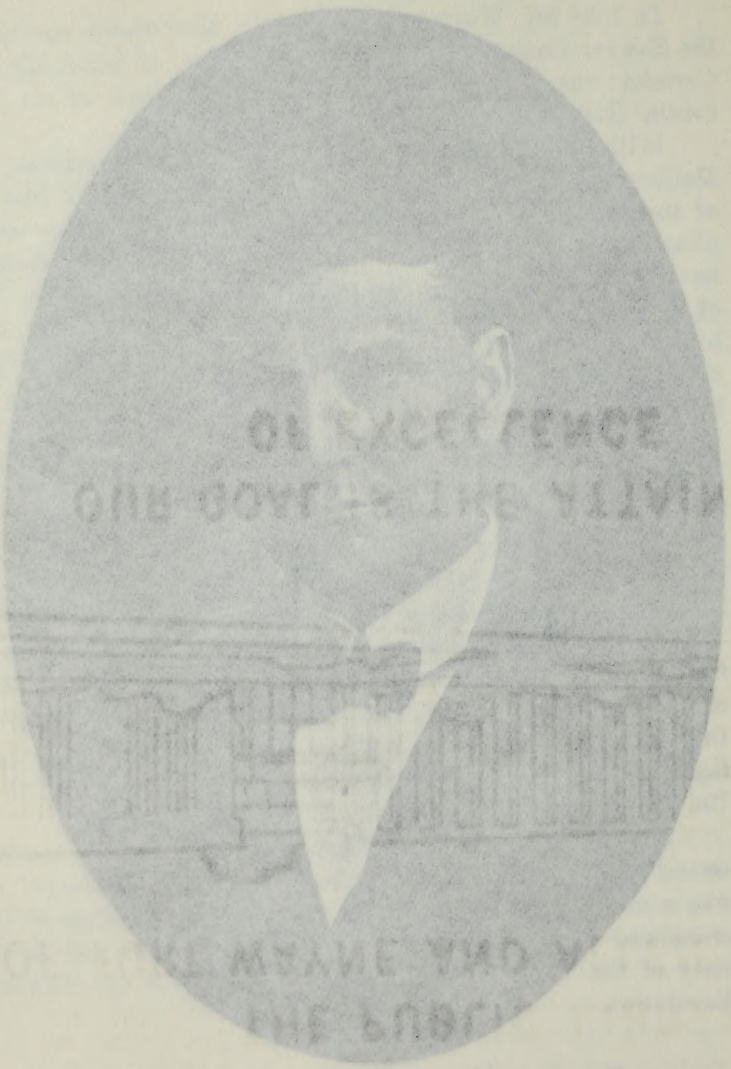
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ALBERT EDWARD MEAD, Governor 1905-9



Curators of the State Historical Society, from January, 1905, until January, 1909.

He was born December 14, 1861, at Manhattan, Kansas. Thirteen years later his parents removed to Iowa and two years later, after residing in Iowa, removed to Illinois.

His college education was obtained at the Illinois Normal School at Carbondale.

In 1884 he was graduated from the Chicago Law School. After practicing law five years in Kansas, the promising young lawyer removed to Washington in 1889, the year it became a State of the Union, locating first at Bellingham and then at Blaine, of which latter town he became mayor in 1892. As a member of the lower branch of the Legislature, he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House. In 1898 and 1900 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Whatcom County and removed to Bellingham.

In 1904, having failed to receive the nomination for Congress, the Republican State Convention chose him as the nominee for Governor.

His administration is made notable by the large amount of constructive legislation. Among these laws are: The direct primary, tax commission, bank examiners, prison reform, indeterminate sentence, State reformatory, Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, anti-pass, new road and other laws.

Governor Mead took special interest in prison reform and in the establishing of the Monroe Reformatory, where young men might be made into better citizens.

In his administration the management of the penitentiary at Walla Walla was much improved. Governor Mead was a strong defender of the local option law and other moral measures, such as the abolition of racetrack gambling.

On the expiration of his term as Governor he again took up the practice of law in Bellingham. In 1911 he was chosen President of the Chamber of Commerce, a position he held at the time of his death. He also took great interest in the work of the Y. M. C. A. and of such organizations as the Anti-Tuberculosis League.

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of the citizens of Washington, especially in his home city, where he was best known. This was because of his strong human qualities of kindliness, good will, good cheer, optimism and philanthropic disposition. On the day of his funeral the Bellingham Herald said editorially:

"The history of Washington will write him down a constructive governor—able, honest, charitable, incorruptible; a Governor who used his position not to further his political ambitions, but one who chiefly enjoyed the honors of office because it gave him larger opportunity to help his fellow men. The cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude—were enshrined in him and became a ruling principle of his life. His kindly deeds, his lovable nature, are the heritage of his friends and relatives. The memory of him is the memory of a man, which, after he joins the great choir invisible, lives on to 'urge man's search to vaster issues.'"

10.

MR. JOHN MEEKER.

Passed out of this life on December 23, 1910.

Mr. Meeker came to this State in 1859. He was one of the first school teachers of the Puyallup Valley and was the surveyor of the first townsite of the City of Tacoma.

Mr. Meeker was a teacher of vocal music, possessing a good musical voice, and became an important factor in the social affairs of the community. He was one of the first Justices of the Peace. He was genial and companionable and was of a religious turn of mind and a useful and upright citizen.

11.

MEMORIAL TO COL. W. F. PROSSER.

Read by Rev. R. E. Dunlap of Seattle on the Occasion of the Unveiling of the Cushman Statue.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The paper which I have to read to you tonight is a very brief one. Memorials are always to us a time of sadness mingled with gladness; gladness because good men have lived, sadness because they have died. And glad-

ıess again because we hope to meet them in the Sweet Bye nd Bye.

I am to read to you tonight just a brief word about Colonel Villiam Farland Prosser, former President of this Institution, vho passed away during the last year. I am aware that a man vhose life was as beautiful as his cannot be properly presented n as brief a sketch as I give tonight, but we do the best we can vithin the very limited space that we are permitted to speak.

No brief memorandum can adequately tell of the life of Colonel William Farland Prosser.

By birth and education a Pennsylvanian, by choice an arly pioneer in the gold fields of California, by natural selec- ion the commander of a company of rangers for the defense f the pioneer settlements, in the Civil War a volunteer of ex- eptional bravery advanced to the command of a regiment, y appointment a Commissioner of the Centennial Exposition nd Special Agent of the General Land Office for Oregon, Vashington and Idaho, by election the Auditor of Yakima Coun- y and member of the Constitutional Convention of the State f Washington.

These facts and numerous others of a like kind that might e named indicate that Colonel Prosser was much more than an rdinary man. He served the Washington Historical Society s President for the four years from 1898 to 1902 and was ditor of the Washington Historian, a quarterly devoted to the istory of the State of Washington. He was the author of the arge volume, "A History of the Puget Sound Country."

The brief figures will tell the story in shortest form: Born in 1834, emigrated in 1854; married Miss Flora L. Thorn- on at Seattle, 1880. Died 1911. Honored and revered by a arge circle of fellow citizens. This Society desires to record ts high appreciation of his excellent qualities as a man, his patriotism as a citizen, his loyalty to the interests of this As- sociation and his fidelity in all the relations of life.

THOMAS HUGGINS, *Chairman*,
R. E. DUNLAP,
W. J. BOWMAN.

12.

REV. GEORGE WHITWORTH,

Although not an enrolled member of the Washington State Historical Society, yet his pioneer work, much of which is now the real history of the State, and his helpful interest in this Society, and active participation in some of the programs we have heretofore given were of such a character that the members of this Society may properly and consistently pay their respects to his memory on this occasion.

Rev. Whitworth was born in Boston, England, March 15, 1816, and died in Seattle, this State, October 6th, 1907. He was therefore almost 92 years of age. In the year 1828 his parents emigrated to the United States and settled in Ohio. While living in Dayton, that state, he learned the trade of harness and saddle maker; but in 1833 commenced a classical course of study in Hanover College, Ind., and graduated in 1838. He taught school in Ohio and Indiana, studying law at the same time, and afterwards practiced law in Indiana until 1843. In the meantime he had commenced the study of theology in 1842, and was ordained to the ministry in 1849. In the Spring of 1853, under the commission as a missionary by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, he was assigned to Puget Sound. Reached Portland October 15, 1853, where he remained during the winter, owing to the limited facilities for travel, and the rainy season, and while there assisted in organizing the First Presbyterian Church of that city.

Early in 1854 he came to Olympia, and in November following organized the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and later on organized two churches in the Chehalis Valley.

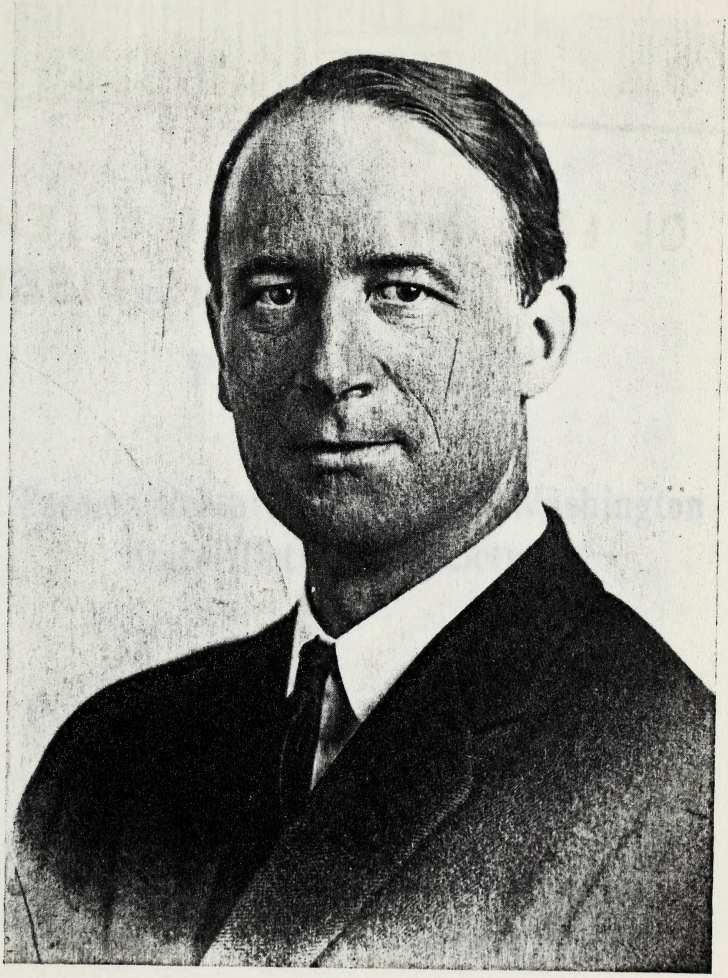
During the Indian War of 1855-6 he traveled with gun on his shoulder to supply these churches and other mission stations, a distance of 25 to 40 miles, twice a month through a deserted region, most of the settlers having fled to the forts at Grand Mound and Claquato.

Owing to the very limited means of the early pioneers during the outbreak of the Indians, and the slender allowance made by the Missionary Board, it became necessary, in order to support his family, for Dr. Whitworth to engage in other pursuits

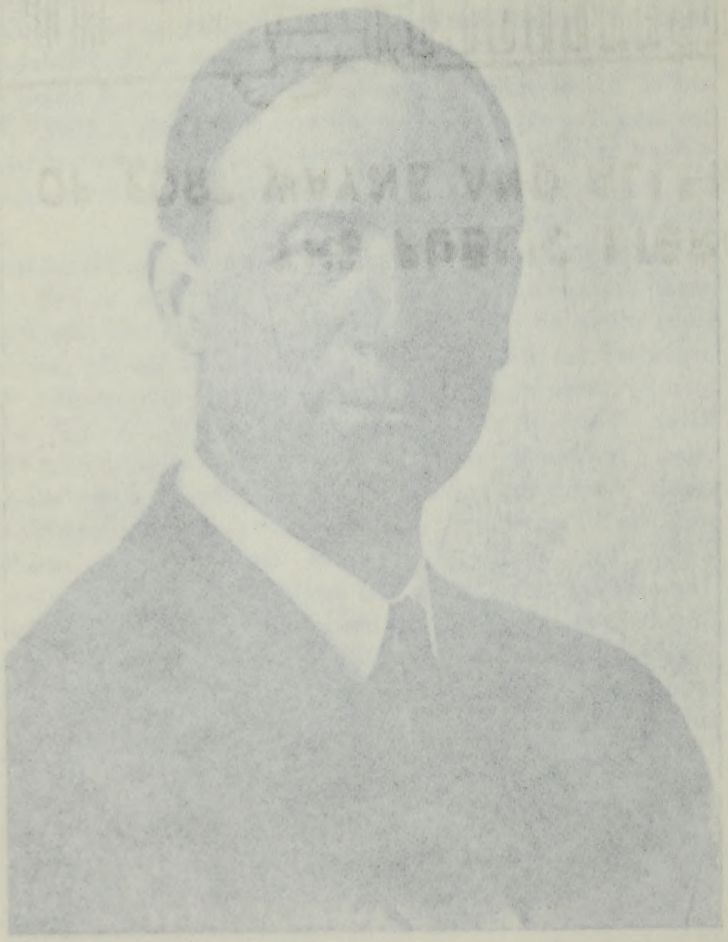
which might not interfere with his ministerial work. It was easy to become a school teacher, as it fell in very naturally with his profession as a minister, and so we find, that in addition to his ministerial work he held the following positions in the Territorial days: Superintendent of Schools in both Thurston and King counties; U. S. Deputy Surveyor of Seattle; Deputy Collector of Customs for Puget Sound District; twice President of the Territorial University; twice chief clerk to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs; secretary of the commission which made the second treaty with the Nes Perces at Lapwai, in 1863. When elected president of the University in 1866, he removed to Seattle, then a village of 500 inhabitants, where he lived until the time of his death.

While thus engaged he was still carrying on his ministerial work, organizing churches, supplying vacancies, as well as stations where no regular churches were established. In 1869 he organized the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle and subsequently those at Franklin (now Sumner), Renton and White River. Part of the time he supplied the church in Tacoma. Impressed with the importance of providing schools which should be under Christian influence, he advocated both in Presbytery and by word their establishment while the Territory was in its formative condition. These efforts resulted in the establishment of an academy at Sumner, which afterwards became what is now known as the Whitworth College[1] of Tacoma, a fitting and beautiful memorial to a life well rounded out and replete with an educating influence and good deeds.

[1] In 1914 this college was removed to Spokane, Washington.

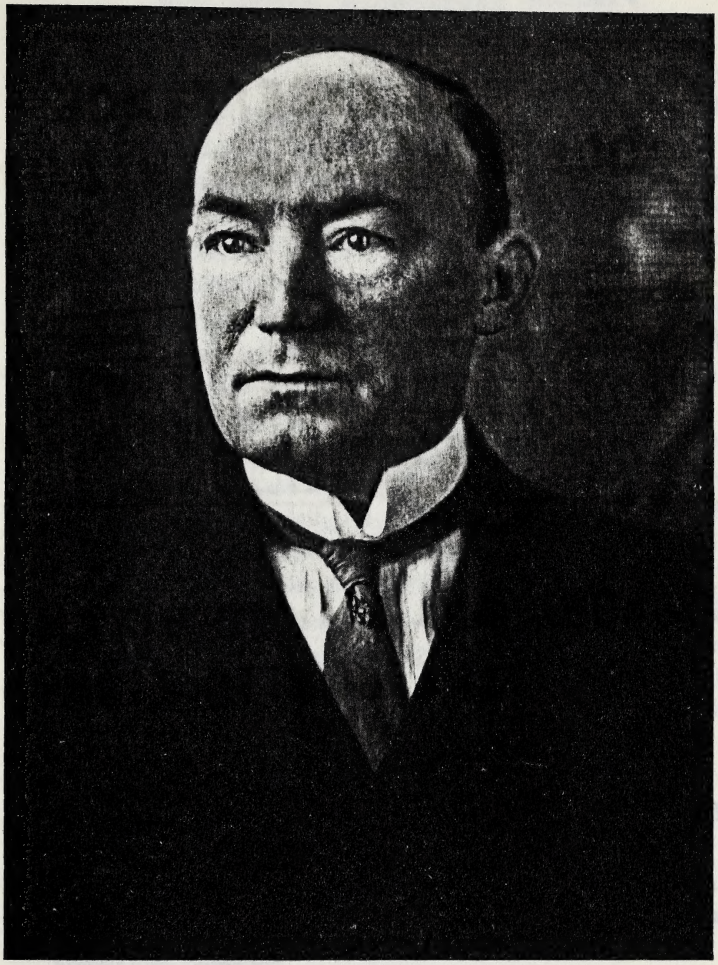


PROF. O. B. SPERLIN, President Tacoma Research Club

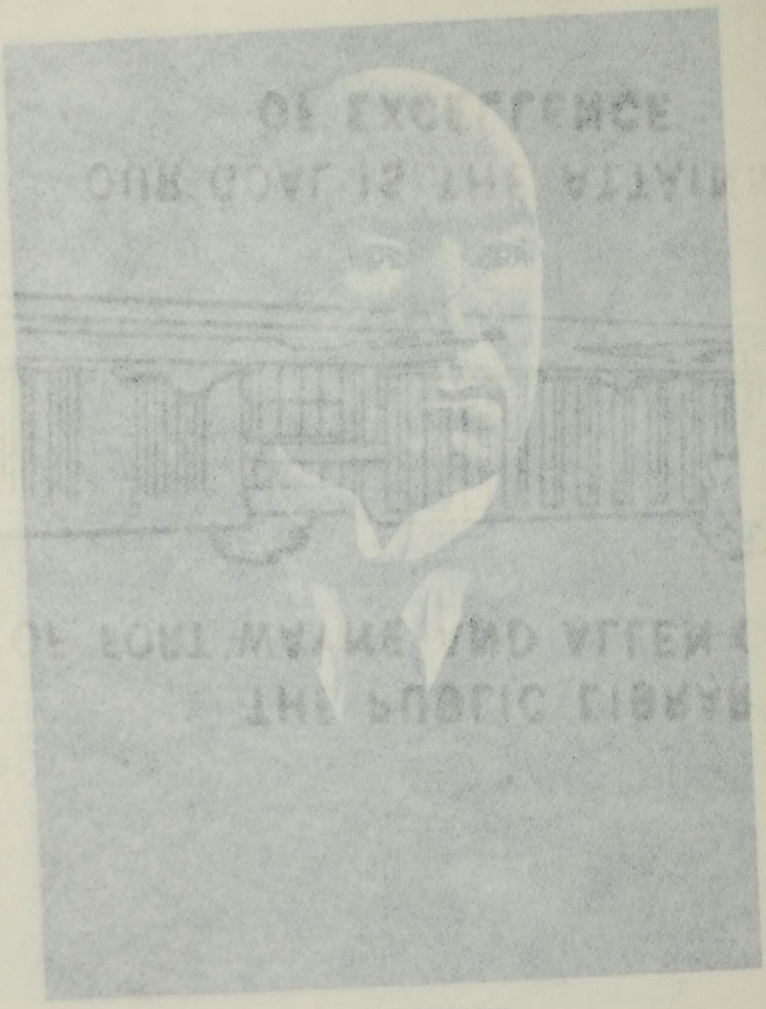


PART VIII

The Tacoma Research Club of the Washington State Historical Society



WALTER S. DAVIS
Secretary of the Tacoma Research Club of the State Historical Society



WALTER S. DAVIS

Secretary of the Tacoma Research Club of the State Historical Society

THE TACOMA RESEARCH CLUB OF THE WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By Walter S. Davis

With the aim of stimulating interest in historical investigation, Secretary Gilstrap in February, 1914, called together at the Historical Society Building some of the Curators and a few others who might be interested in the formation of a Club for this purpose. Professors O. B. Sperlin of the High School and Walter S. Davis of the College of Puget Sound were named as a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws.

The report of this committee was adopted at the first open meeting, February 24th. The name given the new organization was that of "The Tacoma Research Club of the Washington State Historical Society."

The purpose of the Club was declared to be "the investigation and study of this State and the Northwest, in their relation to the Indians, the explorers, the traders and the pioneers; and the investigation of the State's educational, economic and political development and its geological and natural resources."

Membership is open to members of the Historical Society, the Ferry Museum, the Pioneer Society, the old Academy of Science, and to the faculty of Tacoma educational institutions. Other persons may become members by joining the Historical Society. There is no fee connected with membership in the Research Club.

The general management of the Club is under the officers of the Historical Society.

The time of meeting is the second Tuesday of each month, and unless otherwise provided, the place of meeting is in the Historical Building.

A copy of each paper read before the Club is to be placed in the archives of the Historical Society.

It is the hope of the organizers of this Club that other like clubs will be organized in other towns, cities and counties of the State as branches of the Washington State Historical Society.

The first signing of the constitution of the Tacoma Research

Club was on March 10, 1914, at the second open meeting, when the following eighteen signed as the charter members:

1. Prof. H. R. Cox
2. W. C. Elliott
3. W. P. Bonney
4. James Garvey
5. R. H. Lund
6. Mrs. Edna B. Lund
7. Prof. T. Peterson
8. B. L. Harvey
9. Hiram F. Garretson
10. Prof. O. B. Sperlin
11. W. H. Gilstrap
12. Herbert Hunt
13. Walter S. Davis
14. John H. Williams
15. Mrs. John H. Williams
16. W. R. Andrus
17. Mrs. Addie Barlow
18. Mrs. W. P. Bonney

Since that date the membership has doubled.

Secretary Gilstrap acted as temporary president until March 24, when the following officers were elected for the year 1914: President, Prof. O. B. Sperlin; Vice President, W. R. Andrus; Secretary, Walter S. Davis.

The three officers, together with two other members, are to constitute the program committee. As the two members Pres. Sperlin named Mrs. Addie Barlow and Herbert Hunt, managing editor of the Tacoma News.

The following papers and addresses were presented before the Club in the year 1914:

February—"Indian Mythology" by Mrs. Addie Barlow.

March 10.—"Winthrop's Canoe and Saddle," by Mr. John H. Williams.

March 24.—"The Relation of Geology to History" by Mr. W. R. Andrus.

April—"The Attitude of the United States to the French Invasion of Mexico and Maximilian's Empire," by Walter S. Davis.

May—"Gov. Isaac Ingalls Stevens and Washington Territory," by Gen. Hazard Stevens.

June—"The Geology of the Puget Sound Region," by Prof. W. N. Allen.

November—"The Geology of Washington," Pres. Henry Landes of the State University.

December—"The Puget Sound Climate," Prof. W. N. Allen.

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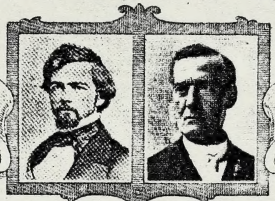
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Washington State Historical Society

ORGANIZED 1891



INCORPORATED 1897

ISAAC I. STEVENS ELISHA P. FERRY

This Certifies that _____

Is a _____ member of the Washington State Historical Society with privileges as noted in the by-laws.

_____ _____

SECRETARY PRESIDENT

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